











## THRILLING ESCAPES

## JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH

Editor "Great Ghost Stories," "Masterpieces of Mystery," "Great Sea Stories," etc.



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#### To

# ORSAMUS TURNER HARRIS A BROTHER OF THE BOOK A BROTHER OF MEN



#### FOREWORD

It is certainly a curious enough fact that the literature of Escape has been almost wholly neglected by the otherwise industrious American compiler. There are a scant few books dealing with the Civil War-the majority of which are long retired from active circulation. The writer does not know of a single American volume dealing with the general subject. And yet there is none more absorbing in the whole field of sensational literature. The central figure in a great getaway is always a hero—be he a king or a criminal—and there is no kind of narrative in which the interest of the reader is so immediately enchained and so unflinchingly held up to the very end. The variety of incidents in such episodes is almost infinite and no experience quite parallels another one. Strong were the dungeons of the olden days and memorable indeed is the story of the men who escaped them. This is almost equally true of modern times although the element of romance is of course less forceful. The record

#### FOREWORD

even within the prescribed limits of the present volume must enliven even the dullest hour.

JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

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### THRILLING ESCAPES

#### FROM THE INQUISITION

Casanova \*

NE fine day when I was walking in the garret my eyes fell on the bolt, of which I have already spoken, and I saw in a flash how I could make an offensive and defensive weapon of it.

I carried it away under my dressing-gown, and worked at it for eight days, rubbing it on the bit of marble until I had sharpened it up to a point. I made eight long pyramidal facets, and produced an octagonal dagger, as well proportioned as if it had been turned out by an armourer. It was not achieved without much trouble and fatigue. I had no oil, and had to spit on the stone to moisten it; my right arm became so stiff it was impossible for me to move it, and the palm of my hand was an open wound, but when I looked at my shining weapon I forgot my pains. I was delighted with this tool, though I had as yet no idea how to use it, but the

<sup>\*</sup> From his Memoirs.

first thing was to hide it from prying eyes. I found a safe place for it in the stuffing of the back of my armchair, and, as I afterwards found, this was the best place I could have chosen.

I was certain that under my cell was the room in which I had seen Cavalli, the secretary. This room was cleaned every morning. The thing to do was to make a hole through the ceiling, let myself down with the sheets of my bed, and hide under the table till the door was opened. If there should be an archer outside, I must trust to Providence and my weapon to get rid of him. The difficulty was to keep Laurence and his men from sweeping under my bed, more especially as I had particularly asked them to do so, on account of the fleas.

I pretended I had a violent cold, and that the dust made me cough. For a few days this worked all right, and then Laurence grew suspicious, came in with a candle, and every corner was swept out. The next morning I pricked my finger, and showing the blood-stained handkerchief to the gaoler, "You see," I said, "what the dust did; I coughed so violently I must have broken a small blood-vessel."

The doctor was sent for, and when I told him the cause of my illness, he said I was perfectly right, nothing was so bad for the lungs as dust: he told us a young man had just died from the same thing; and, in fact, if I had bribed him, he could not have served me better.

I was too profitable a person for Laurence not to wish to take care of me, and the archers were ordered not to disturb me any more by sweeping, and Laurence was profuse in his apologies, assuring me he had only kept my room clean to please me.

The winter nights were very long. I had to pass nineteen mortal hours in the dark. A miserable kitchen-lamp would have made me so happy, but how was I to get it? Truly "Necessity is the mother of Invention." I had a small earthen pot, in which I cooked eggs: this filled with salad oil, with a wick made of cotton frayed out of my counterpane, would do for a lamp, but how was I to light it? I asked Laurence to get me some pumice-stone for the toothache from which I pretended to be suffering, and as he did not seem to know what pumice-stone was, I added, as negligently as I could, that a flint would do just as well, if I soaked it in vinegar. The credulous fool gave me half a dozen. I had a large steel buckle on the waistband of my under-drawers, so was now the proud possessor of flint and steel; yet I had to have recourse again to the doctor, and on pretence of a skin eruption got some flowers

of sulphur; under the sleeves of my beautiful coat, between the silk and the lining, the tailor had sewn pieces of amadou: flint, steel, matches, tinder, I had them all.

I lighted my lamp and I decided to begin working on the floor the first Monday in Lent; but, alas! I had to wait, for on Carnival Sunday, Laurence brought in a big fat Jew, named Gabriel Schalon, famed for the ability with which he found money for young men of good family whose luck was against them. This Jew was talkative, stupid, and ignorant. I wished him at the bottom of the sea, for I had no intention of taking him into my confidence. I let him into the secret of the lamp, and I learned afterwards that he told Laurence, but the latter evidently attached no importance to it.

On Wednesday in Holy Week, the secretary made his annual visit to the prisoners, and those who wished to obey the law of the Church and keep Easter Sunday might do so, after first signifying their wishes to him. On his appearance the Jew flung himself at his feet, weeping and crying, but his lamentations produced no effect. I merely made him a low bow, which he returned, and for two or three minutes we looked at each other without speaking. Seeing that I had no intention of break-

ing the silence, he bowed again, and left us. I must have looked very odd with my eight months' beard, and my costume made for a summer's day gala.

On Holy Thursday a Jesuit father came to hear my confession; and on Easter Day a Priest brought me the Blessed Sacrament.

My confession was couched in too laconic a fashion for the child of Ignatius. "Do you pray to God?" he asked me.

"From morning to night, and from night to morning, for in my present situation everything, my agitation, my impatience, the very wanderings of my mind even, must be a prayer to the Divine Wisdom, which alone sees my heart."

"As it was from us you learned your religion," said he, "practise it as we do, pray as we do, and remember that you will leave here on the day of the saint whose name you bear."

The father's prophecy made such an impression on my mind, that I passed in review all the saints of the calendar to whom I could possibly lay claim. It could not be Saint James of Compostella, because it was on his day that Messer Grande came and staved in my door. There was Saint George, a saint of fair consideration, but I did not know much about him. I could as a Venetian count on the protection

of Saint Mark; then there was Saint James, the brother of Christ, but his day came and went. They say at Padua that Saint Anthony works thirteen miracles a day; he worked none for me. I finished by only having confidence in my Saint Pike, as wielded by my own right arm. Yet the Jesuit had not made such a bad shot after all, for I left I Piombi on all Saints' Day.

A fortnight after Easter I was relieved of my troublesome Israelite, so could get to work in earnest.

The flooring was made of larch-wood: after working for six hours I had scraped off a towelful of chips; these I put to one side, intending to empty them behind the cases in the garret. The first plank was four inches thick; when I got through it, I found another of the same size. In three weeks I had made a hole in the three planks of which the flooring was composed, and then I despaired, for below the planks was a layer of bits of marble, forming what is called in Venice a terrazo marmorino. This is the ordinary paving of all Venetian houses except the very poorest; the nobles themselves prefer the terrazo to the most beautiful parquet.

Of course my bolt made no impression on this cement, and I was almost discouraged when I remembered the story of how Hannibal made a passage through the Alps, after softening the rocks with vinegar. I poured all the vinegar I had into the hole, and the next day, whether it was that it had really had some effect, or whether it was that I was stronger for rest, I managed to crumble away the mortar which held the mosaic together. Under the marble was another plank, which I guessed must be the last.

How I prayed while I worked: strong minds may say that prayer is no good, they do not know what they are talking about! I know from experience how efficacious prayer is, for if help does not come directly from God, it comes from the confidence we feel in Him.

By the twenty-third of August my labour was ended, the hole was sufficiently wide and long for me to squeeze through. There was only now the plaster of the ceiling to remove. I could see through a tiny hole into the secretary's room. I fixed the date of my evasion for the vigil of the feast of Saint Augustine, for I knew that on that day there was an assembly of the Grand Council in another part of the building. This vigil fell on the twenty-seventh.

On the twenty-fifth, a misfortune befell me which, when I think of it now, makes me shiver,

in spite of the many years which have gone by since then.

At noon precisely I heard the bolts drawn back. I flung myself into my armchair. Laurence came in, crying: "I bring you good news, sir. I bring you good news."

For a moment I thought it was my pardon, and I trembled lest the discovery of the hole should revoke it.

"Follow me," said the gaoler.

"Wait till I am dressed."

"No, come as you are. You are only going to step out of this villainous cell into another one, which is clean and has been newly done up, where there are two big windows from which you can see half Venice, and where you can stand upright."

I nearly swooned. "Give me some vinegar," said I, "and go and tell the secretary and the tribunal that I thank them for their kindness, but I beg them to let me stay here. I am used to this place now. I would rather not change."

"Are you mad, sir?" said Laurence with the most irritating good nature. "You do not know what is good for you. You are going to be taken from hell to be put in paradise, and you refuse? Come, come, you must obey. Get up. I will give you my arm, and your books and traps shall be brought after us."

It was useless to rebel. More dead than alive, I tottered out, leaning on his arm. We went down two narrow corridors, up three steps, across a hall and then through another corridor, only about two feet wide, at the end of which was the door of my new abode. It had a grated window in it, looking on to the corridor, and in this latter were two windows, also grated, which commanded a fine view as far as the Lido; but nothing pleased me then, though afterwards this window was a veritable boon to me, for through it there came a soft fresh breeze, such as I had been long stranger to. My one gleam of consolation was when the archers brought in the armchair in which my tool was hidden. They brought in my bed, and then went to fetch the remainder of my things, but they did not come back.

For two mortal hours I sat in an agony of suspense. The door of my cell remained open, and there was something strangely ominous and unnatural about this. Besides "The Leads" and "Les Quatres" there are nineteen subterranean prisons in the same ducal palace, frightful cells, destined for unhappy creatures who are not condemned to death, though may be their crimes have merited capital punishment.

The judges of the world have always thought they were showing great mercy to certain criminals when they left them their lives, but as a matter of fact they have thus often imposed sufferings worse than death. These subterranean prisons are living tombs; they are called "The Wells" because there is always two feet of water in them, which flows in through the grating that lets in the daylight, such as it is. The wretch who is condemned to one of these cells has to pass his time perched on a trestle, which supports his straw mattress, and is, at the same time, his wardrobe, diningtable, and larder. A pitcher of water is brought him in the morning with a little thin soup and some bread. This he must eat up at once if he does not want the rats to get it. Those who are sent to "The Wells" generally finish their days there, and, strange though it seems, some of them live to be very old.

While I was waiting the return of the archers, I saw myself, in imagination, hurled into one of these horrible holes. By and by I heard hurried steps, and Laurence came in, pale with anger, foaming at the mouth, and blaspheming God and the saints. He ordered me to give him the hatchet and the tools I had used for piercing the floor, and at the same time to tell him the name of the archer who had furnished me with them. I replied that I did not know

what he was talking about. When he ordered his man to search me, I jumped up, and stripping myself naked, "Do your duty," I said, "but don't one of you dare to touch me."

They hunted through my mattress and pillows, and the cushions of the armchair, but never thought of looking among the springs in its back.

"You won't say where the instruments are with which you have made the hole in the floor, but we know how to make you speak," said Laurence.

"If it be true that I have made a hole in the floor, and I am questioned about it, I shall say that it was you yourself who gave me the tools, and that I have returned them to you."

This answer and my determined tone somewhat took him aback. He continued to curse and tear his hair, and as an immediate punishment for me shut the windows of the corridor, so that I was stifled for want of air.

At break of day he brought me some horrible wine and some water, so dirty it was impossible to drink it. Everything was equally bad, the meat stank and the bread was hard. He did not listen when I complained, but busied himself sounding the walls and floor with an iron bar. I watched him with a seemingly in-

different air, but did not fail to notice that he did not strike the ceiling. "It is through there," thought I, "that I shall pass out of this hell."

I spent a cruel day. An exhausting sweat, and hunger brought on by want of food, made me so weak, I could scarcely stand. I could not even bear to read. The next day the wretch brought me such putrid veal for my dinner that the smell alone made me sick.

"Have you received orders," said I, "to kill me with hunger and heat?"

He did not answer me, but went out locking the door noisily behind him. I asked for pencil and paper that I might write to the secretary. No notice was taken of my request. This cruel treatment on the part of my gaoler and his ingenious methods of torturing me so wrought on my naturally violent temper that I determined to kill him. On the eighth day of semi-starvation I made up my mind to plunge my pike into his belly. But I slept well that night, which calmed me, and I contented myself with telling him I would have him assassinated as soon as I was free. He only laughed. At last I hit on the means of making him speak. In the presence of the archers, I ordered him in a voice of thunder, to bring me my accounts, and to tell me exactly every penny he had spent of my money. This disconcerted him, and he told me in an uneasy voice that he would bring me the settlement next day. He appeared in the morning with a large basket of lemons M. de Bragadin had sent me, a fine roast fowl, and a big bottle of water. He gave me his account. On glancing down it I saw there were four sequins to my credit; I told him to give three to his wife, and divide the remaining one among the archers. This small act of generosity won their affection.

"You say, sir," said Laurence, "that it was I who gave you the tools you used in making that enormous hole. I suppose I must believe you, though I don't understand it. But would you mind letting me know who gave you the materials for your lamp?"

"You did. You gave me oil, flint, matches, the rest I had."

"Merciful Lord! and did I give you a hatchet?"

"I will tell you everything, and I will tell you the truth, but only in the presence of the secretary of the Inquisition."

"For God's sake, then, hold your tongue. I should lose my place, and I am a poor man with children."

He went off, holding his head in his hands, and I congratulated myself on having found

means to frighten him. He would hold his tongue for his own sake.

One day I ordered him to buy me the works of Maffei. He hated laying out money for books, and he said, "If you have read all those you have I can borrow some from another prisoner, which would be an economy."

"Novels, probably, which I hate."

"No; scientific books. If you think you are the only intellectual person here you are mistaken."

"Well, take this from me to the other intellectual person, and ask him to lend me one in exchange."

I gave him the *Rationarium* of Petau, and in five minutes he returned with the first volume of Wolff.

I thought I might possibly enter into a correspondence with my fellow-prisoner, and was delighted to find these words written on the margin of one of the pages—

Calamitosus est animus futuri anxius.

The reader will remember that I was not allowed pencil or ink, but I had made a very good pen out of the nail of my right hand little finger, which I wore very long, and the juice of mulberries made capital ink. I wrote six Latin verses, and a list of the books I pos-

sessed, on a piece of paper, and slipped it under the binding \* of the borrowed book; above the title I wrote *Latet*.

When the second volume was brought me next day I found a loose sheet of paper, on which was written, in Latin—

"There are two of us in the same prison, and we are delighted at the prospect of corresponding with you. My name is Marin Balbi; I am a Venetian nobleman and a monk, and my companion is Count Andréa Asquini of Udine. He wishes me to tell you that his books, of which you will find a note on the back of this volume, are at your service, but we warn you that we must be very careful not to let Laurence know of our intercourse."

It was all very well to warn me to be careful, but rather ridiculous to do so on a loose sheet of paper, which Laurence might easily have found. This incident did not give me a very high idea of my correspondent's sagacity.

I wrote to Balbi telling him who I was, how I had been arrested, and my ignorance as to the motives of my punishment. He replied in a letter sixteen pages long, recounting all his misfortunes. He had been in prison for four

<sup>\*</sup> Italian books of that period were mostly bound in parchment, turned over and stitched, thus forming a pocket on each cover.

years, for having seduced three young girls, whose children he had had the naïveté to baptize in his own name. The first escapade had brought him a lecture from his superior, the second a threat of chastisement, and the third the realisation of the threat. The father superior of his convent sent him his dinner daily. He said that the superior and the tribunal were tyrants, that they had no authority over his conscience; that, persuaded that the children were his, he considered he had only acted honestly in giving them his name; and that he was not able to stifle the voice of nature speaking in favour of these innocent creatures.

From this letter I could judge tolerably accurately what manner of man he was. Eccentricity, sensuality, want of logical power, spite, stupidity, imprudence, and ingratitude, were all plainly shown forth; for after telling me that he would be very miserable without Count Asquini, an old man who had plenty of books and money, he proceeded to turn him into ridicule. Outside I should not have given a second thought to such an individual, but in "The Leads" the value of everything was distorted. In the back of the book I found a pencil, a pen, and some paper.

In another letter he gave me the history of

all the prisoners then under lock and key. It was the Archer Nicolas who furnished him with information, and also with such things as Laurence refused to buy for him. He had told him, he said, all about my hole in the floor; the patrician Priuli was now in my cell; and it had taken Laurence two hours to repair the damage I had done. He was obliged to let the carpenter, the locksmith, and all the archers into the secret. One day more, Nicolas affirmed, and I should have been free, and Laurence would have been hanged; for every one believed he had supplied the tools. M. de Bragadin had offered the archer a thousand sequins if he helped me to escape, but Laurence got wind of this and wanted to earn the recompense himself, without incurring any risks; he counted on obtaining my pardon from M. Diedo, through his wife. Balbi begged me to tell him the whole story, and how I had procured the instruments, at the same time assuring me of his discretion; that he possessed no discretion was proved by his asking me to describe my attempt in writing.

I began to think that perhaps all this was only a trick on the part of Laurence, so I answered that I had made the hole with a big knife I had, and which I had hidden on the top of the window-ledge. Several days went by

and Laurence did not visit the spot mentioned, so I saw that my letter had not been intercepted.

I knew I should never be pardoned: if I were ever to regain my liberty it must be by my own exertions, and the only way out of my cell was through the ceiling, for every morning they sounded the boards and walls. I could not pierce the ceiling, it must be done from the other side. There was but one person who could help me, and that was the monk; I began by asking him if he wanted to be free. He replied that he and his comrade would do anything to break their chains, but all the projects which suggested themselves were impossible. I gave him my word of honour that he would succeed if he would only promise to obey me implicitly.

I then described my tool to him, and told him I would find means of sending it to him; with it he must break through the ceiling of his cell, and then through the wall, so that I could join him. "This done," said I, "your share will be finished, I will undertake the rest."

He replied that even if he managed to make these two apertures we should still be in prison; we should merely exchange our cells for the garret, which was closed by three barred doors. "I know that, reverend father," I answered, "but I do not propose to leave by the doors. Tell Laurence to buy you about forty big religious pictures, and stick them up all over your cell. Such a pious proceeding will not arouse any suspicion in his mind, and will hide the hole in the ceiling; if you ask me why I don't do this myself, it is because I am looked on with distrust, and any new departure of mine would be carefully criticised."

These instructions he carried out, and in a short time wrote and told me that the walls of his room were well decorated, and that he had even managed to fix two or three of the largest pictures on the ceiling.

A version of the Vulgate had just appeared, in a big infolio volume, and this I ordered Laurence to buy for me, hoping to be able to hide the precious tool in the back of it, but to my disappointment the book was too short. The ingenious Balbi, not wishing to be behindhand in inventiveness, told me he had discovered a simple and practical means of getting the weapon. Laurence had often spoken to him and Count Asquini of my fur-lined cloak, and Count Asquini wished to buy one like it; I was to send mine to him by Laurence, to see if he approved of the pattern, and was to wrap the tool in it. I sent the cloak next day, but

was not such a fool as to follow Balbi's advice; even if Laurence suspected nothing, a folded pelisse is an awkward thing to carry, and he would be sure to throw it over his arm.

When the cloak arrived minus the pike, the monk of course imagined it had been discovered, and wrote bewailing his folly in having suggested such a plan, and mine in having so easily followed his suggestion. I knew from this what to expect if our enterprise failed.

On the day of the feast of Saint Michael I told Laurence I wanted to cook a dish of macaroni myself, seasoned to my own taste, and that I should like to send some of it to the person who lent me the books. He made no objection, and brought me all the necessary ingredients. I hid the pike in the back of the Bible (it poked out about two inches at each end), put a huge dish of macaroni and cheese, swimming in butter, on the top of the book, and handed it all to Laurence with instructions to be careful and not spill any grease on the cover. He was too much occupied with the smoking macaroni to notice anything peculiar about the book, and it was a beautiful sight to see him bearing it out carefully on outstretched arms, his eyes fixed on the dish. grumbling at me the while for having put in too much butter; he declared if it was spilt it would not be his fault. He returned in a few minutes to tell me that it had travelled safely.

Father Balbi got to work at once, and in eight days made a sufficiently large hole in his ceiling, hiding it in the daytime with a picture stuck on with paste made of bread. On the eighth of October he wrote that he had passed the whole night working on the wall which separated us, and had only succeeded in removing one brick. He immensely exaggerated the difficulty of separating the bricks, which were held together with a strong cement, but he promised to continue, though, he added, he was convinced we should only aggravate our situation.

Alas! though I assured him that on the contrary we should succeed, I was not really sure of anything, except that I wanted to get out of my horrible prison, and that to do so I was determined to brave every danger.

On the sixteenth of October, at ten o'clock in the morning, as I was translating an ode from Horace, I heard a slight movement above my head, followed by three little taps. This was the signal agreed upon between us.

Balbi worked until the evening, and next day wrote that he hoped to finish that same afternoon. The hole, he said, was a circular one, and he must take great care not to pierce my ceiling. This was most important, for the slightest appearance of dilapidation in my cell would betray us.

I fixed on the following night to leave my cell never to return. I was sure that with help I could make a hole in the roof of the ducal palace, and in three or four hours, once outside, I would find some means to get to the ground in safety.

But fate was once more against me. That same day, it was a Monday, at two o'clock in the afternoon, while Balbi was working overhead, I heard the door of the outer cell open. I had only just time to give the alarm signal for him to retire into his cell, when Laurence appeared with two archers, and a little badly dressed man, whose arms were tightly bound. The gaoler apologised for bringing me a very bad character as a companion, and the person thus described paid not the slightest attention to him or to me.

"The tribunal must do as it pleases," said I, in a tone of ill-assumed resignation. Laurence had a straw mattress brought for my fellow-prisoner, and told him the tribunal allowed him ten sols a day for his food; he then left, locking us in together.

I was in despair at this fresh contretemps, but as I wished to gain the scoundrel over to

my side, I told him he could have his meals with me. He kissed my hand gratefully, asking if he might, all the same, keep the ten sols which the tribunal allowed him per diem. When I said yes, he fell on his knees, and lugging an immense rosary out of his pocket, began to examine the four corners of the room.

"What are you looking for?"

"Pardon me, sir. I am looking for a picture of the Blessed Virgin, or a tiny little crucifix would do, for I am a Christian, and never in my life had I such need of prayer. I want to recommend myself to Saint Francis of Assisi, whose name I unworthily bear."

I thought it possible that he imagined me to be a Jew; therefore, to prove that I was at heart as good a Christian as he was, I gave him the Office of the Blessed Virgin. After kissing the picture in the beginning of the book, he asked my permission to tell his beads, after which pious recreation he begged me to give him something to eat, as he was dying of hunger. He ate everything I had to offer him, and drank the remainder of my wine, which made him very intoxicated, so that he wept and chattered at the same time.

From his prolific but disconnected conversation, I gathered that he was a spy in the service of the Inquisition, but that not satisfied with one master, he had tried to place his talents at the disposition of two. It would take a cleverer rogue than he to play such a dangerous game successfully. The Holy Tribunal had discovered his treachery, and clapped him into prison.

As soon as he was asleep I wrote to Balbi, telling him not to lose courage, that it was necessary to suspend our work for the time being, but that I hoped to be relieved of my companion ere long. The next day I ordered Laurence to procure me a picture of Saint Francis, a crucifix, and two bottles of holy water, four times as much wine as I usually consumed, and an immense quantity of garlic and salt: these last two articles were the favourite dessert of my fellow-captive. Laurence told me that Soradaci, that was the scoundrel's name, was to go before the secretary in a few days to be questioned; he would very likely be set at liberty after that. I felt certain that his treasonable instinct would lead him to betray even me, from whom he had received nothing but kindness, but I determined to make sure. I wrote two letters on indifferent subjects but creditable to me in sentiment, one to M. de Bragadin, and one to the Abbé Grimani, and these I confided to Soradaci, begging him if he regained his liberty to deliver them. He swore fidelity on the crucifix and the holy pictures, declaring he would let himself be hacked to pieces rather than injure me. He sewed the letters in the lining of his coat. After they had been in his possession two or three days, Laurence came to take him to the secretary. He was absent several hours, and I began to hope that he had gone for ever, when he reappeared.

"You can give me back my letters," I said, "you are not likely now to have a chance of delivering them." At first he tried to put me off, pretending that it was dangerous, the gaoler might come in while he was ripping open his coat; then he protested that in all probability he would be questioned again in a day or two and then set free. Finally, he flung himself on his knees at my feet, and declared that in the presence of the secretary he had been seized with such a fit of terror and trembling that that functionary had suspected something was wrong, and had had him searched. The two letters were of course discovered, and the secretary had confiscated them.

I believed just as much of this cock-and-bull story as I chose. While chuckling inwardly at the success of my ruse, I covered my face with my hands, and flinging myself before the picture of the Virgin, I demanded of her, in loud and solemn tones, vengeance on the miscreant who had broken his sacred vow, after which I lay down on my bed, my face turned to the wall, and during all that night and the following day, I did not say one word in answer to Soradaci's cries, tears, and protestations of repentance. I was acting a part in the comedy I had planned. I wrote to Balbi to come at seven o'clock that night to finish his work, and to be not one minute earlier or one minute later, and to work for exactly four hours and no longer.

"Our liberty," said I, "depends on rigorous exactitude." It was now the twenty-fifth of October, and the moment when I was to execute my project, or abandon it for ever, was not far distant. The State Inquisitors and the secretary went every year to pass the first three days of November at some village on the mainland. Laurence profited by this absence to get drunk every night, and consequently slept later in the morning.

I had got into that superstitious frame of mind which leads men, at some momentous point of their career, to be influenced by a verse in the Bible or a verse in Virgil. My intellect, weakened by long months of captivity, clamoured for an oracle. I determined to consult the divine poem *Orlando Furioso* by Ariosto. I wrote my question on a slip of paper, with a combination of numbers which was to point out stanza and verse, and I found the following line:—

"Fra il fin d'ottobre e il capo di novembre." \*

The aptitude and precision of this verse seemed to me admirable. I won't say that I placed absolute faith in it, but it was excusable of me, I think, to feel elated at the promise it held forth.

The most singular part of this is, that between the end of October and the beginning of November there is only the instant of midnight, and it was precisely on the stroke of twelve on the thirty-first of October that I left my cell.

Soradaci had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, and I judged that the moment had now come to make an impression on his confused and stupid mind, to render it, if possible, more confused and more stupid than usual. I called him, and he dragged himself along the floor to my feet, where, weeping bitterly, he told me that if I refused to forgive him, he should die during the day, for the curse of the Blessed Virgin was on him; he suffered terribly

<sup>\*&</sup>quot;Between the end of October and the beginning of November."

in his stomach, and his mouth was covered with ulcers.

"Sit down," said I, "and eat this soup. Know that Our Lady of the Rosary appeared to me at daybreak, and ordered me to forgive you. You will not die, and you will leave this cell with me. The grief that your horrible treason caused me prevented me from closing my eyes all night, for those letters will certainly condemn me to prison for the rest of my days. My only consolation was the certitude that I should see you die in agony within three days. While in this state of mind, unworthy, I must admit, of a Christian, I had a vision. I saw the Mother of God herself: she spoke to me in these words: 'Soradaci is devoted to the Holy Rosary, and for this reason I protect him, and I desire you to pardon him, so as to counteract the curse which he has invoked on himself. As a reward for your generosity in forgiving him, I shall order one of my angels to assume human form and to come down from heaven, and break through the roof of your prison, so that you can escape. You may take Soradaci with you, but only on condition that he swears to abjure the trade of a spy.' After these words the Blessed Virgin disappeared."

The animal, who had listened to me with

open eyes and mouth, suddenly asked at what hour the angel would come, and if we should see him?

"He will be here at sunset; we shall not see him, but we shall hear him at work, and he will leave at the hour announced by the Blessed Virgin."

"Perhaps you only dreamt all this?"

"No, I am sure of what I say. Do you feel that you can give the promise?"

Instead of answering, he curled up on his mattress and went to sleep. He woke up two hours later, and asked if he might take the proposed oath.

"You can put it off," said I, "until the angel appears in the cell, but then, if you do not swear to renounce your villainous trade, which has brought you here, and which will lead you to the gallows, I shall make you stay behind me, for such is the order of the Mother of God, and she will surely withdraw her protection from you."

I could read on his ugly face that this procrastination was to his taste, for he did not believe in my angelic visitation. He looked compassionately at me, and evidently thought I was wandering; but I smiled inwardly, for I knew the coming of the angel would frighten him out of his miserable wits.

An hour before the appointed time we dined. I drank nothing but water, and gave Soradaci all the wine and all the garlic, his beloved delicacy.

At the first stroke of seven I flung myself on my knees, ordering him to do likewise. As soon as I heard a little noise, the other side of the wall, "The angel is coming!" I cried, prostrating myself, and at the same time giving him a violent blow which toppled him over on his face. We remained for a quarter of an hour in this position, during which time the sound of Balbi's tool was plainly audible. I then permitted him to rise to his knees, and for three hours and a half I recited the rosary. forcing him to repeat it with me. From time to time he fell asleep, but he never interrupted me; now and then he would gaze furtively at the ceiling, and from there to the picture of the Blessed Virgin, as though demanding from her an explanation. At half-past eleven, "The angel is going—prostrate yourself!" I conmanded in a solemn voice.

I made Soradaci swear not only that he would not say a word to Laurence of our heavenly visitor, but also that while the gaoler was in our cell he would lie on his bed, with his face turned to the wall. This precaution was need-

ful, for a wink would have been sufficient to betray us.

Soradaci obeyed me scrupulously, and remained with his face hidden while Laurence was in our cell. I verily believe that if he had made the slightest movement I should have strangled him. When the gaoler had departed I told him that the angel would descend through the roof about noon, that he would bring a pair of scissors with him, and that he (Soradaci happened to be a barber by trade) must cut off my beard and the angel's.

"Will the angel have a beard?"

"Yes. After you have shaved us we shall get out on to the palace roof, break through it, and descend on the Square of Saint Mark, from whence we shall go to Germany."

He did not answer, and ate his dinner in silence. My heart and mind were too full to eat; I had not been able to sleep for two nights.

At the given moment the angel appeared; Soradaci prostrated himself, while Father Balbi slid through the hole and flung himself into my arms.

"Your task is over," said I, "and mine is just beginning." He gave me back my tool and a pair of scissors with which Soradaci arranged our beards in a very creditable manner. I told the monk to stay with him while I made a tour of inspection. The hole in the wall was narrow, but I managed to squeeze through. I entered Balbi's cell, where I found Count Asquini, a fine-looking old man, whose figure, however, was not made for gymnastic feats, such as climbing about on a steep roof covered with sheets of lead. He asked me what I proposed to do next, and told me he thought I had acted rather lightly and hastily.

"I shall go straight ahead," I answered, "until I find liberty or death."

"You think," he said, "that you will get from the roof to the ground, but I don't see how you are to do that, unless you suddenly grow wings. Anyhow, I dare not go with you; I shall stay here, and pray God for your safety."

I returned to my cell, where I spent four hours cutting up my sheets, blankets, mattress and palliasse into strips. With these I made a hundred fathom of cord. I made a packet of my coat, cloak, some shirts, stockings and handkerchiefs. We then passed, all three of us, into the count's cell. I had now flung away my Tartufe's mask, and spoke openly before Soradaci.

In two hours, with the aid of the monk, I managed to make a hole in the attic roof. To

my horror I saw that it was bright moonlight, and as on fine nights everybody promenades in the Square of Saint Mark, this forced us to wait until midnight; the extraordinary spectacle which we should have presented scrambling about on the leads would certainly have aroused first curiosity and then suspicion.

I asked Count Asquini to lend me thirty sequins, promising to return them as soon as I was safe in Germany, but the poor old man, in spite of his virtues, was a miser at heart. At first he tried to persuade me that I did not require any money; finally, with many tears, he offered me two sequins, which I was obliged to accept.

The first proof which Balbi gave me of his noble character was to tell me ten times over that I had broken my word to him, for I had told him my plan was complete, whereas it was nothing of the sort. He added that had he known this he would not have joined in the enterprise. Count Asquini, with the wisdom of seventy years, tried to persuade me to give it up, telling me that it was hopeless, for even if we fell into the canal, which was the best thing that could happen to us, we should break our arms and legs, for the water was not deep enough to destroy the force of the fall. He

was a barrister, and naturally eloquent, but what moved him most, I knew, was his two sequins.

"The steepness of the roof," he said, "which is covered with sheets of lead, will not permit you to walk upright. The cords you are taking will be useless, for you will find nothing to fasten them to. Then again, by which side do you hope to get down? Not by the pillars opposite the square, you would be seen; not by the church, for it is enclosed in gates impossible to scale; not by the court, for you would fall into the hands of the archers. On the fourth side is the canal; have you a boat or gondola awaiting you? No, you would have to swim to Saint Apollonia; and even if you swim like sharks, what a state you would be in when you got there!"

This speech, which our desperate circumstances certainly justified, made my blood boil, the more so as it was interlarded with the reproaches of the monk, and the weeping and wailing of Soradaci. Nevertheless, I had the courage to listen to it patiently without answering harshly. I felt I was in a delicate position, the slightest thing might decide the cowardly Balbi to remain, and alone I could not hope to succeed. Soradaci implored me to leave him behind. "You are the master," he

said, "but if you order me to follow you it will be to certain death. I shall fall into the canal, I am convinced, and I shall be of no use to you. Let me stay here, and I will pray to Saint Francis for you." The fool little knew how pleased I was to be rid of him. I borrowed pen and ink from Asquini and wrote the following letter, which I gave to Soradaci:—

"'I shall not perish, but live to sing the praises of the Lord."

"It is the duty of our Lords, the State Inquisitors, to use every means in their power to keep a guilty man in prison, but the prisoner, if he is not on parole, should do everything he can to escape. Their right is based on justice, his on nature. They did not ask his consent to imprison him, he need not ask theirs to set himself free.

"Jacques Casanova, who writes this, in the bitterness of his heart, knows that he may be recaptured, in which case he appeals to the humanity of his judges not to make his lot harder than that from which he is fleeing. He gives everything in his cell (provided he is not so unlucky as to be brought back to it) to Francis Soradaci, with the exception of his books, which he gives to Count Asquini.

"Written one hour before midnight, without

a light, in Count Asquini's cell, the 31st of October 1756."

I instructed Soradaci to give this letter to the secretary himself, who would doubtless come up to question him and Asquini personally.

It was now time to start. The moon was no longer visible. I tied half the cords on one of Balbi's shoulders, and his packet of clothes on the other, doing the same for myself; then the two of us, in our shirt-sleeves, our hats on our heads, went through the opening.

I went out first, Balbi followed me; Soradaci had orders to put the sheet of lead covering the hole back into its place, and then to go and pray with all his might to Saint Francis. I crawled along on all fours, pushing my tool into the cracks between the leaden roofing, and dragging the monk after me. With his right hand he firmly clutched the band of my breeches, so that I was in the painful position of a pack-horse and saddle-horse combined, and this on a steep lead roof made more slippery by the damp of a thick fog! Half-way up the monk called out to me to stop; one of his packages had slipped, but he was in hopes it had lodged in the gutter piping.

My first impulse was to give him a kick and send him after it, but I checked myself, and asked him if it was the packet of cords; he said no, it was his clothes and a manuscript which he had found in the prison attic, and which he expected to sell for a high price. I told him he must bear his loss patiently; he sighed, and we crawled on. By and by we got to a gable, on which we could sit astride; two hundred feet in front of us were the cupolas of Saint Mark, which is, properly speaking, the private chapel of the Doge, and no monarch in the world can boast of a better or finer. Here my unfortunate companion lost his hat, which rolled over and over till it joined his clothes in the canal. He declared this was a bad omen, but I cheered him by pointing out that if the hat had fallen to the left, instead of to the right, it would have tumbled at the very feet of the guards in the courtyard. It was a proof, I told him, that God was protecting us, and at the same time, it was a lesson to him to be more prudent.

I left Balbi perched on the gable, while I explored the roof in search of some skylight or window, by means of which we could enter the palace. After searching for more than an hour without finding any point to which I could

fasten my cords, the canal and the courtyard were not to be thought of; to get beyond the church, towards the Canonica, I should have to climb such perilous slopes that I abandoned this idea also. Nevertheless, something must be done. I fixed my eyes on a garret window facing the canal, about two-thirds from the top of the roof. It was far enough away from our part of the palace for me to feel sure it was not connected with the prisons. If I could get in through it I should probably find myself in some attic, inhabited or otherwise, belonging to the apartment of some one of the palace functionaries, and at break of day the doors would be opened. I was morally certain that any of the palace servants, even those of the Doge himself, so far from giving us up to justice, would only help us in our flight, even had we been the worst of criminals, so hateful was the Inquisition in the eyes of all men. I let myself slide down the roof till I arrived astraddle the garret window; by leaning over I could feel it was filled with small panes of glass, behind which was a grating. The glass was easily disposed of, but in my nervous state of mind the grating, slight though it was, filled me with dismay. I was weary, hungry, overexcited, and this obstacle seemed insurmountable. I was beginning to lose my head, and my courage, when the simplest incident imaginable restored my mental equilibrium. The bell of Saint Mark's struck twelve! The day now beginning was All Saints, the prediction of the Jesuit father flashed through my mind, and at the same moment I remembered the line from Ariosto—

"Fra il fin d'ottobre e il capo di novembre."

The sound of the bell was as a speaking talisman to me, bidding me be of good heart, and promising me victory. I broke the glass, and after a quarter of an hour's hard work with my pike I lifted out the entire grating; blood was streaming from a wound in my left hand, but I was too excited to notice it.

I got back to my companion, who welcomed me with the grossest insults, for having left him so long, at the same time assuring me he was only waiting for seven o'clock to return to the prison. "And what did you think had become of me?"

"I thought you had fallen over."

"And this is how you show your joy at my safety! Follow me now, and you will see where I have been."

We scrambled to the garret window, and held a consultation as to the best means of entering it; it was easy enough for one, as the other could lower him by the cords, but how was he to follow after?

"Let me down first," said the amiable Balbi, "and when I am safe inside you will find some means of rejoining me." His brutal selfishness made me feel like digging my pike in his stomach, but I again restrained myself, and silently did as he asked. When I drew up the cord, I found the height from the window to the floor was thirty feet, the window was high in the roof of an immensely lofty gallery. Not knowing what to do, I wandered over the leads, where, on a sort of terrace I had not visited before, I found a tub full of plaster, a trowel, and a ladder. I dragged the ladder after me to the window, and managed to push it in as far as the fifth rung, but beyond that it was impossible, as there was an interior beam, which barred its entrance. The only thing was to push it from below instead of from above, as I was then doing. I fastened the cord to the ladder, and let it slip, till it hung balanced on a point of the gutter piping, and then slid gently along till I was beside it. The marble gutter offered a slight rest to my feet, and I lay on my stomach up the roof; in this position I had the strength to raise the ladder and push it before me. I got about a foot of it inside.

which diminished the weight sensibly, when in my efforts to force it I slipped, and rolled over the roof, hanging only by my elbows to the gutter. In this frightful position I remained, as it seemed to me, some moments, but did not lose my presence of mind; the instinct of self-preservation made me, almost against my will, use all my strength in the supreme effort of hoisting myself back on the roof. I succeeded. I now lay along the gutter, panting and exhausted, but safe for the moment, though not out of danger, or at an end of my troubles, for the effort I had made caused a nervous contraction of my muscles, which resulted in a cramp so painful I completely lost the use of my limbs. I knew that immobility is the best remedy for cramp, and I had the sense to remain perfectly still until it passed away. What a terrible moment it was! By and by I was able to move my knees, and as soon as I had recovered my breath, I raised the ladder (which had fortunately been held in place by the frame of the window), and managed to introduce several more rungs of it through the opening, until it leaned parallel with the sill.

I then took up my pike, and once more climbed slowly and painfully up the slippery leads, till I got to the window, where I had no further difficulty with the ladder. I pushed it all in, and my companion held the other end

of it firmly.

I flung into the attic the remaining parcels of clothes, the cords, and such débris and rubbish caused by my demolitions as I could gather up. I was particularly anxious not to leave any marks of my passage behind me on the roof. It was there that the archers, led by Laurence, would first search for us, and it was possible that we might still be lurking in the attic when they came that way. This done, I descended the ladder into the garret, where the monk received me, more graciously this time.

Arm in arm we walked round the shadowy place in which we found ourselves. It was about thirty feet long by twenty wide; at one end was a door barred with iron; this, however, was not locked, and we went through it into another room, in the middle of which was a big table surrounded with chairs and stools. We opened one of the windows, but could see nothing but precipices, so to speak, between the windows. I closed the window, and went back to where we had left our baggage. Perfectly incapable of further effort, I fell on the floor; with a roll of cords to serve for a pillow, I gave myself up to sleep. Had I been certain that death, or torture, awaited me on wak-

ing, it would have made no difference. Even now I can remember the heavenly sensations of rest and forgetfulness which came over me as I sank to slumber.

I slept for three hours and a half; the monk aroused me by shouting and shaking me. He told me it had struck five, and he could not understand how, given our position, I could sleep! I could, though! For two days and nights I had not closed my eyes, and for the same length of time had eaten nothing; the efforts I had made were enough to wear out the strength of any man. My nap had restored my vigour, I was able now to think and to act.

"This place," said I, "is not a prison, so there must be some way out of it."

There was a door at one end, through which we passed into a gallery lined with shelves filled with papers: these were the archives, as I afterwards learned. A little stone staircase took us to a second gallery, and a second staircase into a large hall, which I recognized as the ducal chancery. On a desk lay a tool, a sort of long slim chisel which the secretaries use to pierce parchments with, so as to attach the lead seals of the chancery to them. I forced the desk with it, and found a letter to the proveditor of Corfu, announcing the despatch of three thousand sequins, which he was

to spend on the restoration of the old fortress. Unfortunately the money was not there; God knows with what pleasure I should have taken it had it been otherwise.

I tried to force the door of the chancery with my chisel, but soon saw that it was impossible. I decided to make a hole in the panelling. With my pike I smashed and battered as well as I could, the monk helping me with the chisel, and both of us trembling at the noise we made.

In half an hour the hole was large enough, but it presented a terrific appearance, for the edges were splintered and broken, and bristling with sharp points, like the spikes on the top of a wall; it was about five feet from the ground. Putting two stools one on the other, we mounted on them, and taking Balbi first by the thighs and then by the ankles, I managed to lower him in safety. There was no one to help me, so I stuck my head and shoulders through as far as I could, and told the monk to drag me over the splinters, and not to stop, even if I reached the other side in pieces; he obeyed, and I arrived in frightful pain, with my hips and thighs torn and bleeding.

We ran down another staircase, at the bottom of which was the great door of the royal staircase. At one glance I saw that it was impossible to get through that without a mine to blow it up, or a catapult to beat it down. My poor pike seemed to say: Hic finis posuit.

Calm, resigned, and perfectly tranquil, I sat down, saying to the monk: "I have done, it is for God or fortune to do the rest. I don't know if the palace sweepers will come to-day, as it is a holiday—All Saints Day, or to-morrow, which is All Souls. If any one does come, I shall make a run for it as soon as I see the door open, but otherwise, I shall not move from here, if I die of hunger."

At this speech the poor man flew into a rage, calling me madman, seducer, liar. I let him rave without paying any attention to him. Even if some one opened the door, how to pass unnoticed in the state I was in!

Balbi looked like a peasant, but he was at least intact. His scarlet flannel waistcoat and his violet skin breeches were in good condition, and he was unscratched, whereas my appearance was horrible. I was covered with blood, and my clothes were in ribbons. I had torn my stockings, and scraped all the skin off my knees while I was hanging from the gutter piping; the broken panel of the chancery door had caught and rent my waistcoat, shirt, and breeches into rags. My thighs were furrowed with deep wounds.

I bandaged myself up as well as I could with

handkerchiefs, smoothed my hair, put on a clean pair of stockings and a laced shirt with two others on the top of it, stuffed as many handkerchiefs and stockings as I could into my pockets, and flung the remainder into a corner.

I must have looked like a reveller who had wound up the evening in some wild orgy! To crown all I put on my fine hat, trimmed with Spanish gold lace, and a long white feather; and thus attired I opened a window. It is not surprising that I immediately attracted the attention of the loungers in the courtyard, one of whom went to tell the concierge. The good man thought he must have locked some one in by mistake the night before, and ran off for his keys. I heard them jingling as he came upstairs; I could hear him puffing at every step. I told Balbi to keep close to me, and not to open his mouth. I stood, my pike in my hand, so that I could get out of the door the moment it was opened. I prayed to God that the concierge would make no resistance, as I was prepared to kill him if need were.

The poor fellow was thunderstruck at my aspect. I rushed past him and down the stairs, the monk at my heels. I went rapidly, yet avoiding the appearance of flight, down the magnificent steps called the Giant's Staircase, paying no heed to Balbi, who kept saying, "To

the church, to the church." The door of Saint Mark's was not twenty paces away, but one could no longer take sanctuary there. The monk knew that, but fear had spoilt his memory. I went straight through the royal gate of the palace, across the little square, and on to the quay, where I got into the first gondola I saw, saying to the boatman, "I want to go to Fusina quickly; call up another gondolier." While the boat was being unfastened I flung myself on the cushion in the middle, while the monk took his place on the seat. We must have been an odd-looking couple: he with his extraordinary face and bare head, my beautiful cloak flung over his shoulders, and I with my most unseasonable elegance, plumed hat, and ragged breeches, laced shirt and bleeding wrists. We must have looked like a pair of charlatans who had been in some drunken fray.

When we were well started I told the boatman I had changed my mind, I would go to Mestre. He replied that he would take me to England if I would pay him enough, and we went gaily on.

The canal had never seemed to me so beautiful, more especially as there was not a single boat in sight. It was a lovely morning, the air was fresh and clear and the sun had just risen. My two boatmen rowed swiftly. I

thought on the awful nights I had passed, the dangers I had traversed, the hell in which only a few hours before I was imprisoned; my emotion and my gratitude to God overcame me, and I burst into tears. My worshipful companion, who up till then had not spoken a word, thought it his duty to console me. He made me laugh.

At Mestre I arranged for a post-chaise to take us on to Treviso; in three minutes the horses were in. I looked round for Balbi, he had disappeared; I was on the point of abandoning him when I caught sight of the scamp in a coffee-house, drinking chocolate and flirting with the waiting-maid. When he saw me he called out to me to come and join him, and to pay for what he had consumed, as he was penniless. Speechless with rage, I grasped him by the arm and marched him up to the post-chaise. We had not gone many yards before I met a man I knew, Balbi Tomasi, a decent fellow, but reported to have dealings with the inquisitors; he recognized me and cried out: "Hallo! what are you doing here? I am delighted to see you. have you run away?"

"I have not run away, I was set at liberty."
"Impossible! I was at M. Grimani's only
yesterday, and I heard nothing of it."

Reader, it is easier for you to imagine the

state of mind I was in than for me to describe it. I thought this man was paid to arrest me; that in another moment he would call up the police, who were all over Mestre, and I should be ignominiously marched back to "The Leads." I jumped out of the carriage, and asked him to step to one side with me. As soon as we were at a safe distance from the others I seized him by the collar; he saw the pike I was brandishing and guessed my intention; with a violent effort he wrenched himself away, and ran with all his might down the road, jumping over a wide ditch, from the other side of which he kissed his hand to me several times, as a sign that I had his good wishes. I was glad I had been saved from committing murder, for I began to think he meant me no harm. I got back into the chaise, looking disdainfully at the cowardly monk, who saw now the danger he had exposed us to, and we went on in silence to Treviso.

There I ordered a chaise and pair for ten o'clock, though I had no intention of taking them, firstly, because I had not enough money, and, secondly, because a post-chaise is easily tracked; it was merely a ruse. The landlord asked if we wished breakfast, but though I was fainting with hunger I had not the courage to eat anything; a quarter of an hour's delay

might prove fatal. I wanted to get out into the open country where one man, if he is clever, can defy a hundred thousand.

We passed out of Treviso by Saint Thomas's gate, and struck across the fields. After walking for three hours I fell down exhausted. I told Balbi to get me something to eat or I should die; he said contemptuously that he had thought I was braver. He had filled his own stomach full before leaving "The Leads," and he had taken some chocolate and bread since. However, he found a farmhouse not far off, and brought me back a good dinner for thirty sols; after which we walked for another four hours, and then stopped by the roadside, twenty-four miles from Treviso. I was exhausted; my ankles were swollen and my shoes worn through.

I felt that it was impossible for me to continue to travel with Balbi; to think for him as well as myself, and to be constantly bickering and reproaching one another. His presence irritated me in my worn and nervous state, and I felt willing to pay any price to be rid of him.

"We must go to Borgo di Valsugano," I said; "it is the first town across the frontier of the Republic; we shall be as safe there as if we were in London; but we must use every precaution, and the first is to separate. You will

go by the woods of Mantello, and I by the mountains; you will take the easiest and shortest way, and I the longest and most difficult; you will have money, and I shall have none. I make you a present of my cloak, which you can easily change for a coat and a hat; here is all that is left of the two sequins I took from Asquini. For to-night I shall trust to luck to find me a bed somewhere. I am absolutely in need of rest and peace, which I can't get with you. I am, moreover, certain that they are looking for us, and that if we show ourselves together at any inn we shall be arrested. You go your way, and let me go mine."

"I have been expecting some such speech," said Balbi, "and shall answer it by reminding you of all your promises. You said we should not separate, and I do not intend to; your fate

shall be mine, and mine yours."

"You are determined not to take my advice?"

"Most determined."

"We shall see."

"I took my instrument out of my pocket, and began quietly to dig a hole in the ground. After half an hour of this occupation I told him to recommend his soul to God, for the hole I had just made was to bury him in.

"I will get rid of you somehow—alive or dead."

He looked at me for some time in silence, wondering whether I was in earnest or not, then coming over to me—"I will do as you wish," he said.

I embraced him, and handed him the money. I cannot say how pleased I was to see him disappear down the road.

I continued my way until sunset; then, tired, harassed, and hungry, I stopped at a lonely, decent-looking house. I asked the concierge if I could see the master. He answered that his master had gone to a wedding, but had ordered him to welcome any friends who might come during his absence. So luck favoured me and I found a good supper and a good bed.

The next day I dined at a Capuchin monastery, and in the afternoon came to a villa, the owner of which was a friend of mine. I was shown into his study, where he was writing. He dropped his pen in alarm when he saw me, and told me to be off at once. I asked him to lend me sixty sequins, offering him my note of hand, drawn on M. de Bragadin, but he answered that he could give me nothing, not even a glass of water, lest he incur the anger of the tribunal. He was a money-changer, a man about sixty years old, and under great obligations to me.

Shaking with rage, I seized him by the collar,

and pulling out my pike threatened to kill him if he did not help me. He opened a drawer full of gold, in his desk, and told me to take what I wanted.

"Count me out six sequins," I said.

"You asked for sixty."

"Yes—as a friendly loan; but as I must take them by force I will only have six, and I will give you no receipt for them. They shall be paid you back, though, at Venice, where I shall write and tell of your mean and cowardly conduct; and now let me go quietly, or I will come back and burn your house down over your head."

I slept at a peasant's hut that night, and in the morning bought an old redingote, a pair of boots, and a donkey; further on I exchanged the ass, and paid the difference, for a cart and two horses, and with this equipage I arrived at Borgo di Valsugano, where I found Balbi. If he had not spoken to me I should not have known him. A long riding-coat and a felt hat worn over a cotton night-cap disguised him completely. He told me a farmer had given him these things in exchange for my cloak, that he had eaten well along the road, and had met with no adventures.

I passed two days in bed writing letters to Venice, in all of which I spoke of the moneychanger and his brutality. I then went on to Bolzan, where an old banker of my acquaintance lent me a trusty messenger to carry news to M. de Bragadin. He returned in six days with a hundred sequins, and I began to clothe my companion and myself. The miserable Balbi was perpetually reminding me that but for him I should never have escaped, that whatever fortune I might make eventually, half of it would belong by rights to him. He made love to all the servants, and, as he was anything but handsome, met with many rebuffs, which he accepted with true philosophy, beginning again the next day. From Bolzan we went to Munich, where I lodged at "The Stag." I found my old friend the Countess Coronini, who was living at the Convent of Saint Justine, and was in high favour at Court. She told me that she had spoken of me to the Elector, who said there was no reason why I should not remain in Bavaria, but that he could not guarantee the safety of Balbi-a runaway monk.

I got a letter of introduction to the Dean of Saint Maurice, at Augsburg, and packed Balbi off to him, in a carriage, with everything he could want. I was glad to be rid of him so cheaply, and in four days received a letter from him saying the dean had received him kindly.

My health was much impaired. I was suffering from a constriction of the nerves, which alarmed me somewhat, but a month's rest and a strict régime restored me completely.

Some Venetian friends of mine, Madame Rivière and her family, came to Munich during this time. They were going on to Paris for the marriage of the eldest daughter, and offered to take me with them. They would not hear of my bearing any share of the expense, and I thankfully accepted the offer. Two days before leaving I received another remittance from Venice, and as I felt it my duty to convince myself of Balbi's wellbeing, I took a post-chaise to Augsburg. I found him well lodged, well served, and well clothed, and congratulated him on his good fortune. He asked me bitterly what I meant by that, saying that he had not a penny in his pocket.

"Ask your friends for some money."

"I have no friends."

"That must be because you have never been a friend to any one but yourself."

"Take me with you to Paris."

"What would you do there?"

"Why, what will you do?"

"Work, and put my talents to account. Your wings are strong enough now for you to fly

alone. I have done all I can for you, and you ought to be grateful for the comfortable situation you are in."

Some months later the dean wrote to me that Balbi had run away with one of his women servants, taking with him a large sum of money, a gold watch, and twelve silver forks and The dishonest wretch took refuge at Coire, in Switzerland, where he asked to be received into the Calvinist Church, and to be recognized as the legitimate husband of the woman who was with him. When he had spent all his money his wife left him, and he went to Brescia, a town belonging to the Venetian States, where he assured the governor of his repentance, begging him to take him under his protection. He was sent in chains to Venice, and reimprisoned in "The Leads," where he remained two years, and was then sent to an isolated monastery near Feltre, whence he escaped to Rome. The Pope dispensed him from his monastic vows. As a secular priest he was no longer in the power of the Inquisition, and he returned to Venice, where he led a dissolute and miserable life, dying in 1783.

We journeyed to Paris in a most excellent and comfortable *berline*, and I did my best to entertain my companions, and render myself as amusing and serviceable as possible in return for their generosity. We arrived on the 5th of January 1757. I went straight to my friend Baletti, who received me with open arms, though I had not written to him. He was expecting me, for he had heard of my flight from prison, and knew that it would be necessary for me to get as far from Venice as possible. There was general rejoicing in the house when they knew of my arrival. This interesting family was devoted to me. I procured a nice apartment near them, and then took a fiacre to the Hotel de Bourbon, intending to present myself to M. de Bernis, who was then Minister of Foreign Affairs, but I found he had gone to Versailles. I was, of course, anxious to place myself as soon as possible under the protection of the complaisant lover of my beautiful M. M., and so I went on to Versailles, but had the misfortune to cross M. de Bernis on the road. There was nothing for it but to return to Paris; but when we got to the gates we saw a crowd of people rushing about in great confusion, and crying out, "The king is assassinated; they have assassinated the king." They stopped my carriage, and made me get out; I was taken to the guardhouse, where in a few minutes I was joined by twenty or thirty people, all as innocent as I was. We staved there, sulky and suspicious,

staring at each other, until at last an officer came in, and apologising to me, said we were at liberty to go our ways.

"The king is wounded," he said, "and has been taken to his apartments; nobody knows who the assassin is, but he has been arrested."

It took me three hours to get back to Paris, and in that short time I was passed by at least two hundred couriers, galloping ventre à terre. At each moment a fresh one went by, and each one cried out the news he was carrying; finally, I gathered that the king had been bled, that his wound was a slight one, so slight that if he chose he could go on to Trianon; and that it was decreed that the wretched assassin \* was to be drawn and quartered alive, and then burnt.

When I got to Paris the gossips flocked round me, and I had to repeat what I had heard ten times over.

<sup>\*</sup>The excitement and misery of the Seven Years War and the well-known immorality of the king preyed on the already diseased mind of Damiens. He was convinced that no change for the better would take place till the king personally suffered. His intention was to wound Louis, not kill him. He went to Versailles and waited two days before an opportunity occurred. As the king was coming through the porch which now leads to the Museum, Damiens stuck a penknife into the king's back, exclaiming, "I did it for God and the people, because France is perishing." Casanova's faintly compassionate attitude toward Damiens is exceptional in his times, and speaks for his humanity,

## FROM THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH

### James Jeffrey Roche \*

Only those who have stood within the bars, and heard the din of devils and the appalling sounds of despair blended in a diapason that made every hatch-mouth a vent of hell, can imagine the horrors of the hold of a convict-ship. The first few days of the voyage are inexpressibly horrible. The hundreds of pent-up wretches are not used to the darkness of the ship, strange to their crowded quarters and to each other, depressed in spirit at their endless separation from home, sickened to death with the merciless pitch and roll of the vessel, alarmed at the dreadful thunder of the waves against their prison walls, and fearful of sudden engulfment with the hatches barred. The scene is too hideous for a picture-too dreadful to be described in words. The punishment cell was seldom empty; its occupants as they looked through the bars at the deck saw strapped to the foremast a black gaff or spar with iron rings, which when the spar was lowered horizontally, corresponded to rings screwed into the deck. This was the triangle, where the unruly convicts were tied up and flogged every morning. Above this triangle, tied around the foremast, was a new and very fine hempen rope leading away to the end of the foreyard. This was the ultimate appeal, the law's last terrible engine-the halter-which swung

<sup>\*</sup>Life, Poems and Speeches of John Boyle O'Reilly. The Mershon Co. 1891.

mutineer and marauder out over the hissing sea to eternity.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, MOONDYNE.

T length, the long and dreary voyage ended, and the old *Hougoumont* dropped anchor in the roadstead of Fremantle at three o'clock in the morning of January 10, 1868. Her passengers could see, high above the little town and the woodland about it, the great white stone prison which represents Fremantle's reason for existence. It was "The Establishment"; that is to say, the Government; that is to say, the advanced guard of Christian civilization in the wild Bush. The native beauty of the place is marred by the straggling irregularity of the town, as it is blighted by the sight, and defiled by the touch, of the great criminal establishment.

The first official function was the reading of the rules. What struck O'Reilly most in that long code was the startling peroration to the enumeration of so many offenses,—"the penalty of which is Death!"

After this ceremony the prisoners were separated, the sheep from the goats, the criminals going ashore first to swell the population of four or five hundred of their kind already there. Curiously enough, the arrival of the

Hougoumont was made the subject of a quasireligious controversy in the settlement, the Protestants murmuring at the arrival of so many political prisoners. They did not complain so much of the criminal convicts; but their aversion to the Irishman was reconsidered on better acquaintance.

Father Lynch was the Catholic Chaplain of Fremantle prison, and one of the many who took an immediate liking to young O'Reilly. Although the latter, like the other military convicts, had been separated from his fellows and assigned to the gang of criminals, Father Lynch managed to have him detailed as an assistant in the library. The political prisoners who had not been soldiers were sent to Perth, twelve miles away, to work on the roadgang or quarries.

One day, four weeks thereafter, O'Reilly was summoned by the officer in whose immediate charge he was, who said to him, "You will go down to the vessel (mentioning her name), and deliver the articles named in this bill of lading; read it!"

O'Reilly read it. It called for the delivery, in good order and condition, of three articles; to wit: One convict, No. 9843, one bag, and one hammock or bed. O'Reilly was No. 9843; his

destination was the convict settlement of Bunbury, thirty miles along the coast, west of Fremantle.

Arrived there he was assigned to one of the road parties and began the dreary life of a convict, which, however, was relieved from the utter woe of Millbank's solitary days, or the revolting cruelties of Chatham and Dartmoor. Still it was bad enough. Among the criminals with whom he was forced to associate were some of the most degraded of human kind, murderers, burglars, sinners of every grade and color of vice. They were the poison flower of civilization's corruption, more depraved than the savage, as they were able to misuse the advantages of superior knowledge. They were the overflow of society's cesspool, the irreclaimable victims of sin-too often the wretched fruits of heredity or environment. Happily for the young, generous, clean-minded rebel, who had been doomed to herd with this prison scum, God had given him the instincts of pure humanity; and ill-fortune, instead of blighting, had nourished their growth. He looked upon his fellow-sufferers with eyes of mercy, seeing how many of them were the victims, directly or indirectly, of cruel, selfish, social conditions. In the Australian Bush he saw humanity in two naked aspects: the savage, utterly ignorant of civilized virtues as of civilized vices; and the white convict, stripped of all social hypocrisies, revealing the worst traits of depraved humanity. Both were "naked and not ashamed." For the savages, so-called, he entertained a sincere and abiding admiration. "Why," he said, years afterwards, "I found that those creatures were men and women, just like the rest of us; the difference between those poor black boys and the men of the Somerset Club \* was only external. I have good friends among those Australian savages, to-day, that I would be as glad to meet as any man I know."

We know from his own "Moondyne," and other works, how tenderly and how charitably he regarded even the lowest of his convict associates. It would be worth much to a student of human nature could we know how they regarded him. How strange a sojourner in their logging-camps and prison cells must have been this young, handsome, daring, generous, kindly poet, who wore their convict's garb, toiled beside them with axe and shovel, and dreamed dreams, while they cursed their hard fate or obscenely mocked at their enemy, Mankind!

The scum of civilization amid which O'Reilly was anchored lay just above the depths of

<sup>\*</sup> The most exclusive club in Boston.

primitive savagery; there was no intermediate layer. But there was one immeasurable gulf between the naked savage and the branded outcast of civilization. The savage was free. The white man envied him, as one who drowns may envy him who swims in the dangerous waves. The savage was free, because he could live in the Bush.

There was no need of fetters or warders to prevent the criminal's escape. Nature had provided a wall absolutely impassable in the boundless Bush, in whose thorny depths the fugitive was lost at the first plunge. Could he bury himself in its recesses, and hide his trail from the keen scent of the native trackers, employed as sleuth-hounds by the Government, he would still be almost as helpless as a traveler lost in the desert, or a mariner on a plank in mid-ocean. He had no weapons with which to kill game; he was ignorant of the country and liable to perish of thirst or hunger; above all he had no definite goal in sight. The pathless Bush lay before him, thousands of miles in one direction,—the wide, deserted Indian Ocean in the other. He might eke out a precarious existence for a while in the Bush. living a life lower than that of the lowest savage, whose wood-craft could procure him a living; but he had no hope of freedom, near

or remote. Of the two alternatives left him (outside that of penal servitude), suicide was rather better than flight to the Bush.

So said the good priest, Father McCabe, when O'Reilly, consumed with the mad passion for liberty, told him his crude plans of escape. Perhaps flight was worse than suicide, in an earthly sense, because its inevitable failure carried with it a penalty, that of enrollment in the chain-gangs. The horrors of this punishment are not to be understood by free men. Something of them may be gleaned from O'Reilly's poem, "The Mutiny of the Chains," in which he says:

Woe to the weak, to the mutineers!

The bolt of their death is driven;

A mercy waits on all other tears,

But the chains are never forgiven.

He had been a little over a year in the convict settlement before the long-sought opportunity came of breaking his bonds forever. The story of his escape would be deeply interesting had he been nothing more than a mere adventurer like Baron Trenck, or a poor court intriguer like Latude; for the world—we are all only prisoners under a life sentence \*—is ever

<sup>\*</sup> We are all sent hither on the convict ship Reprieve.

stirred by the story of a bondman breaking his fetters; but a warmer sympathy is evoked by the tale of this young hero of a romantic revolutionary movement,— this poet whose whole life was a poem.

The true account was not given to the world for many years, as its premature publication would have entailed serious consequences on some of the agents in Australia through whose devotion and courage the young convict had effected his escape. The first authentic story, as published with his sanction by his brother author and warm friend, Mr. Alexander Young, of Boston, in the Philadelphia *Times* of June 25, 1881, is as follows:

O'Reilly had made preparations for his escape several months before attempting it. He had told no one of his intention, because he had witnessed so many failures that he decided the safest way was to trust to himself alone. A chance occurrence led him to change his mind. One day while in camp with a convict road party, he had a call from the Rev. Patrick McCabe, a Catholic priest, whose "parish" extended over hundreds of miles of wild Bush country, and whose only parishioners were convicts and ticket-of-leave men. This scholarly, accomplished gentleman had at that time passed fifteen years in ministering to the spir-

itual needs of convicts, upon whom he exerted a very beneficial influence. His days were almost wholly spent in the saddle, riding alone from camp to camp, and the nights found him wrapped in his blanket under the trees. was kind to all men, whatever their creed, and a sincere Christian worker. O'Reilly, who had found him a warm friend during his stay in the penal colony, thus bears witness to his usefulness: "He was the best influence; indeed, in my time, he was the only good influence, on the convicts in the whole district of Bunbury." O'Reilly told him his plans of escape as they walked together in the Bush. "It is an excellent way to commit suicide," said the thoughtful priest, who refused to talk about or countenance it. He mounted his horse to say good-bye, and, leaning from the saddle toward O'Reilly, he said: "Don't think of that again. Let me think out a plan for you. You'll hear from me before long." Weeks and months passed, and O'Reilly never heard from him. It was a weary waiting, but the convict, though tortured by the uncertainty which kept him from working out his own plan, and even hindered him from sleep, still had confidence in his absent and silent friend and adviser.

O'Reilly was exempt from the hardships of labor with the criminal gang on the roads, but

had charge of their stores and carried the warden's weekly report to the Bunbury depot. While trudging along with this report one day he reached a plain called the "Race Course." As he was crossing it he heard a "coo-ee," or bush-cry. Looking wistfully in the direction of the sound, he saw a stalwart man coming toward him with an axe on his shoulder. There was a pleasant smile on his handsome face as he approached O'Reilly and said: "My name is Maguire: I'm a friend of Father Mac's, and he's been speaking about you." Having learned the importance of distrusting strangers in convict land, O'Reilly said but a few words and those such as could not reveal his relations with the priest. Observing his hesitation, the stranger took a card from his wallet on which was a message addressed to O'Reilly in the handwriting of Father McCabe. This set at rest all doubts and fears of the man's intentions. O'Reilly eagerly listened to what he had to say, for he had come to carry out the good priest's plan of escape. He said he was clearing the race course, and would be at work there for a month. In February-it was then December—American whalers would touch at Bunbury for water, and he should arrange with one of them to secrete O'Reilly on board and take him out of danger. This was cheering news, but, during the week which passed before he again saw Maguire, O'Reilly could hardly sleep for fear that the man would shrink, when the time came, from the danger to his own life of helping him to escape. But Maguire's hearty and confident manner when he next saw him helped to dispel these fears. "You'll be a free man in February," he said, "as sure as my name is Maguire."

December and January passed away, and a wood-cutter chancing to go to the convict-road camp mentioned the fact that three American whaling barks had put into Bunbury. The news made O'Reilly terribly anxious lest the plan for his escape should fall through. He determined to venture out by himself if he heard nothing from his friends. On returning from the depot, to which he had carried his weekly report, as usual, O'Reilly found Maguire waiting for him at the race course. "Are you ready?" were the faithful fellow's first words. He then said that one of the whalers, the bark Vigilant, of New Bedford, was to sail in four days, that Captain Baker had agreed to take O'Reilly on board if he fell in with him outside Australian waters, and had even promised to cruise for two or three days and keep a lookout for him. Maguire had arranged all the details of the escape. O'Reilly

was to leave his hut at eight o'clock in the evening of February 18, and take a cut through the Bush on a line which was likely to mislead native trackers. He had obtained for him a pair of freeman's shoes, as the mark left by the convict's boot could be easily traced. After leaving the camp he was to push on through the Bush in a straight course toward a convict station on the Vasse road. There he was to lie till he heard some one on the road whistle the first bars of "Patrick's Day." The plan was gone over carefully between Maguire and O'Reilly, every point being repeated till there could be no doubt of their mutual agreement. The two men then separated.

On the evening of February 18, O'Reilly wrote a letter to his father about his intended escape that night, and his purpose, if successful, to go to the United States. Two months afterwards this letter found its way into the Dublin newspapers. At seven o'clock that evening the warden of the convict party went his rounds and looked in upon all the criminals. He saw O'Reilly sitting in his hut as he passed on his return. Soon afterward a convict came to the hut to borrow some tobacco and remained so long that the host became very nervous. Fortunately the convict went away before eight. As soon as he had gone O'Reilly

changed his boots, put out the light, and started on his desperate venture through the Bush.

Though the woods were dark the stars shone brightly overhead. Before he had gone two hundred yards he was startled by discovering that a man was following him. It was a moment of terrible strain for O'Reilly, but with admirable nerve he coolly waited for the fellow to come up. He proved to be a mahogany sawer named Kelly, whose saw-pit was close to the fugitive's hut. He was a criminal who had been transported for life. "Are you off?" he whispered hoarsely. "I knew you meant it. I saw you talking to Maguire a month ago, and I knew it all." These words filled O'Reilly with astonishment and alarm, so that he could not speak. He felt that he was in the man's power. He might have already put the police on his track, or he could do so the next day. But the criminal showed a manly sympathy with the youth who had risked so much for freedom. Holding out his hand to O'Reilly he gave him a strong grip, saying, with a quivering, husky voice: "God speed you. I'll put them on the wrong scent to-morrow." The fugitive could not speak the gratitude he felt, so, silently pressing the manly hand, he pushed on again through the woods.

It was eleven o'clock when he reached the

old convict station and lay down beneath a great gum tree at the roadside. From his dusky hiding place he kept an anxious lookout for friends or foes. In about half an hour two men rode by. They seemed to be farmers, but they may have been a patrol of mounted police. Soon after, the sound of horses coming at a sharp trot was heard by the fugitive. They stopped near his resting place, and he heard "Patrick's Day" whistled in low but clear tones. In an instant O'Reilly ran up to the horseman, who proved to be Maguire and another friend, M---. They had another horse with them, which O'Reilly mounted, and then, without saying a word, the three started off at a gallop for the woods. They rode on in silence for several hours. At last, Maguire, who led the way, reined in his horse, dismounted, and whistled. He was answered by another whistle. In a few minutes three men came up, two of whom turned out to be cousins of Maguire. The third man took the horses and galloped off, but not till he had given O'Reilly a warm shake of the hand, expressive of his good wishes. The three men then formed in Indian file and, to prevent the discovery of their number, the two behind covered the footprints of the leader. After walking for about an hour they reached a dry swamp near the sea.

O'Reilly remained at this place with M—, while the other men went on. He was told that Bunbury was near by and that they had gone for the boat. After waiting half an hour in anxiety lest the plan of escape had been thwarted at the last moment, a light was seen about half a mile away. This disappeared, only to flash out three more times. It was the signal for O'Reilly and his companion to go forward. They went along the road till they came to a bridge where Maguire was waiting for them. The boat was all ready, but the tide being out they had to wade knee-deep through the mud to reach the water. Maguire, who led the way, was soon aboard with O'Reilly. M— meanwhile remained on the shore, and, when appealed to by Maguire in a whisper to "come on," answered in a trembling voice: "No, I promised my wife not to go in the boat." This led one of Maguire's cousins who had come aboard before the others, to answer back in a sneering tone: "All right, go home to your wife." Yet M- did not deserve this taunt of cowardice. He was brave enough when duty called him, as he afterwards showed. The four men in the boat were careful to

pull quietly till there was no danger of their being overheard. Then they bent vigorously to the oars, as if rowing for life. Little was said, but thoughts of what they had at stake were all the deeper for not finding vent in words. By sunrise the boat had got almost out of sight of land, only the tops of the high sandhills being visible. The course was a straight line of forty miles across Geographe Bay. It had been arranged to lie in wait for the Vigilant on the further shore, and row toward her as she passed the northern head of the bay. After pulling strongly till near noon the men began to feel the need of food and drink, which from some reason or other had not been provided for their cruise. O'Reilly, who had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, suffered dreadfully from thirst. Accordingly the boat was run ashore through the surf and pulled high and dry on the beach. The drenching which the men got in doing this gave them temporary relief from thirst. But this soon became so intense that they wandered for hours through the dried swamps in search of water. Hundreds of paper-bark trees were examined for the wished-for drink, but not a drop could be found. O'Reilly became alarmed at the burning pain in his chest, which seemed as if its whole inner surface were covered with a blister.

As night was coming on they came to a cattletrack, which led to a shallow and muddy pool. But the water was too foul to drink, so they had to content themselves with cooling their faces in it.

As the whaler would not put to sea till morning or, perhaps, the following evening, O'Reilly was in sore need of sustenance to keep up his strength. Fortunately there was a man living in a log house a few miles away whom the Maguires knew and thought well of. He was an Englishman named Johnson, and lived on this lonely expanse of coast with no neighbor nearer than forty miles, as keeper of a large herd of buffalo cows. The three men started for his house, leaving O'Reilly in the Bush for safety, but promising that one should return with food and drink as soon as he could get away unobserved. The poor sufferer whom they left behind watched them winding in and out among the sand-hills till they were lost to view. Then he lay down on the sand in a shady spot and tried to sleep. But the terrible blistering pain in his chest made it impossible for him to remain in a reclining position, and he was obliged to get up and walk about. Hours passed and his friends did not return. O'Reilly's sufferings at this time were the worst he ever experienced. In his desperate straits

his knowledge and judgment of wood-craft served him in good stead. Recollecting that the natives lived on freshly killed meat when they could get no water, he sought for a tree with 'possum marks. This he soon found and on climbing it secured a large 'possum by pulling it out of its hole by the tail and striking its head against the tree. He then learned what his subsequent experience confirmed, that this meat was the very best substitute for water. Maguire returned at nightfall, bringing food and a bottle of water. He remained but a short time, thinking it best to go back to the Englishman's house to avoid exciting suspicion. Soon after his departure O'Reilly made a bed with boughs and leaves on the sand. using the young branches of the peppermint tree in order to keep away ants, snakes, and centipedes. He soon fell into a sound sleep and did not awake till his friends called him the next morning. Yet all this time he was in danger of being tracked by the police.

The party soon started for the beach, which was reached at about nine o'clock. One of the men was sent with a strong glass, which Maguire had brought, to the top of a high hill to keep a lookout for the *Vigilant*. At about one o'clock he came running down with the welcome news that the vessel was steering north,

with all sails spread. As no time was to be lost the boat was quickly run out through the surf. The men pulled cheerily toward the headland, for they were confident of reaching it before the bark passed. They had rowed about a couple of hours when she was seen steering straight toward the boat. The men therefore stopped pulling and waited for her to come up. To their intense disappointment she changed her course slightly when within two miles of the boat as if to avoid them. The men looked on amazed. Maguire repeatedly said that Captain Baker had pledged his word to take them on board, and he could not believe him mean enough to break it. To settle the question one of the men stood up in the boat and hailed the vessel loudly enough to be heard on board. There was no answer. Again the man hailed her, his companions joining in the shout. No sound came back, and the Vigilant seemed to be moving a little further off. At last she brought up abreast of the boat, at about three miles distant. As a last resort, Maguire fixed a white shirt on the top of an oar and the men all shouted again. But the Vigilant passed on, leaving the boat to its fate.

As the bark gradually receded in the distance, the bitterness of O'Reilly's disappointment was increased by the sense of danger.

What could now be done to save him was the thought of every one in the boat, as she was put about and pulled slowly for the shore. Maguire proposed that the boat should be hauled on to the beach and then O'Reilly should be left in the Bush, as before, while the others went on to Johnson's. It was necessary to trust the Englishman with the secret and let him know the hiding-place of the fugitive, for his friends were obliged to go home and arrange for his escape by one of the other whaleships. This plan was agreed to by the whole party as the best way out of the difficulty. It was evening when they reached the shore. As his three friends left O'Reilly in the secluded sand valley they shook him by the hand and told him to keep up a good heart. They promised that one of them would come from Bunbury in the course of a week to tell him when the whalers would sail. They also said that they should communicate with old Johnson and ask him to bring food and water to the sand valley, which the old man did.

In his nervous desire to get away as soon as possible from the penal colony, O'Reilly brooded over Captain Baker's promise to cruise for his boat if it was not sighted when the *Vigilant* came out. He thought that the captain might not have seen the boat and might

be still cruising along the coast on the lookout for it. This idea made him eager to row out again and take the chance of falling in with the vessel. But the boat in which he had ventured before was too heavy for one person to set afloat or row. He asked Johnson's boy, who came the third night, in place of the old man, if his father had a boat. The lad said there was an old dory at the horse range further up the coast, buried in the sand. When the boy had gone O'Reilly walked along the beach for six or seven miles, and at last found the boat. The heat and dry weather had warped her badly, but O'Reilly pulled her carefully into the water and fastened her by a rope of paper bark to a stake driven into the sand, and went back to his hiding-place for the night.

Next morning he ventured out to sea in this frail craft, which he had made water-tight by the use of paper bark. In order to keep his stock of meat from spoiling in the hot sun he let it float in the water, fastened by a rope of paper bark to the stern of the boat. The light craft went rapidly forward under his vigorous rowing, and before night had passed the headland and was on the Indian Ocean.

That night on an unknown sea in a mere shell had a strange, weird interest, heightened by the anxious expectations of the seeker for liberty. O'Reilly ceased rowing the next morning, trusting to the northward current to bring him within view of the whale-ship. He suffered a good deal from the blazing rays of the sun and their scorching reflection from the water. To add to his troubles, the meat towing in the water was becoming putrid, and he found that some of the 'possums and kangaroo rats had been taken by sharks in the night. Toward noon he saw a vessel under sail which he knew must be the Vigilant and his hopes ran high, as she drew so near to the boat that he could hear voices on her deck. He saw a man aloft on the lookout; but there was no answer to the cry from the boat, and the vessel again sailed off, leaving O'Reilly to sadly watch her fade away into the night. He afterward heard from Captain Baker that, strangely enough, the boat was not seen from the ship.

Being refreshed by the dew and the cool night air, O'Reilly bent to the work of rowing back to shore. There was nothing to do but to get to his hiding-place and await Maguire's return. He tugged at the oars pretty steadily through the night, and when morning came he was within sight of the sand-hills on the headland of Geographe Bay. He reached land by noon and then walked on wearily to Johnson's, where he arrived the same night. The

fatigue and anxiety which he had gone through had thoroughly exhausted him. He cared for nothing but sleep, and this he could have without stint in the secluded sand valley. There he remained for five days, when he was cheered by the arrival of Maguire and M—, who said that they had come to see him through. This time Maguire brought a brief letter from Father McCabe, asking O'Reilly to remember him. He had arranged with Captain Gifford, of the bark Gazelle, of New Bedford, one of the whalers that were to sail next day, to take O'Reilly on board. In order to insure the fulfillment of this agreement the good Father had paid the captain ten pounds to carry his friend as far as Java. Unfortunately there was one serious danger ahead. This was the presence of a criminal convict, one of the worst characters in the penal colony, Martin Bowman, or Beaumont, a ticket-of-leave man. fellow had discovered O'Reilly's plan of escape and had threatened to reveal the whole affair to the police if Maguire did not take him on board the whale-ship also. As it was unsafe to refuse this demand, Bowman was unwillingly included in the party.

Soon after daybreak the next morning the men went down to the beach. Old Johnson and his boy were there to see them off. They

got afloat without delay, and rowed vigorously toward the headland, according to Captain Gifford's directions. By noon they saw the two whale-ships under full headway. Toward evening they were hailed by one of the vessels, and a voice shouted O'Reilly's name and cried out: "Come on board!" The men were delighted at this call. They pulled alongside and O'Reilly was helped out of the boat by the strong arms of Henry C. Hathaway, the third mate. He was warmly welcomed by Captain Gifford, who gave him accommodations in his cabin. Martin Bowman, the escaped criminal, was quartered in the forecastle with the crew. As the boat pushed off from the ship, Maguire stood up and cried: "God bless you; don't forget us, and don't mention our names till you know it is all over." M-, also, who had so well proved his courage, shouted a kind farewell, which moved the grateful O'Reilly to tears.

The official narrative is briefer. It is found in the *Police Gazette* of the District of Western Australia in the form of the following advertisement:

#### ABSCONDERS

20—John B. O'Reilly, registered No. 9843, imperial convict; arrived in the colony per convict ship

Hougoumont in 1868; sentenced to twenty years, 9th July 1866. Description—Healthy appearance; present age 25 years; 5 feet 71/2 inches high, black hair, brown eyes, oval visage; dark complexion: an Irishman. Absconded from Convict Road Party, Bunbury, on the 18th of February, 1869.

# THE ESCAPE OF CHARLES II (1651)

#### RICHARD WHITEING

HARLES had landed in Scotland to attempt to reconquer the throne of the Stuarts, and had been doomed to witness the ruin of all his hopes at the disastrous battle of Worcester. He had displayed great courage on that occasion, but he had been compelled to take to flight, with many of his bravest and most distinguished officers. The following narrative, extracted from a fuller account in the Pepys MS., is in his own words:—

"After that the battle was so absolutely lost as to be beyond hope of recovery, I began to think of the best way of saving myself, and the first thought that came into my head was, that, if I could possibly, I would get to London as soon, if not sooner, than the news of our defeat could get thither; and it being near dark I talked with some, especially with my Lord Rochester, who was then Wilmot, about their opinions which would be the best way for me to escape, it being impossible, as I thought,

to get back to Scotland. I found them mightily distracted, and their opinions different, of the possibility of getting to Scotland; but not one agreeing with mine for going to London, saving my Lord Wilmot; and the truth is, I did not impart my design of going to London to any but my Lord Wilmot. But we had such a number of beaten men with us of the horse that I strove, as soon as it was dark, to get from them; and though I could not get them to stand by me against the enemy, I could not get rid of them now I had a mind to it. So we-that is, my Lord Duke of Buckingham, Lauderdale, Derby, Wilmot, Tom Blague, Duke Darcy, and several others of my servants-went along northwards towards Scotland; and at last we got about sixty that were gentlemen and officers, and slipped away out of the high road that goes to Lancashire, and kept on the right hand, letting all the beaten men go along the great road; and ourselves not knowing very well which way to go, for it was then too late for us to get to London on horseback, riding directly for it; nor could we do it, because there were many people of quality with us that I could not get rid of.

"So we rode through a town short of Wolverhampton, betwixt that and Worcester, and went through, there lying a troop of the ene-

mies there that night. We rode very quietly through the town, they having nobody to watch, nor they suspecting us more than we did them, which I learnt afterwards from a country fellow.

"We went that night about twenty miles, to a place called White Lady's, hard by Tong Castle, by the advice of Mr. Giffard, where we stopped and got some little refreshment of bread and cheese, such as we could get, it being just beginning to be day. This White Lady's was a private house, that Mr. Giffard, who was a Staffordshire man, had told me belonged to honest people that lived thereabouts.

"And just as we came thither there came in a country fellow, that told us there were three thousand of our horse just hard by Tong Castle, upon the heath, all in disorder, under David Leslie and some other of the general officers; upon which there were some of the people of quality that were with me, who were very earnest that I should go to him and endeavor to go to Scotland, which I thought was absolutely impossible, knowing very well they would all rise upon us, and that men who had deserted me when they were in good order would never stand to me when they had been beaten.

"This made me take the resolution of putting

myself into a disguise, and endeavoring to get afoot to London in a country fellow's habit, with a pair of ordinary gray cloth breeches, a leathern doublet, and a green jerkin, which I took in the house of White Lady's. I also cut my hair very short, and hid my clothes, that nobody might see that anybody had been stripping themselves; I acquainting none with my resolution of going to London but my Lord Wilmot, they all desiring me not to acquaint them with what I intended to do, because they knew not what they might be forced to confess; on which consideration they with one voice begged of me not to tell them what I intended to do.

"So all the persons of quality and officers who were with me-except my Lord Wilmot, with whom a place was agreed upon for our meeting in London if we escaped, and who endeavored to go on horseback, in regard, as I think, of his being too big to go on foot-were resolved to go and join with the three thousand disordered horse, thinking to get away with them to Scotland. But, as I did before believe, they were all routed by a single troop of horse; which shows that my opinion was not wrong in not sticking to men who had run away.

"As soon as I was disguised I took with me a country fellow, whose name was Richard Penderell, whom Mr. Giffard had undertaken to answer for to be an honest man. He was a Roman Catholic, and I chose to trust them, because I knew they had hiding-places for priests, that I thought I might make use of in case of need.

"I was no sooner gone out of the house with this country fellow (being the next morning after the battle, and then broad day), but as I was in a great wood, I sat myself at the edge of the wood, near the highway that was there, the better to see who came after us, and whether they made any search after the runaways; and I immediately saw a troop of horse coming by, which I conceived to be the same troop that beat our three thousand horse; but it did not look like a troop of the army's, but of the militia, for the fellow before it did not look at all like a soldier.

"In this wood I stayed all night, without meat or drink, and by great good fortune it rained all the time, which hindered them, as I believe, from coming into the wood to search for men that might be fled thither; and one thing is remarkable enough, that those with whom I have since spoken, of them that joined with the horse upon the heath, did say that it rained little or nothing with them all the day,

but only in the wood where I was—thus contributing to my safety.

"As I was in the wood I talked with the fellow about getting towards London, and asking many questions about what gentlemen he knew. I did not find he knew any man of quality in the way towards London. And the truth is, my mind changed as I lay in the wood, and I resolved on another way of making my escape; which was, to get over the Severn into Wales, and so to get either to Swansea or some other of the sea towns that I knew had commerce with France, to the end I might get over that way, as being a way that I thought none would suspect my taking; besides that I remembered several honest gentlemen that were of my acquaintance in Wales.

"So that night as soon as it was dark, Richard Penderell and I took our journey on foot towards the Severn, intending to pass over a ferry halfway between Bridgenorth and Shrewsbury. But as we were going in the night, we came by a mill, where I heard some people talking (memorandum: that I had got some bread and cheese the night before at one of the Penderells' houses, I not going in), and we conceived it was about twelve or one o'clock at night, and the country fellow desired

me not to answer if anybody should ask me any question, because I had not the accent of the country.

"Just as we came to the mill, we could see the miller, as I believed, sitting at the mill door, he being in white clothes, it being a very dark night. He called out, 'Who goes there?' Upon which Richard Penderell answered. 'Neighbors going home,' or some such like words; whereupon the miller cried out, 'If you be neighbors, stand, or I will knock you down.' Upon which we believing there was company in the house, the fellow bade me follow him close, and he run to a gate that went up a dirty lane, up a hill; and opening the gate the miller cried out, 'Rogues, rogues!' And thereupon some men came out of the mill after us, which I believed were soldiers. So we fell a-running both of us, up the lane as long as we could run, it being very deep and very dirty, till at last I bade him leap over a hedge, and lie still to hear if anybody followed us, which we did, and continued lying upon the ground about half an hour, when hearing nobody come, we continued our way on to the village upon the Severn. where the fellow told me there was an honest gentleman, one Mr. Woolfe, that lived in that town, where I might be with great safety, for that he had hiding-holes for priests. But I would not go in, till I knew a little of his mind whether he would receive so dangerous a guest as me, and therefore stayed in a field, under a hedge, by a great tree. Commanding him not to say it was I, but only to ask Mr. Woolfe whether he would receive an English gentleman, a person of quality, to hide him the next day, till we could travel again by night—for I durst not go but by night.

"Mr. Woolfe, when the country fellow told him it was one that had escaped from the battle of Worcester, said that, for his part, it was so dangerous a thing to harbor anybody that was known, that he would not venture his neck for any man, unless it were the king himself. Upon which Richard Penderell, very indiscreetly, and without my leave, told him it was I. Upon which Mr. Woolfe replied, he should be very ready to venture all he had in the world to secure me. Upon which Richard Penderell came and told me what he had done, at which I was a little troubled; but there was then no remedy, the day being just coming in, and I must either venture that or run some greater danger. So I came into the house by a back way, where I found Mr. Woolfe, an old gentleman, who told me he was very sorry to see me there, because there were two companies of the militia sort at that time in arms in the

town, and kept a guard at the ferry to examine everybody that came that way; and that he durst not put me into any of the hiding-holes of his house because they had been discovered, and consequently if any search should be made, they would certainly repair to these holes, and that therefore I had no other way of security but to go into his barn, and there lie behind his corn and hay. So after he had given us some cold meat that was ready, we, without making any bustle in the house, went and lay in the barn all the next day, when towards evening his son, who had been prisoner at Shrewsbury, an honest man, was released, and came home to his father's house. And as soon as ever it began to be a little darkish, Mr. Woolfe and his son brought us meat into the barn; and then we discoursed with them whether we might safely get over the Severn into Wales, which they advised me by no means to adventure upon, because of the strict guards that were kept all along the Severn where any passage could be found, for preventing anybody escaping that way into Wales.

"Upon this I took resolution that night to go the very same way back again to Penderell's house, where I knew I should hear some news what was become of my Lord Wilmot, and resolved again upon going for London. "So we set out as soon as it was dark, but we came by sultation thereon, that he had a sister that had a very fair pretence of going hard by Bristol, to a cousin of hers, that was married to one Mr. Norton, who lived two or three miles towards Bristol, or Somersetshire side, and she might carry me there as her man, and from Bristol I might find shipping to get out of England."

After various adventures, some of them attended with great danger, they arrived safely at the house of Mr. Norton, the king passing as the servant of Mrs. Lane. The next day while he was dining with the servants, one of them gave so accurate a description of the battle of Worcester, that Charles took him to be a soldier of Cromwell. He turned out, however, to have been a soldier of the royal army, and one of the regiment of guards. "I asked him what kind of man the king was, and he gave me an exact description of the clothes I wore at the battle, and of the horse I rode, adding that the king was at least three inches taller than I. I left the place hastily, being much alarmed to find that the man had been one of my own soldiers." Charles learned soon after that Pope, the butler, had recognized him, and having previously heard that the man was honest, and incapable of treason, he thought it best

to confide in him, and accordingly mentioned his real name and rank. Pope at once put himself under his orders, and was of the greatest service to him.

Just at the very moment when the king was setting out for the house of one of his partisans, Mrs. Norton was taken with the pains of labor, and as she was cousin to Mrs. Lane, whose servant Charles pretended to be, that lady found it difficult to invent a pretext for quitting her. A letter written to announce that Mrs. Lane's father was dangerously ill, however, answered this purpose, and the fugitives set out for the house of Frank Wyndham at Trent.

When they arrived there the bells were ringing merry peals, and inquiring the cause, they learned that one of the soldiers of Cromwell's army had entered the town boasting that he had killed the king. Wyndham, however, had provided a boat, and Charles, accompanied by that loyal gentleman and by Lady Coningsby, went to a place appointed for his reception. But as no vessel appeared, he set out for the neighboring town. On arriving there he found the streets filled with redcoats, the town being in possession of fifteen hundred of Cromwell's troops. This sight somewhat alarmed Wyndham, "and he asked me," says the king, "what

we should now do? 'We must go boldly,' I said, 'to the best inn, and ask for the best room,' and we accordingly did so. We found the courtyard of the inn full of soldiers, and as soon as I alighted, I thought it would be best to walk boldly amongst them, and to take my horses to the stable. I did this, and they grew very angry at my rudeness." When he arrived in the stable, Charles found himself confronted by a new danger. The ostler pretended to recognize him as an old acquaintance whom he had met at Exeter, but Charles had sufficient presence of mind to turn this to his own account. "True," he replied, "I have been in the service of Mr. Potter, but I am just now in a great hurry, for my master is going straight to London; when he comes back we will renew the acquaintance over a mug of beer." Shortly afterwards the king and his suite joined Lord Wilmot outside the city, but the master of the ship they had hired, yielding to the fears of his wife, refused to fulfill his engagement with them; Charles then once more took the Trent road.

Another vessel which had been procured at Southampton had been seized by the authorities for the transport of troops, and certain mysterious rumors which began to circulate in the neighborhood, made it dangerous for the king

to stay any longer with Colonel Wyndham, at Salisbury; however, he found an asylum where he remained for five days, during which Colonel Gunter hired a boat at New Shoreham, and Charles set out in haste for Brighton. While he was at supper here, with his attendants and with Tattershall, the owner of the boat, the latter fixed his eyes upon the king, and took occasion after the meal to draw one of the royal attendants aside, and complain of his having been deceived. "The gentleman in the gray dress was the king; he knew him well, having been with him in 1648, when he was Prince of Wales, and commanded the royal fleet." This information was promptly conveyed to Charles, who thought it the more prudent course to keep his companions drinking with him all night, in order to make sure of their holding no conversation that he did not overhear.

Just before their departure, and while ke was alone in his room, Tattershall came in, and kissing his hand, which was resting on the back of a chair, said, "I suppose if I live I shall be a lord, and my wife will be a lady." Charles laughed, to show that he understood him, and joined the company in the other room. At four in the morning of the 16th of October they set out for Shoreham. When Charles and Wilmot, his sole companion, had entered the

vessel, Tattershall fell upon his knees and swore to the king that whatever might be the consequence he would land him safe and sound on the coast of France.

The boat made for the Isle of Wight, that being its ordinary course: but towards six o'clock in the evening, Charles, having previously arranged the matter with Tattershall. addressed the crew. He told them that his companion and himself were merchants, who were running away from their creditors, and asked them to join him in begging the captain to take them to France, backing his entreaties, at the same time, with a present of twenty shillings for drink. Tattershall raised a great many objections; but at last, with apparent repugnance, he turned the vessel's head towards France. At daybreak they sighted the city of Fécamp. At the same time they discovered a suspicious looking sail, which they took for an Ostend pirate. Without waiting to test the truth of their suspicions, the two fugitives took to the ship's boat and arrived safely in port.

## LAFAYETTE AT OLMUTZ

N arriving at Rochefort, which was one of the advanced posts of the Austrian army, it became necessary to send to Namur, to procure the necessary passports from General Moitelle, who commanded at that station. Bureau de Puzy undertook this errand. On announcing his name and his business, he was met with a rebuff as shameful as it must have been startling. "What!" exclaimed the agitated Austrian, "Lafayette! General Lafayette! Is he here? Run instantly" (addressing one of his officers), "and inform the Duke of Bourbon. Lafavette!—set out this moment' (addressing another officer), "and carry this news to his Royal Highness at Brussels." And thus he ran on for some minutes, half-soliloguy and halfpantomime, ever and anon muttering the name of Lafayette, as if there were a spell in the very word sufficient to move his entire army. Meanwhile, De Puzy stood before him, unable to put in a word of explanation or remonstrance, till orders had been given to write to half the princes and generals in Europe, conveying the thrilling intelligence that Lafayette was a

prisoner in the camp of the allied armies. When, at length, the General recovered sufficient composure to attend to the business immediately before him, he peremptorily refused a passport, and ordered the whole company into close custody.

In vain did Lafayette, on his arrival at headquarters, demand for himself and his friends the treatment to which, under the laws of nations and of war, they were fully entitled. He was too important a personage, and his influence was too well known, and too widely felt, to allow his going at large on parole. Even at the expense of the highest principles of justice and humanity, in defiance alike of civil and martial law, of personal honor and military precedent, the champion of liberty was confined as a public malefactor, and treated with all the indignity and severity of a convicted felon. No circumstances could more powerfully demonstrate the exalted position of Lafayette at that period, than the violent procedure of General Moitelle, and the subsequent conduct of the monarchs whom he represented. If the best hopes of liberty had not been centered in him, he could not have been so much the terror of tyrants, as to induce them, in their treatment of his person, to forego alike their self-respect, and the respect of all the

world. In throwing Lafayette into a dungeon, and shutting him up from intercourse with France, they supposed they were crushing at once the head and the heart of the rebellion and laying anew the foundations of their tottering thrones.

Before proceeding to extremities with the captive General, it was attempted to seduce him from his allegiance to the principles of the constitution. He was required to repudiate the opinions for which he had so long and so bravely contended. This, of course, he indignantly refused to do. He was then offered his freedom, and the passports he had demanded, on condition that he would publicly recant his opinions respecting the abolition of titles of nobility. The offer was rejected with the scorn it merited; and when, in the course of the same evening, it was proposed by the Marquis of Chasteler, in drawing up a statement of Lafayette's declaration, to soften down his views on this subject, in order to favor his liberation, he peremptorily objected to the statements, as untrue, and declared that, if any such means were employed to misrepresent his language. he would go before a notary, and make a public protest against the whole proceeding.

The arrest was made at Liege, which, being neutral ground, entitled the whole party to the

protection of passports. From this place, the captives were conveyed to Namur, thence to Nivelles, and finally to Luxembourg, in each of which places some new indignity awaited them. At Namur, Lafavette was informed that Prince Charles was instructed to converse with him upon the affairs of France, and that he was expected to communicate such details of its military condition and means of defence, as would be useful to the allies, in prosecuting their plans of invasion. He was even given to understand that his personal liberty and privileges would depend upon the freedom and value of his disclosures. To this he indignantly replied, that "if such a commission had been given, he did not believe there was a man among them who would dare to execute it upon him." As he said this, the prince came in. The courtly affability of his address, and the real respect he entertained for his guest, could not prevent his visit from being cold, constrained, and formal. There was little freedom or ease, even while the conversation turned upon general topics. But when, for a design which was perfectly understood, it was proposed that the companions of Lafayette should withdraw, for a few moments, the whole party remained still and silent. Not a word was uttered. The proposal was met with the proud and speechless contempt it deserved. The rebuke was severely felt by the prince and his attendant. The task they had undertaken was too much for them, and they soon retired, mortified and disgusted with a commission as painful and degrading to themselves as it was dishonorable to those who devised and required it.

At Nivelles, a commissioner was announced from the Duke of Saxe Teschen, commandant of the Austrian force at Brussels, authorized and prepared, with due form and solemnity, to secure the treasure, which it was supposed Lafayette had brought with him, with a view, as they professed, to account for it to the King of France. The announcement of this commission was received with a smile of incredulity, as an undignified joke. But when it was repeated, with a tone of authority, as a serious demand, and fortified by the display of the commission, with the signature and seal of the noble Duke, Lafayette, though vexed and chagrined, could not restrain his laughter. "I am to infer, then," he replied with cutting emphasis, "that if the Duke of Saxe Teschen had been in my place, he would have stolen the military chest of the army. The Generals of the King of France were taught in a different school of morals." The truth was, Lafayette, and his friends, on leaving the army, took with

them only money enough to defray their expenses to a place of refuge. With an exalted unselfishness, and patriotic devotion, he stole away in secret, lest numbers should follow him, and left everything in camp so perfectly disposed for defence, that the enemy after a searching reconnoitre at every assailable point, deemed it imprudent to make an attack. He made better provision for the safety of the army than for his own. The Austrian major, to whom this delicate commission was intrusted, was struck with equal admiration and surprise, on finding, after a diligent search of their persons and portmanteaus, that they had among them only about two months' pay apiece.

At Luxembourg, an attempt was made to assassinate Lafayette, not by the tools or emissaries of the tyrants who had assumed the infamous distinction of becoming his jailers, but by his own countrymen, those aristocratic emigrants who had fled from their homes, where they were no longer regarded as born to dignity and power, and were now engaged in a patricidal war, not to benefit France or her ill-fated King, but to recover their own titles and dignities. Thus proscribed and cast off by the Jacobins, for his fidelity to the King, and equally proscribed and condemned by the

aristocracy, for his fidelity to the constitution and the people, there seemed to be no refuge for him on any side. Hated by the nobles for his love of liberty, and by the radicals for his love of order, he fled from the prisons and guillotines of the one, at home, only to encounter the daggers and dungeons of the other, abroad.

It was a source of the greatest grief to the generous heart of Lafayette, that the companions of his flight were subjected to restraint and insult on his account. Had he not been among them, they would probably have been allowed to pass unmolested. Auguste Masson, René Pillet, and Cardignan, who held only a military rank, were sent to Antwerp, on parole, and were soon after exchanged or liberated; but Maubourg, De Puzy, and Lameth, as members of the National Assembly, were honored with the distinction of a dungeon, as men whose very existence was a terror to despotism.

From Luxembourg, the captives were removed, by water, to Wessel on the Rhine, for more secure imprisonment within the domains of Prussia. During their journey, and on their arrival at Wessel, the populace were permitted to assail them with the coarsest and most abusive language. They were put in irons, and confined in separate cells, in the castle. Their

only attendants were inferior, non-commissioned officers, who were strictly ordered never to suffer them to be a moment out of sight, and not to hold any kind of conversation with them, nor even to answer their most unimportant questions.

The cold and damp of his cell, and the rigor of his confinement, were too much for the constitution of Lafayette. He was soon reduced to such a state of debility as to leave but slight hopes of his recovery. In this condition, his fellow-prisoners were not permitted to be near him, or to hold any kind of intercourse with him, nor was he suffered to know anything of them or of his family. It was insolently proposed to him, however, by the emissaries of the king of Prussia, that he should have better accommodations, and more liberty, if he would furnish plans for military operations against France. The base proposal was rejected with indignation. He would not purchase liberty. or life, at the desperate price of treachery. The terms of his refusal were so bold and decided, as to give new offence to his oppressors, who retaliated, with a petty malignity peculiar to little minds in great places, by diminishing still further his personal comforts, and increasing the severity of his confinement. Wessel, wretchedly dark and gloomy as it was,

had no cell severe enough to satisfy the revenge of the disappointed monarch. He therefore caused his prisoner to be transferred to Magdebourg, where were dungeons better befitting his purpose. The journey was performed, as before, in a common cart, such as is used for the worst malefactors, and under a close military guard. It was, however, to the prisoners, a great relief from the monotony and solitude of their captivity, to be permitted to see and converse with each other on the way, and to receive, as they did, marks of sympathy and respect from the people, as they passed along. At Ham, they met with Damas, one of the Girondists of France, and from him received the most painful and alarming accounts of the progress of the reign of terror, and of the scenes of cruelty and carnage which were enacting in France, under the name of liberty.

The dungeon into which Lafayette was thrown, was dark, damp, and narrow, and utterly destitute of any means of comfort for day or night. The prison was surrounded by a high wall of palisades, secured by massive gates, and all the varieties of bolt, bar, lock, and chain, which the ingenuity of man had then invented. His companions were also removed to the same place, with no mitigation of their

sufferings, except that derived from occasional intercourse with each other.

In the fortress of Magdebourg the celebrated Baron Trenck passed more than nine years of his memorable captivity, after having escaped from the prison at Glatz.

By a refinement of cruelty, the prisoners were not permitted to know anything of their families, concerning whose fate they experienced the deepest solicitude, in consequence of the sweeping proscriptions and severe measures of the dominant faction at home, of which they had just been informed by Damas. order the more effectually to prevent any information from reaching them, great care was taken to keep their place of confinement secret. They were removed from place to place, lest haply the vigilance and perseverance of friends should discover their concealment, and contrive means of secret correspondence. After a year's confinement at Magdebourg, Maubourg and De Puzy were transferred to Glatz, and Lafavette to Neisse.

These places are in the province of Silesia, in the southeastern part of Prussia, and near the Austrian frontier, at no great distance from Olmutz. The sequel will show that their removal to this vicinity was only preparatory

to another and a permanent removal, which was now contemplated, and the accomplishment of which alone was wanting to complete the infamy of the king of Prussia.

The journey was performed in miserable wagons, over four hundred and fifty miles of road, under an escort of armed soldiers-an officer always in the carriage with each of the prisoners, with a loaded pistol in his hand, and with orders never for a moment to lose sight of his charge, on penalty of losing his own head. By this time, Lameth had become so reduced, by the severities of his long imprisonment, that it was impossible to remove him. He seemed just ready to sink under his sufferings. Finding that death was about to wrench his victim from his cruel grasp, Frederick now yielded so far as to separate him from his fellow-prisoners, and allow him to be placed, on parole, under the care of his friends, on condition that he should not leave the Prussian states. On the conclusion of a treaty of peace with the French republic, in 1795, Lameth was, of necessity, set at liberty.

Frederick, by no means willing that the peace, which he foresaw it would be necessary to conclude with France, should deprive him of his other victims, who still had strength remaining for further tortures, had already delivered them over to Austria, under the apprehension that a demand would be made for their release. In consequence of this arrangement, they were transferred to Olmutz.

Though now within the same castle, and occupying cells in the same corridor, the friends were as completely guarded against all intercourse with each other, and all knowledge of each other's condition, as if an ocean or a continent separated them. As they entered their cells, it was declared to each of them, that they would never come out of them alive—that they would never see anything but what was enclosed within the four walls of their respective cells—that they would hold no communication with the outer world, nor receive any kind of information of persons or things there—that their jailers were prohibited from even pronouncing their names—that, in the prison reports and government despatches, they would be referred to only by the numbers of their cells —that they would never be suffered to learn anything of the situation of their families, or even to know of each other's existence; and that, as such a situation of hopeless confinement would naturally incite to suicide, knives and forks, and all other instruments by which they might do violence to themselves, would be thenceforth withheld from them. The building

which formed the prison at Olmutz, was an ancient convent of Jesuits, transformed into a military barrack. The cells were vaulted, both above and below. They were on a level with the corridor, which was itself on a level with a large square court, surrounded with lofty buildings, from which the only outlet was through a massive and strongly fortified vault. The door of this vault was always closed at sunset. Under it was stationed, night and day, a guard of thirty or forty men, and no one could pass in or out without undergoing a strict personal search, and a severe examination. On the south side, the cells were as high as the first story, and the windows looked out upon a terrace, or elevated rampart, from which there was a gentle slope of about three hundred feet, to the bank of a small stream flowing into the Morawa. Beyond the river, there was an upward slope of three hundred yards, terminated by the walls of a fortress erected for the defence of the town on that side. The whole of this space, between the prison and the fortress, was occupied with magazines for military stores. There were, also, on that side, two guardhouses, commanding a view of the prison and its entrance, whose sentries were charged with the double duty of watching the prisoners, and keeping a vigilant eye upon the sentinels placed over them.

The elevated position of the castle, at one extreme of the town, with a good exposure to the south, and commanding a view of the country, would naturally make it an agreeable and healthy situation; but the frequent and heavy fogs that lie along the valley, and the use of the stream as a common sewer, into which all the gutters and sink-drains of the town were continually discharging their contents, destroyed the natural advantages of the place, and made it a mere reservoir of rottenness, and a laboratory of offensive and noxious vapors.

The external walls of the prison were six feet thick, and the separation walls four feet, of that solid and durable masonry which characterized the works of the monks of the middle ages. The aperture for the windows, eight feet in height by four in breadth, opened in four divisions, the upper ones being closed and secured by padlocks, so that air was admitted by an opening only four feet square. This was still further obstructed by a double grating of massive iron bars, each set forming meshes six inches square, and so placed that the inner set obstructed the light which might have been

admitted through the outer. The doors were double. The inner one was secured by a single lock; the other, opening into the corridor, was two inches thick, secured by a heavy lock in the middle, and two enormous padlocks above and below. To these cells, the prisoners were so strictly confined that they never stepped out of them for any purpose whatever. Their scanty and sometimes disgusting meals were furnished three times a day, under a system of guards sufficient to prevent the escape of a regiment of armed men. The general surveillance was intrusted to a Major, attached permanently to the place, and a Lieutenant of the garrison, who was always selected with special reference to his unsocial and unsympathizing nature. Under him was a sort of quasi corporal, whom they dignified with the title of prévot—a stupid, timid, covetous brute, whose entire being was absorbed in the two passions of fear and the desire of gain.

The interior guard, stationed under the great vaulted entrance, before mentioned, was composed of thirty picked men, commanded by two corporals. They relieved each other every two days, so that there were always fifteen men and a corporal on duty. The guard furnished five sentinels day and night; three in the corridor, and two on the terrace before the

windows of the cells. The corridor could only be opened by the sentinel within, and no one could enter, whoever he might be, unless on duty. The doors of the prisoners' cells could never be opened, except at the stated hours named in the orders, and then only in presence of one of the corporals of the guard, who was obliged, each time, to obtain the keys from the Commandant-General, and to return them himself within a specified time. If, during these intervals, any one of these prisoners had been attacked with sudden illness, however alarming, he must have died alone; for no provision was made by which he could convey a knowledge of his wants to the Commandant, and the sentinels were strictly enjoined to pay no attention to anything the prisoners might say.

To make this security the more perfect, as well as to deprive the prisoners of the little consolation of knowing, each day, that their companions were still alive, they were not allowed to eat at the same time, but were served in succession. During this ceremony, the whole guard of fifteen was under arms, and in service order, inside the corridor, the door leading into the court being closed and barred behind them. The door of one of the cells being then opened, one of the sentinels placed himself before it, with his musket across the

opening, while another soldier, with a drawn sabre in his right hand, held the door with his left. While the meal was being arranged on the table, the corporal and the prévot went into a minute examination of the cell, with a view to discover if any attempt at escape had been made, or provided for. The doors were then doubly locked and bolted, and the same cautious ceremony was observed at each of the other cells, in their turn.

The only solace which was allowed them was the possession of a few books, which were read and re-read, till they were quite worn out. But even of these, the utmost jealousy was manifested. The whole stock underwent a searching scrutiny, as senseless and bigoted as it was severe. In the first place, no work published subsequently to the beginning of the revolution. even though of a strictly religious character, was admitted. On this ground-a mere matter of date—a little devotional work, entitled, "Imitation of Jesus Christ," was rejected. Helvetius was confiscated, because, as they asserted, his works had spoiled the heart of the Emperor Joseph II. An abridgment of the history of Greece was condemned, because, on the first opening, the eye of the commandant fell on the words, "liberty," and "republic." For other equally sage and important reasons. several other volumes were taken away, while some, of far more liberal sentiments, remained.

To this rigid confinement the prisoners were subjected for nearly three years and a half. During all that time, Maubourg and De Puzy did not once pass the threshold of their cells. Lafayette, after a confinement of more than a year, was so reduced in health, that he was permitted, on the certificate of three physicians, several times repeated, with urgent representations of its absolute necessity, to take an occasional walk, under the guard of several officers.

Hitherto, the friends of Lafayette, and all the outer world, had been ignorant of the place of his confinement. Loud, but unavailing protests from America, from England, and from many parts of the continent, had been presented. The most urgent representations had been made, in high places, and under the sanction of the greatest names of the age, and measures had been put in train to effect his deliverance; but all to no purpose. So far from opening the door of his dungeon, they could not even discover the site of his prison.

About a year after his removal to Olmutz, an enterprise of a most daring and romantic character, was set on foot for his rescue. It was unfortunate in its issue, but its design and execution were worthy of the proudest age of chivalry. The cavaliers of this noble enterprise were Bollmann and Huger.

Dr. Erick Bollmann was a native of the electorate of Hanover. Brave, adventurous, philanthropic, and an ardent lover of liberty and of all its true advocates, he cheerfully and heartily enlisted in the cause of Lafayette. He had already made an unsuccessful attempt to procure his liberation, by presenting a memorial, in person, to Frederick of Prussia. And he now resolved to use other means, more effectual than humble petitions.

Having reconnoitred the country along the frontier, he selected Tarnowitz, as a place of temporary retreat, in case an opportunity should occur of rescuing the prisoner from captivity. This point determined in his mind, he proceeded toward Olmutz. Here he ascertained that several state-prisoners were kept in the citadel, with a degree of caution and mystery, which was quite uncommon. It seemed highly probable that Lafayette was one of them. Acting upon this supposition, the doctor visited the hospital, and endeavored to form an acquaintance with the first surgeon. The surgeon proved to be a man of intelligence, probity, and feeling. After several interviews, when the conversation turned on the effect of moral impressions on the constitution, Dr. Bollmann, drawing a pamphlet from his pocket, abruptly said: "Since we are on the subject, you attend the state-prisoners here. Lafayette is among them. His health is much impaired. Show him this pamphlet. Tell him a traveller left it with you, who lately saw in London all the persons named in it, his particular friends; that they are well, and continue attached to him as much as ever. This intelligence will do him more good than all your drugs."-At the same moment, he laid the pamphlet on the table, and perceiving that the surgeon knew not how to reply, changed the conversation, and soon after left him.

In a few days, the surgeon mentioned, of his own accord, that Lafayette wished to learn some further particulars respecting the situation of one or two persons whom he named. On hearing this, Bollmann, appearing to have accidentally about him some white paper, but which, in fact, had been prepared for the emergency, sat immediately down, and wrote a few lines in reply to the inquiries made, and finished with the sentence: "I am glad of the opportunity of addressing you these few words, which, when read with your usual warmth, will afford to a heart like yours some consolation." The paper had been previously written over

with sympathetic ink, which would remain invisible, unless brought out by the application of heat. The slight hint conveyed in the last sentence sufficed; Lafayette became acquainted with Bollmann's projects, and his readiness to serve him in any practicable way. But the mode could be pointed out only by the prisoner, as he alone, from within, could judge what might be hopefully attempted from without.

To guard against suspicion, the doctor, on the day following, proceeded to Vienna, where he remained a considerable time. He had a carriage constructed there, in which were contrived convenient places for conveying secretly a variety of articles, such as rope-ladders, cords, tools for cutting iron bars, and other instruments for similar purposes. These general preparations being made, he visited several gentlemen on their estates in Moravia, and took an opportunity of again touching at Olmutz, where he called on the surgeon, who returned him the pamphlet formerly left for Lafayette. On examining it, he found that the margins had been written over with sympathetic ink (lime-juice); and, on applying heat, learned that the captive, on account of his enfeebled state of health, after repeated applications, had at last obtained permission to take an airing, in a carriage, at stated days in the

week, accompanied by a military guard, and that by far the easiest mode to restore him to liberty, would be to attack the guard on one of these excursions, and then to take him off.

Having ascertained, for his guidance, that Lafayette, in taking his ride, sat in an open carriage, with an officer by his side, a driver on the box, and two armed soldiers standing behind, Dr. Bollmann returned to Vienna. As it was indispensable to have at least one coadjutor, he communicated his project to a young American gentleman, Francis Kinloch Huger, who had often mentioned to him, in conversation, that Lafayette, on arriving in America, first landed at his father's house, and there used often to have him on his knees, when a boy. He was a young man of uncommon talent, decision, and enthusiasm, possessed of a warm heart and a resolute mind; and he entered at once into the whole design, and devoted himself to its execution with the most romantic earnestness.

Having agreed upon a plan, they publicly announced their intention of returning to England together. Two saddle-horses were purchased, and a steady groom was engaged to attend them. Thus, sometimes sending the groom a station or two forward with the carriage, at others, leaving him to bring up the

horses slowly, while they pushed on in the carriage, they arrived at Olmutz.

These two were the only persons on the continent, except Lafayette himself, who had the slightest suspicion of any arrangements for his rescue, and neither of these persons knew him by sight. When they reached Olmutz, Bollmann immediately visited the surgeon, and, knowing the day when the marquis was to take his ride, mentioned to him the same day as the one on which he intended to continue his journey. On that day (8th of November, 1794), the groom was despatched at an early hour, to Hoff, a post-town about twenty-five miles distant, with orders to have fresh horses in readiness at four o'clock. It had been concerted between the parties, that, to avoid all mistakes when the rescue should be attempted, each should take off his hat and wipe his forehead, in token of recognition.

Their saddle-horses were now ready at the inn, and Huger feigned some business near the town-gate, in order to watch the moment when the carriage should pass. As soon as he saw it, he hastened back to the inn. The two friends mounted immediately, and followed it at some distance, armed only with a pair of pistols, and these not loaded with ball. Their success was calculated on surprise; and, under

all the circumstances of the case, to take any person's life would have been unjustifiable, useless, and imprudent.

They rode by the carriage, and then, slackening their pace and allowing it again to go ahead, exchanged signals with the prisoner. At two or three miles from the gate, the carriage left the high road, and passed into a lessfrequented track, in the midst of an open country; the plain was covered with laboring people. Presently the carriage stopped. Lafayette and the officer stepped out, and walked arm-in-arm, probably to give the former more opportunity for exercise. The carriage, with the guard, drove slowly on, but remained in sight. This was evidently the moment for their attempt. The two companions galloped up, and Bollmann, dismounting, left his horse with Huger. At the same instant, Lafayette laid hold of the officer's sword, but could only half draw it from the scabbard, as the officer, a stout man, had seized it also. The doctor joining, he was presently disarmed; but then he grasped Lafayette, held him with all his might, and set up a tremendous roaring for help. The guard, on hearing it, instead of coming to his assistance, fled to alarm the citadel. The people in the field stood aghast. A scuffle ensued. Huger passed the bridles of the two

horses over one arm, and with the other hand thrust his handkerchief into the officer's mouth, to stop the noise. The officer, the prisoner, and the doctor, came to the ground. The doctor, kneeling on the officer, kept him down, while the General rose.

All would now have been well, but one of the horses, taking fright at the scene and noise, reared, slipped his bridle, and ran off. A countryman caught him, and was holding him at a considerable distance. Bollmann, still keeping down the officer, handed a purse to the General, requesting him to mount the horse which was left; and Huger told him, in English, to go to Hoff. He mistook what was said to him, for a more general direction to go off—delayed a moment, to see if he could not assist them—went on—rode back again, and asked once more if he could be of any service—and finally, urged anew, galloped away, and was out of sight in a minute.

The officer, recovering from his panic, fled toward Olmutz. The doctor and Huger recovered the horse that had escaped, and both mounted him, intending to follow and assist Lafayette; but the animal, less docile and tractable than the other, which had been trained to carry two persons, refused to perform this task, reared and bounded, and presently threw

them both. Huger immediately exclaimed, "This will not do! The Marquis wants you. Push on! I'll take my chance on foot across the country." The doctor pushed forward, and Huger, who had now little chance of escape, was soon seized by the peasants, and conducted back to Olmutz. These accidents defeated their romantic enterprise. Bollmann easily arrived at Hoff; but not finding Lafayette there, and being anxious to receive some intelligence of him, although he might readily have secured himself by proceeding to Tarnowitz, he lingered about the frontiers till the next night, when he, too, was arrested by order of the Prussian authority, at the requisition of Austria.

Lafayette remained unpursued. He had taken a wrong road, which led to Jagersdoff, a place on the Prussian frontier, and followed it as long as his horse could proceed. He was within a few miles of the boundary of Austrian rule; and perceiving that his horse could go no farther, he accosted a man, whom he overtook on the road, not far from a village, and endeavored to prevail on him to procure him another horse, and to attend him to the frontier. The man appeared satisfied, and went toward the village for the horse. But the General had awakened suspicion by his accent, his appear-

ance, his request, and his money. The man promptly returned from the village, but he came with a force to arrest the Marquis, and conduct him before a magistrate. During three days, the period of his detention there, his name was unknown. He was at last recognized by an officer from Olmutz, to which fortress he was reconducted.

## JACK SHEPPARD BREAKS NEWGATE

## WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH

Austin brought up Jack's provisions, and after carefully examining his fetters, and finding all secure, told him if he wanted anything further he must mention it, as he should not be able to return in the evening, his presence being required elsewhere. Jack replied in the negative, and it required all his mastery over himself to prevent the satisfaction which this announcement afforded him from being noticed by the gaoler. With the usual precautions, Austin then departed.

"And now," cried Jack, leaping up, "for an achievement, compared with which all I have yet done shall be as nothing!"

Jack Sheppard's first object was to free himself from his handcuffs. This he accomplished by holding the chain that connected them firmly between his teeth; and squeezing his fingers together as closely as possible, succeeded in drawing his wrists through the manacles. He next twisted the heavy gyves round and round,

and partly by main strength, partly by a dexterous and well-applied jerk, snapped asunder the central link by which they were attached to the padlock. Taking off his stockings, he then drew up the basils as far as he was able, and tied the fragments of the broken chain to his legs, to prevent them from clanking, and impeding his future exertions.

Jack's former attempt to pass up the chimney, it may be remembered, was obstructed by an iron bar. To remove this obstacle it was necessary to make an extensive breach in the wall. With the broken links of the chain, which served him in lieu of more efficient implements, he commenced operations just above the chimneypiece, and soon contrived to pick a hole in the plaster.

He found the wall, as he suspected, solidly constructed of brick and stone, and with the slight and inadequate tools which he possessed, it was a work of infinite labour and skill to get out a single brick. That done, however, he was well aware the rest would be comparatively easy, and, as he threw the brick to the ground, he exclaimed triumphantly—

"The first step is taken—the main difficulty is overcome."

Animated by this trifling success, he proceeded with fresh ardour, and the rapidity of

his progress was proclaimed by the heap of bricks, stones, and mortar, which before long covered the floor. At the expiration of an hour, by dint of unremitting exertion, he had made so large a breach in the chimney, that he could stand upright in it. He was now within a foot of the bar, and introducing himself into the hole, speedily worked his way to it.

Regardless of the risk he incurred from some heavy stone dropping on his head or feet—regardless also of the noise made by the falling rubbish, and the imminent danger which he consequently ran of being interrupted by some of the gaolers, should the sound reach their ears, he continued to pull down large masses of the wall, which he flung upon the floor of the cell.

Having worked thus for another quarter of an hour without being sensible of fatigue, though he was half stifled by the clouds of dust which his exertions raised, he had made a hole about three feet wide, and six high, and uncovered the iron bar. Grasping it firmly with both hands, he quickly wrenched it from the stones in which it was mortised, and leapt to the ground. On examination it proved to be a flat bar of iron, nearly a yard in length, and more than an inch square. "A capital instrument for my purpose," thought Jack, shouldering it, "and worth all the trouble I have had in procuring it."

While he was thus musing, he fancied he heard the lock tried. A chill ran through his frame, and grasping the heavy weapon with which chance had provided him, he prepared to strike down the first person who should enter the cell. After listening attentively for a short time without drawing breath, he became convinced that his apprehensions were groundless; and, greatly relieved, sat down upon the chair to rest himself, and prepare for further efforts.

Acquainted with every part of the gaol, Jack well knew that his only chance of effecting an escape must be by the roof. To reach it would be a most difficult undertaking. Still it was possible, and the difficulty was only a fresh incitement.

The mere enumeration of the obstacles that existed would have deterred any spirit less daring than Sheppard's from even hazarding the attempt. Independently of other risks, and of the chance of breaking his neck in the descent, he was aware that to reach the leads he should have to break open six of the strongest doors of the prison. Armed, however, with the implement he had so fortunately obtained, he did not despair of success.

"My name will only be remembered as that of a robber," he mused; "but it shall be remembered as that of a bold one; and this night's achievement, if it does nothing else, shall prevent me from being classed with the common herd of depredators."

Roused by this reflection, filled with the deepest anxiety for his mother, and burning to be avenged upon Jonathan Wild, he grasped the iron bar, which, when he sat down, he had laid upon his knees, and stepped quickly across the room. In doing so he had to clamber up the immense heap of bricks and rubbish which now littered the floor, amounting almost to a cartload and reaching up nearly to the top of the chimney-piece.

"Austin will stare," thought Jack, "when he comes here in the morning. It will cost them something to repair their stronghold, and take them more time to build it up again than I have taken to pull it down."

Before proceeding with his task, he considered whether it would be possible to barricade the door; but, reflecting that the bar would be an indispensable assistant in his further efforts, he abandoned the idea, and determined to rely implicitly on that good fortune which had hitherto attended him on similar occasions.

Having once more got into the chimney, he climbed to a level with the ward above, and recommenced operations as vigorously as before. He was now aided with a powerful implement, with which he soon contrived to make a hole in the wall.

"Every brick I take out," cried Jack, as fresh rubbish clattered down the chimney, "brings me nearer my mother."

The ward into which Jack was endeavouring to break was called the Red Room, from the circumstances of its walls having once been painted in that colour; all traces of which had, however, long since disappeared. Like the Castle, which it resembled in all respects except that it was destitute even of a barrack-bedstead, the Red Room was preserved for state prisoners, and had not been occupied since the year 1716, when the gaol was crowded by the Preston rebels.

Having made a hole in the wall sufficiently large to pass through, Jack first tossed the bar into the room, and then crept after it. As soon as he had gained his feet, he glanced round the bare blank walls of the cell, and oppressed by the musty, close atmosphere, exclaimed, "I'll let a little fresh air into this dungeon. They say it hasn't been opened for eight years—but I won't be eight years in getting out of it."

In stepping across the room, some sharp point in the floor pierced his foot, and, stooping to examine it, he found that the wound had been inflicted by a long rusty nail which projected from the boards. Totally disregarding the pain, he picked up the nail, and reserved it for future use. Nor was he long in making it available.

On examining the door, he found it secured by a large rusty lock, which he endeavoured to pick with the nail he had just acquired; but all his efforts proving ineffectual, he removed the plate that covered it with the bar, and with his fingers contrived to draw back the bolt.

Opening the door, he then stepped into a dark narrow passage, leading, as he was well aware, to the chapel. On the left there were doors communicating with the King's Bench ward and the Stone ward, two large holds on the Master Debtors' side. But Jack was too well versed in the geography of the place to attempt either of them. Indeed, if he had been ignorant of it, the sound of voices, which he could faintly distinguish, would have served as a caution to him.

Hurrying on, his progress was soon checked by a strong door, several inches in thickness, and nearly as wide as the passage. Running his hand carefully over it in search of the lock, he perceived to his dismay that it was fastened on the other side.

After several vain attempts to burst it open, he resolved, as a last alternative, to break through the wall in the part nearest to the lock. This was a much more serious task than he anticipated. The wall was of considerable thickness, and built together of stone; and the noise he was compelled to make in using the heavy bar, which brought sparks with every splinter he struck off, was so great, that he feared it must be heard by the prisoners on the Debtors' side. Heedless, however, of the consequences, he pursued his task.

Half-an-hour's labour, during which he was obliged more than once to pause to regain breath, sufficed to make a hole wide enough to allow a passage for his arm up to the elbow. In this way he was able to force back a ponderous bolt from its socket, and, to his unspeakable joy, found that the door instantly yielded. Once more cheered by daylight, he hastened forward, and entered the chapel.

Situated at the upper part of the south-east angle of the gaol, the chapel of Old Newgate was divided on the north side into three grated compartments, or pens as they were termed, allotted to the common debtors and felons. In the north-west angle there was a small pen

for female offenders, and, on the south, a more commodious enclosure, appropriated to the master debtors and strangers. Immediately beneath the pulpit stood a large circular pew, where malefactors under sentence of death sat to hear the condemned sermon delivered to them, and where they formed a public spectacle to the crowds which curiosity generally attracted on those occasions.

To return.

Jack had got into one of the pens at the north side of the chapel. The enclosure by which it was surrounded was about twelve feet high; the under part being composed of oaken planks, the upper of a strong iron grating, surrounded by sharp iron spikes. In the middle there was a gate. It was locked. But Jack speedily burst it open with the iron bar.

Clearing the few impediments in his way, he soon reached the condemned pew, where it had once been his fate to sit; and extending himself on the seat, endeavoured to snatch a moment's repose. It was denied him, for as he closed his eyes—though but for an instant—the whole scene of his former visit to the place rose behind him. There he sat as before, with the heavy fetters on his limbs; and beside him sat three companions, who had since expiated their offences on the gibbet. The chapel was again

crowded with visitors, and every eye—even that of Jonathan Wild, who had come thither to deride him—was fixed upon him. So perfect was the illusion, that he could almost fancy he heard the solemn voice of the ordinary warning him that his race was nearly run, and imploring him to prepare for eternity. From this perturbed state he was roused by thoughts of his mother, and fancying he heard her gentle voice urging him on to fresh exertion, he started up.

On one side of the chapel there was a large grated window, but, as it looked upon the interior of the gaol, Jack preferred following the course he had originally decided upon to making any attempt in this quarter.

Accordingly, he proceeded to a gate which stood upon the south, and guarded the passage communicating with the leads. It was grated and crested with spikes like that he had just burst open, and thinking it a needless waste of time to force it, he broke off one of the spikes, which he carried with him for further purposes, and then climbed over it.

A short flight of steps brought him into a dark passage, into which he plunged. Here he found another strong door, making the fifth he had encountered. Well aware that the doors in this passage were much stronger than those

in the entry he had just quitted, he was neither surprised nor dismayed to find it fastened by a lock of unusual size.

After repeatedly trying to remove the plate, which was so firmly screwed down that it resisted all his efforts, and vainly attempting to pick it with the spike and nail, he at length, after half-an-hour's ineffectual labour, wrenched off the box by means of the iron bar, and the door, as he laughingly expressed it, "became his humble servant."

But this difficulty was only overcome to be succeeded by one still greater.

Hastening along the passage he came to the sixth door. For this he was prepared; but he was not prepared for the almost insurmountable obstacles which it presented. Running his hand hastily over it, he was startled to find it one complicated mass of bolts and bars. It seemed as if all the precautions previously taken were here accumulated. Any one less courageous than himself would have abandoned the attempt from a conviction of its utter hopelessness; but, though it might for a moment damp his ardour, it could not deter him.

Once again he passed his hand over the surface, and carefully noted all the obstacles. There was a lock, apparently more than a foot wide, strongly plated, and girded to the door

with thick iron hoops. Below it a prodigiously large bolt was shot into the socket, and, in order to keep it there, was fastened by a hasp, and further protected by an immense padlock. Besides this, the door was crossed and recrossed by iron bars, clenched by broad-headed nails. An iron fillet secured the socket of the bolt and the box of the lock to the main post of the doorway.

Nothing disheartened by this survey, Jack set to work upon the lock, which he attacked with all his implements—now attempting to pick it with the nail, now to wrench it off with the bar; but all without effect. He not only failed in making any impression, but seemed to increase the difficulties, for after an hour's toil he had broken the nail and slightly bent the iron bar.

Completely overcome by fatigue, with strained muscles and bruised hands, streaming with perspiration, and with lips so parched that he would gladly have parted with a treasure if he had possessed it for a draught of water, he sank against the wall, and while in this state he was seized with a sudden and strange alarm. He fancied that the turnkeys had discovered his flight and were in pursuit of him—that they had climbed up the chimney—entered the Red Room—tracked him from door to door, and

were now only detained by the gate which he had left unbroken in the chapel. He even thought he could detect the voice of Jonathan, urging and directing them.

So strongly was he impressed with this idea, that grasping the iron bar with both hands, he dashed it furiously against the door, making the passage echo with the blows. By degrees his fears vanished, and, hearing nothing, he grew calmer. His spirits revived, and encouraging himself with the idea that the present impediment, though the greatest, was the last, he set himself seriously to consider how it might best be overcome.

On reflection, it occurred to him that he might perhaps be able to loosen the iron fillet; a notion no sooner conceived than executed. With incredible labour, and by the aid of both spike and nail, he succeeded in getting the point of the bar beneath the fillet. Exerting all his energies, and using the bar as a lever, he forced off the iron band, which was full seven feet high, seven inches wide, and two thick, and which brought with it in its fall the box of the lock and the socket of the bolt, leaving no further hindrance. Overjoyed beyond measure at having vanquished this apparently insurmountable obstacle, Jack darted through the door.

Ascending a short flight of steps, Jack found at the summit a door, which, being bolted in the inside, he speedily opened.

The fresh air which blew in his face greatly revived him. He had now reached what was called the Lower Leads—a flat, covering a part of the prison contiguous to the gateway, and surrounded on all sides by walls about fourteen feet high. On the north stood the battlements of one of the towers of the gate. On this side a flight of wooden steps, protected by a handrail, led to a door opening upon the summit of the prison. This door was crested with spikes, and guarded on the right by a bristling semicircle of spikes.

Hastily ascending these steps, Jack found the door, as he anticipated, locked. He could have easily forced it, but preferred a more expeditious mode of reaching the roof which suggested itself to him. Mounting the door he had last opened, he placed his hands on the wall above, and quickly drew himself up.

Just as he got on the roof of the prison, Saint Sepulchre's clock struck eight. It was instantly answered by the deep note of Saint Paul's; and the concert was prolonged by other neighbouring churches. Jack had thus been six hours in accomplishing his arduous task.

Though nearly dark, there was still light

enough left to enable him to discern surrounding objects. Through the gloom he distinctly perceived the dome of Saint Paul's, hanging like a black cloud in the air; and nearer to him he remarked the golden ball on the summit of the College of Physicians, compared by Garth to a "gilded pill." Other towers and spires—Saint Martin's on Ludgate Hill, and Christchurch in Newgate Street, were also distinguishable. As he gazed down into the courts of the prison, he could not help shuddering, lest a false step might precipitate him below.

To prevent the recurrence of any such escape as that just described, it was deemed expedient, in more recent times, to keep a watchman at the top of Newgate. Not many years ago, two men, employed on this duty, quarrelled during the night, and in the morning their bodies were found stretched upon the pavement of the yard beneath.

Proceeding along the wall, Jack reached the southern tower, over the battlements of which he clambered, and crossing it, dropped upon the roof of the gate. He then scaled the northern tower, and made his way to the summit of that part of the prison which fronted Giltspur Street. Arrived at the extremity of the building, he found that it overlooked the flat roof of a house which, as far as he could judge in the

darkness, lay at a depth of about twenty feet below. Not choosing to hazard so great a fall, Jack turned to examine the building to see whether any more favourable point of descent presented itself, but could discover nothing but steep walls, without a single available projection. As he looked around, he beheld an incessant stream of passengers hurrying on below. Lights glimmered in the windows of the different houses; and a lamplighter was running from post to post on his way to Snow Hill.

Finding it impossible to descend on any side without incurring serious risk, Jack resolved to return for his blanket, by the help of which he felt certain of accomplishing a safe landing on the roof of the house in Giltspur Street.

Accordingly he began to retrace his steps, and pursuing the course he had recently taken, scaling the two towers, and passing along the wall of the prison, he descended by means of the door upon the Lower Leads. Before he reentered the prison, he hesitated, from a doubt whether he was not fearfully increasing his risk of capture; but, convinced that he had no other alternative, he went on.

During all this time, he had never quitted the iron bar, and he now grasped it with the firm determination of selling his life dearly, if he met with any opposition. A few seconds suf-

ficed to clear the passage, through which it had previously cost him more than two hours to force his way. The floor was strewn with screws, nails, fragments of wood and stone, and across the passage lay the heavy iron fillet. He did not disturb any of this litter, but left it as a mark of his prowess.

He was now at the entrance of the chapel, and striking the door over which he had previously climbed a violent blow with the bar, it flew open. To vault over the pews was the work of a moment; and, having gained the entry leading to the Red Room, he passed through the first door, his progress being only impeded by the pile of broken stones which he himself had raised. Listening at one of the doors leading to the Master Debtors' side, he heard a loud voice chanting a Bacchanalian melody, and the boisterous laughter that accompanied the song convinced him that no suspicion was entertained in this quarter. Entering the Red Room, he crept through the hole in the wall, descended the chimney, and arrived once more in his old place of captivity.

How different were his present feelings compared with those he had experienced on quitting it. Then, though full of confidence, he half doubted his power of accomplishing his designs. Now, he had achieved them, and felt

assured of success. The vast heap of rubbish on the floor had been so materially increased by the bricks and plaster thrown down in his attack upon the wall of the Red Room, that it was with some difficulty he could find the blanket, which was almost buried beneath the pile. He next searched for his stockings and shoes, and when found, put them on.

While he was thus employed, his nerves underwent a severe shock. A few bricks, dislodged probably by his last descent, came clattering down the chimney, and as it was perfectly dark, gave him the notion that some one was endeavouring to force an entrance into the room.

But these fears, like those he had recently experienced, speedily vanished, and he prepared to return to the roof, congratulating himself that, owing to the opportune falling of the bricks, he had in all probability escaped serious injury.

Throwing the blanket over his left arm, and shouldering the iron bar, he again clambered up the chimney; regained the Red Room; hurried along the first passage; crossed the Chapel; threaded the entry to the Lower Leads; and in less than ten minutes after quitting the Castle, had reached the northern extremity of the prison.

Previously to his descent he had left the nail and spike on the wall, and with these he fastened the blanket to the stone coping. This done, he let himself carefully down by it, and having only a few feet to drop, alighted in safety.

## LATUDE ESCAPES THE BASTILLE

## From His Memoirs

PAUSE here to recall to my readers the pledge I have given not to write a single sentence which shall deviate from the strictest truth. Whether they will believe themselves transported to another sphere, or attribute to me the powers of magic, I leave to their own imagination. For myself, I am about to relate nothing but simple facts.

It was out of the question to think for a moment of escaping from the Bastille by the gates. Every physical obstacle was united to render that impracticable. There remained no alternative but to attempt the air. In our chamber was a chimney, the tunnel of which came out on the summit of the tower; but, like those in the Bastille, it was filled with iron gratings, which in several places scarcely allowed a free passage to the smoke. Supposing we were arrived at the top of the tower, we had under us an abyss of two hundred feet. At the bottom was a ditch, commanded on the opposite side by a very high wall, which it was necessary to climb over. We were alone—without im-

plements or materials—watched at every moment of the day and night—overlooked, besides, by a multitude of sentinels, who surrounded the Bastille, and appeared completely to invest it.

I was not disheartened by these accumulated obstacles and dangers. I communicated my ideas to my comrade; he looked upon me as a madman, and relapsed into his usual state of apathy. I was therefore obliged to trust entirely to myself; to meditate over my design alone; to calculate the appalling crowd of obstacles that opposed its execution, and ponder on the means of surmounting them. To accomplish this it was necessary to climb to the extreme summit of the chimney, in spite of the frequent gratings which impeded our progress. To descend from the top of the tower to the bottom of the ditch required a rope ladder of at least two hundred feet, and a second ladder of wood to escape from the ditch. And, in case I could procure the necessary materials, I must conceal them from every eye, work without noise, deceive our numerous overseers, enchain their very senses, and, for many months, take from them the faculties of seeing and hearing. I must foresee, and check, the crowd of obstacles which every day, and every instant of the day, will each arise out of the other, to impede and counteract the execution of perhaps one of the boldest plans that ever the imagination conceived, or human industry achieved. Reader, I have done all this; and once more I swear I speak nothing but the truth.

I shall now commence the detail of my operations.

My first object was to discover a place where I could conceal from all observation our tools and materials, in case I should have the address to procure them. By dint of thought I arrived at a conclusion which seemed to me a very happy one. I had occupied several different chambers in the Bastille; and, whenever those immediately above and below me were also occupied, I could perfectly distinguish whatever noise was made in the one or the other. In the room in which we were now confined, I could hear all the movements of the prisoner who was above, but none of those of the prisoner in the apartment below; and I was quite certain that apartment was inhabited. I concluded, therefore, that our chamber had a double floor, with probably an interval between the two; and I took the following means of ascertaining the fact. There was a chapel in the Bastille, where Mass was celebrated once on every week-day, and three times on Sundays. In this chapel were four little cabinets, so ar-

ranged that those who were there were concealed from the priest, except only when a small curtain was drawn aside at the elevation of the Host. Permission to attend Mass was an especial favour occasionally granted to the prisoners, and only to be obtained with great difficulty. Monsieur Berryer had procured this indulgence for us, and also for the prisoner who occupied the No. 3 chamber, the one immediately under ours. On returning from chapel I resolved to seize a moment before this prisoner was locked up again, and cast a hurried glance round his apartment. I explained to d'Aligre a method of assisting me. I told him to put his toothpick-case in his pocket-handkerchief, and, when we should be on the second story, to draw out his handkerchief suddenly, to contrive so that the toothpick-case should fall to the bottom of the stairs, and to request the turnkey to go and pick it up for him. The name of this man is Daragon, and he is still alive.

This little plan succeeded to a miracle. While Daragon was looking for the toothpick-case, I ran quickly up to No. 3. I drew back the bolt of the door, and examined the height of the chamber from the floor: I found it did not exceed ten feet and a half. I re-closed the door, and from that chamber to ours I counted thirty-

two stairs of nearly equal height. I measured one of them, and the result of my calculation convinced me that, between the floor of our room and the ceiling of that below, there must be an interval of five feet and a half, which could not be filled up with either stones or timber, on account of the enormous weight.

As soon as the door of our apartment was bolted on us and we were left alone, I threw myself on the neck of d'Aligre, intoxicated with confidence and hope, and embraced him with transport. "My friend," exclaimed I, "patience and courage, and we are saved!" I explained to him my calculations and conclusions. "We can conceal our ropes and materials—it is all I want," cried I—"we are saved!"

"How!" replied he—"you have not yet abandoned your dreams! Ropes! materials! where are they? where can we procure them?"

"Ropes!" exclaimed I—"we have more than we require: this trunk (showing him mine) contains more than a thousand feet of rope."

I spoke with animation, full of my idea, and transported with new hopes. I appeared to him possessed. He looked at me steadily, and, with the most touching tone of tender interest, "My friend," said he, "recall your senses, and subdue this wild delirium. Your trunk, you

say, contains more than a thousand feet of rope: I know as well as you what it contains, there is not a single inch of rope!"

"How!" interrupted I, "have I not a vast quantity of linen—thirteen dozen and a half of shirts—many napkins, stockings, nightcaps, and other articles? Will not these supply us? We will unravel them, and we shall have abundance of rope."\*

D'Aligre, as if struck by a thunderbolt, penetrated at once the whole of my plan and my

\* Many people will here accuse me of exaggeration. They will scarcely believe an individual could possess such a quantity of linen, and will conclude I have assumed it, merely because it is necessary to the catastrophe of my fable. The English, particularly, have reasoned thus, when a detailed account of this escape appeared, some years ago, translated into their language. My estimable friend, the Chevalier de Pougens, who was at that time in London, has told me that he found it impossible to convert those with whom he had spoken on the subject. They denied the possibility of this fact, and on this ground maintained the falsehood of all the others. All this appears natural enough. The best furnished English wardrobe contains but little linen; it is nearly the same thing at Paris; but in the country they run into the contrary extreme. It is the common custom in families there, to accumulate enormous quantities of linen; and if it be remembered that I was educated there, and that my parents, in sending me from home, destined me to a long absence, it will easily be imagined that what I have stated may be true; particularly when I add, that I had bought a great deal of linen, at a very low price, at the plunder of Bergen op Zoom.

ideas. Hope and the love of liberty never become extinct in the heart of man, and they were only dormant in his. I soon inoculated him with my own ardour, but I had still to combat his host of objections, and dissipate his fears.

"With what," said he, "shall we wrench away these iron gratings which fill our chimney? where shall we find materials for the ladder of wood we require? where are the tools with which to commence our operations? We do not possess the happy art of creating them."

"My friend," replied I, "it is genius that creates, and we have that which despair supplies. It will direct our hands; and once more I tell you we shall be saved."

We had a folding table, supported by two iron hooks: we gave them an edge, by whetting them on the tiled floor. We converted the steel of our tinder-box, in less than two hours, into a tolerable pen-knife, with which we formed two handles to these hooks: their principal use would be to tear away the iron gratings from our chimney.

We were no sooner locked up for the night, than we commenced our operations. By means of our hooks, we raised some tiles of the floor, and, digging for about six hours, discovered, as I had conjectured, a vacant space of four feet between the floor of our apartment and the ceiling of that below. We then replaced the tiles, which scarcely appeared to have been moved. These first operations completed, we ripped the seams and hems of two shirts, and drew out the threads one by one. We tied them together, and wound them on a number of small balls, which we afterwards rewound on two larger balls, each of which was composed of fifty threads, sixty feet long. We twisted them together, and formed a single cord of about fifty-five feet long, with which we constructed a rope ladder of twenty feet, intended to support us aloft in the chimney, while we forced out the bars and pointed iron with which it was defended.

This was the most irksome employment that can possibly be conceived, and demanded six months' incessant labour, the bare recollection of which makes me shudder. We could only pursue the work by bending and twisting our bodies in the most painful positions. An hour at a time was all we could bear, and we never came down without hands covered with blood. These iron bars were fastened with an extremely hard mortar, which we had no means of softening, but by blowing water with our mouths into the holes as we worked them. An idea may be formed of the difficulty of this work, when we were well pleased if in a whole

night we had cleared away the eighth of an inch of this mortar. When we got a bar out, we replaced it in its hole, that, if we were inspected, the deficiency might not appear; and so as to enable us to take them all out at once, should we be in a situation to attempt our escape.

After dedicating six months to this obstinate and cruel labour, we applied ourselves to the wooden ladder, which was necessary to mount from the ditch upon the parapet, and from thence into the Governor's garden. ladder required to be from twenty to twentyfive feet long. We devoted to this nearly all our fuel, which consisted of logs about eighteen or twenty inches long. We now found we should want blocks and pullies, and several other things, for which a saw was indispensable. I made one with an iron candlestick, by means of the steel of the tinder-box, from which we had constructed the pen-knife. With this piece of the steel, the saw, and the iron hooks, we chopped and hewed our logs; we made our tenons and mortices in them, to joint them one into the other, with two holes through each to pass in the round, and two pegs to prevent swagging. We made the ladder with only one upright, through which we put twenty rounds, each of fifteen inches long. The upright was three inches in diameter, so that each round

projected six inches clear on each side. To every piece of which the ladder was composed, the proper round was tied with a string, to enable us to put it together readily in the dark. As we completed each piece, we concealed it between the two floors. With the tools we had already made, we completed our workshop. We made a pair of compasses, a square, a carpenter's rule, &c., &c., and hid them carefully in our magazine.

There was a danger to provide against, which could only be parried by the most sedulous precautions. I have already stated that, independent of the constant visits of the turn-keys and other officers of the Bastille, at moments when they were least expected, one of the constant customs of the place was to watch secretly the actions and discourse of the prisoners. We could only escape observation by working at night, and carefully concealing every trace of our employment; a chip or a shaving might betray us.

But it was also necessary to deceive the ears of our spies: we spoke to each other continually of our project; and to confound the ideas of our observers, and lead astray all suspicion, we invented a particular dictionary, giving a fictitious name to all our different implements. The saw we called the monkey,—the

reel, Anubis.—the hooks, Tubalcain (from the name of the first workman who made use of iron); the hole we had made in the floor to conceal our materials, we called Polyphemus, in allusion to the cave of that celebrated Cyclop. The wooden ladder we christened Jacob, which recalled the idea of that mentioned in the Scriptures—the rounds, sheep,—the ropes, doves, on account of their whiteness. A ball of thread, the little brother,—the pen-knife, the puppy dog, &c., &c. If any one came suddenly into our room, and either of us saw any of our tools or materials exposed, he uttered the name, as Jacob, Monkey, Anubis, &c., and the other immediately concealed it, with his pockethandkerchief or a napkin. We were thus incessantly on our guard, and had the good fortune to deceive the Arguses who watched us.

Our operations being thus far in progress, we set about our principal rope ladder, which was to be at least one hundred and eighty feet long. We began by unravelling all our linen, shirts, towels, nightcaps, stockings, drawers, pocket-handkerchiefs—every thing which could supply thread or silk. As we made a ball, we concealed it in *Polyphemus*; and when we had a sufficient quantity, we employed a whole night in twisting it into a rope, and I defy

the most skilful rope-maker to have done it better.\*

The upper part of the building of the Bastille projects over the wall three or four feet: this would necessarily occasion our ladder to wave and swing about as we came down it, enough to turn the strongest head. To obviate this, and prevent our falling and being dashed to pieces in the descent, we made a second rope, three hundred and sixty feet long, to steady the person first descending. This rope was to be reeved through a kind of double block without sheaves, lest it should become jammed, or fixed between the sides and the wheel, and thus keep us suspended in the air, instead of assisting our descent.

Besides these, we constructed several other shorter ropes, to fasten our ladder to a cannon, and for any other unforeseen occasions. When all these ropes were finished, we measured them, and found they amounted to 1,400 feet. We then made two hundred and eighty rounds for the rope and wooden ladders. To prevent the noise which the rounds would make against the wall during our descent, we covered them

<sup>\*</sup> This is the fact. When the Bastille was destroyed by the populace, the ladder was found; and the extreme skill with which it was made excited equal astonishment and admiration. Editor.

all with the linings of our morning gowns, waistcoats, and under-waistcoats. In all these preparations we employed eighteen months, but still they were incomplete.

We had provided means to get to the top of the tower, and from thence to the bottom of the ditch. To escape from the ditch, there were two methods. The first was, to climb up the parapet, from the parapet to the Governor's garden, and from thence to descend into the ditch of the Porte St. Antoine. But the parapet we had to cross was always well furnished with sentinels. It is true, we might fix on a very dark and rainy night, when the sentinels did not go their rounds, and thus might escape their notice; but it might rain when we climbed up our chimney, and clear up at the very moment when we arrived at the parapet. We should then meet the Grand Rounds, who always carried lights; this would render it impossible to conceal ourselves, and we should be ruined forever.

The other plan increased our labours, but was the less dangerous of the two. It consisted in making a way through the wall which separated the ditch of the Bastille from that of the Porte St. Antoine. I considered that, in the numerous floods during which the Seine had caused this ditch to overflow, the water

must have weakened the mortar, and rendered it less difficult to break through, and thus we should be enabled to force a passage. For this purpose, we should require an auger or gimlet, to make holes in the mortar, so as to enable us to insert the points of two of the iron bars to be taken out of our chimney, and with these to force out the stones. Accordingly, we made an auger with the hinge of one of our bedsteads, and fastened a handle to it in the form of a cross.

The reader who has followed us through the detail of these interesting occupations, participates no doubt in all the various feelings which agitated us, and, suspended between hope and fear, is equally anxious for the moment when we should attempt our flight.

We fixed on Wednesday, the 25th of February, 1756. The river had overflowed its banks; there were four feet of water in the ditch of the Bastille, and also in that of the Porte St. Antoine, by which latter we hoped to effect our deliverance. I filled a leathern portmanteau with a complete change of clothes for each of us, in case we were fortunate enough to escape. Our dinner was scarcely over, when we set up our great ladder of ropes, that is, we fastened the rounds to it, and hid it under our beds. We then arranged our wooden lad-

der in three pieces; we put our iron bars in their cases, to prevent their making a noise; and we packed up, besides, a bottle of brandy, to warm us, and keep up our strength, during nine hours that we might be obliged to work up to our necks in the water.

We then waited patiently till our supper was brought up, and the turnkeys locked us up for the night. I ascended the chimney first: I had the rheumatism in my left arm, but I thought little of the pain, for I soon experienced one much more severe. I had taken none of the precautions used by chimney-sweepers: I was nearly choked by the soot; and having no leathern guards on my knees and elbows, they soon became so excoriated that the blood ran down on my legs and hands. In this state I arrived at the top of the chimney. As soon as I got there, I let down a ball of twine with which I had provided myself. D'Aligre attached to this the end of the rope to which our portmanteau was fastened. I drew it up, untied it, and threw it on the platform of the Bastille. In the same way we hoisted up the wooden ladder, the two iron bars, and all our other articles; we finished by the ladder of ropes, the end of which I allowed to hang down, to aid d'Aligre in getting up, whilst I held the upper part by means of a large wooden peg which we had prepared on purpose. I passed it through the ropes, and placed it across the funnel of the chimney. By these means, my companion mounted much more easily than I had done. I then came down from the top of the chimney, where I had been in a very painful position, and both of us stood on the platform of the Bastille.

We now arranged all our different articles: we began by making a coil of our rope ladder. of about four feet diameter; we rolled it to the tower called La Tour du Trésor, which appeared the most favourable for our descent. We fastened one end of the ladder to a piece of cannon, and lowered it gently down the wall. Then we fastened the block, and passed the rope of 360 feet long through it: this rope I tied firmly round my body, and d'Aligre slackened it slowly, as I went down. Notwithstanding this precaution, I swung fearfully about in the air, at every step I made. The mere remembrance of my situation makes me shudder. At length I landed safely in the ditch, and d'Aligre immediately lowered the portmanteau and all our other effects. I fortunately found a dry spot, higher than the water which filled the ditch, and there I placed them. My companion then followed my example, and descended without accident; but he had an advantage over me, for I held the ladder with all my strength, and greatly prevented its swinging.

When we both found ourselves safe in the bottom of the ditch, we felt a momentary sensation of regret at not being able to carry away our rope ladder and other implements,—rare and precious monuments of what human industry and exertion can achieve, when inspired by the love of liberty.\*

It did not rain, and we heard the sentinel marching up and down, at about six toises'† distance; we were therefore forced to give up

<sup>\*</sup> On the 16th of July, 1789, the day following the taking of the Bastille, I went there, and found, with a degree of pleasure I can scarcely describe, my rope and wooden ladders, and several others of the articles I have mentioned. They were shut up in a kind of secret closet, where they had been preserved as precious curiosities. There was a declaration attached to them, signed by Chevalier, Mayor of the Bastille, and Commissary Rochebrune, corroborating fully all the facts I have stated. I also found there letters from the ministers, and other documents concerning myself, of which I shall have occasion to speak in the course of these Memoirs. All these things were taken to the Assembly of the People, and given up to me, as a property to which I had acquired many just titles. They have since been publicly exhibited; and, at this moment, the rope ladder is in the hands of an individual who proposes taking it through all the principal towns of France and England, as one of the most glorious trophies that have been offered on the shrine of liberty.

<sup>†</sup> The French toise is two yards.

our plan of escaping by the parapet and the Governor's garden, and resolved to use our iron bars. We crossed the ditch of the Bastille, straight over to the wall which divides it from that of the Porte St. Antoine, and went to work sturdily. Just at this point there was a small ditch of about six feet broad, and a foot and a half deep, which increased the depth of the water accordingly. Elsewhere it reached up to our middles, and here to our armpits. It had thawed only for a few days, and there was still floating ice in the water. We continued there nine hours, exhausted with fatigue and benumbed with the cold. We had scarcely begun our work, when I saw, about twelve feet over our heads, a patrol major, whose lanthorn exactly cast a light over the place we were in. We had no alternative but to put our heads under water as he passed, and this occurred several times during the night.

At length, after nine hours of incessant alarm and exertion, after having worked out the stones one by one, we succeeded in making, in a wall of four feet and a half thick, a hole sufficiently wide, and we both crept through. We were already giving way to our transport, when we fell into a danger we had not foreseen, and which had nearly proved fatal to us. In crossing the St. Antoine ditch, to get into the

road to Bercy, we fell into the Aqueduct. This aqueduct had ten feet of water over our heads, and two feet of mud at the bottom, which prevented our walking through to the opposite side, although it was only six feet across. D'Aligre fell on me, and had nearly thrown me down. Had that misfortune happened, we were lost; for neither of us possessed strength enough to get up again, and we must have been smothered. Finding myself laid hold of by d'Aligre, I gave him a violent blow with my fist, which made him let go: at the same instant, throwing myself forward, I got out of the aqueduct. I then felt for d'Aligre, and, seizing hold of his hair, drew him to my side. We were soon out of the ditch, and, just as the clock struck five, found ourselves on the high road.

Penetrated by the same feeling, we threw ourselves into each other's arms; and, after a long embrace, we fell on our knees, to express our fervent gratitude to the Almighty, who had protected us through so many dangers. It is more easy to conceive than to describe our sensations.

## THE HERMIT

## LE SAGE

WAS born in the ancient and celebrated city Pampeluna, the capital of Navarre, and boast a descent from the illustrious family of Peralta, with whom the kings of that country did not disdain to form alliance. Francis de Peralta, my father, no sooner saw me able to bear arms, than he sent me to serve in Italy, where I passed the early days of youth. I afterwards went into Flanders; from whence, after a war of many years, I returned, on the restoration of peace, to my native country. Engaged in a life of pleasure, with young officers of my own age, hunting, gaming, plays, and gallantry, were my chief amusements; but although I had an opportunity of conversing with all the celebrated beauties of the country, none of them touched my heart. I wantoned (if I may so express myself) for some time with impunity round the torch of love; I at length, however, suffered severely by its flames. A grand tournament being proclaimed at Pampeluna to celebrate the nativity of a prince, most of the young officers entered the lists, to

dispute with each other the fame of victory, and spectators resorted to the city in crowds, from Navarre, Castile, Biscay, and Arragon, to behold the contest. Among others, there came an old gentleman from Burgos, named Don Gaspard de Henis, accompanied by Donna Innes his daughter. The aunt of this young lady, Donna Juanna Ximenes, a rich widow, who supported a splendid establishment in Pampeluna, and with whom these visitors resided, was at this period upon terms of particular intimacy with a sister I then had, named Leonora; and as they seldom failed to visit each other every day, Leonora immediately became acquainted with Donna Innes, and a confidential friendship was cemented betwixt them.

Charmed by the graces of her new friend, Leonora was incessantly resounding the praises of the lovely Castilian, for so she always called the daughter of Don Gaspard. "My dear brother," said she, "is not Donna Innes an amiable girl? The beauties of her person are only equalled by the excellences of her mind. She is all accomplished! How happy will be the youth who becomes her husband."

This language, which Leonora frequently repeated with increasing enthusiasm, was so far from making any impression on my mind, or even exciting any violent desire to see a lady who was so extolled by her own sex, that I ridiculed the praises she so liberally bestowed, and told her that in all probability this object, much as she admired her, possessed a greater number of bad than good qualities. In short, the more I heard in favour of the lovely Castilian, the less desire I had to see her.

Whilst I enjoyed the pleasures of this happy indifference, although I was acquainted with many of the sex well qualified to deprive me of it, the day appointed for the tournament arrived—a day more unfortunate to me than any other of my life, and which I cannot now recollect, without a remembrance of the misfortunes that followed it.

On entering the lists with my lance couched, waiting for the signal of combat, I cast my eyes towards a balcony, and perceived my sister in deep conversation with a young lady, whose appearance instantly caught my attention, and, by a certain charm, which I cannot well explain, filled me with emotion and delight. "It must be Donna Innes," said I to myself. The perturbation of my heart at that instant convinced me it was the lovely Castilian, and I felt that Love was now determined to revenge the inattention I had paid to the language in which Leonora had expressed her praise.

A desire to attract, by some signal exploit, the

observation of a lady who had thus touched my soul, called forth all my efforts, and enabled me to gain the highest honours of the day. My sister, whose heart beat in unison with my own at the acclamations of applause which the spectators bestowed on me, was careful to heighten the admiration of her fair companion, by informing her who I was. The lovely Castilian, in politeness to her friend, appeared to partake of her joy, and congratulated her on having such a brother.

The tournament being finished, I sought the earliest opportunity to inquire of Leonora the name of her companion. "It is Donna Innes," replied she. "Well, Don Felix, what do you say, now you have seen her? For, short as the time was which you had to contemplate her person, you must have been struck with its beauty."

"I confess," replied I, "the radiance of her charms has dazzled me, or rather made me feel the whole force of their power. Alas! while I was applauded in the lists as a conqueror, I was conquered."

"My dear brother," replied Leonora, "I am not surprised that Donna Innes has inspired your heart with love; and the friendship which unites Donna Innes's heart to Leonora's encourages my hope of being able to serve you."

I profited so much by these tender offers of assistance, that my sister undertook to convey a letter to the lovely Castilian, in which I declared my passion in the warmest terms.

I concluded, from the reliance which I placed upon the ability of my mediatress, and the good opinion which a young man naturally indulges of his own merit, that my billet would be favourably received; and my expectation was not disappointed.

"Don Felix," said my sister to me, a few days after, "I have joyful tidings to announce to you: the lady refused, for some time, to open your letter; but I spoke so warmly in your favour, that at length she not only complied, but, expressing a high esteem for your merits, consented that you shall solicit her in marriage of her father when he returns from Biscay, where he is at present gone on business which may detain him two or three months. In the meantime, she has no objection to receive your addresses, provided they can be managed with secrecy; the care of her reputation obliging her, as she observes, to conduct herself cautiously during his absence: she therefore prohibits you from serenading her with the sound of flutes, guitars, and, in one word, from every species of clamorous gallantry. This prohibition is, I acknowledge, extremely mortifying to a Spanish lover; but, in lieu of these pleasures, you are permitted to write to her, and may flatter yourself with the hope of receiving answers."

The transports of joy with which this conversation inspired me, convinced Leonora of the violence of my passion; and her affection for me was such, that I think the idea she entertained of my approaching felicity rendered her joy equal to my own. The good offices of a sister, to whom my interests were so dear, was of infinite advantage. I enjoyed with the lovely Castilian, during a period of two months, not only a literary correspondence, but, by means of a grated window which looked into a solitary court at the back of her aunt's house, was frequently admitted to a nocturnal interview. Everything succeeded according to my wishes, and I entertained the highest hopes of happiness; but while love brightened my days, my evil genius was laying snares to make me miserable.

Don Gaspard, on his return from Biscay, intimated his intention of returning with his daughter to Burgos; and while I felt on this occasion all the alarm of a lover fearful of losing the object of his affections, Donna Innes appeared equally afflicted by this omen of separation. Happily, however, for me, Donna Ju-

anna, who adored her niece, would not consent to her departure; and her father, not daring to displease a relation whose wealth he expected his children would inherit, at length consented to leave her behind. But no sooner were my apprehensions upon this occasion quieted, than a new danger of a similar kind occurred.

One day, while Leonora, with a number of other ladies, were visiting Donna Juanna, a messenger arrived and delivered a letter to Donna Innes, who retired to the alcove and opened it. My sister, whose eyes were attentively fixed upon her while she was reading the letter, observed in her countenance uncommon marks of joy, and that every word it contained affected her with pleasure; she also observed, that when Donna Innes had read the letter, she called her servant, and whispered something softly in her ear, and that the servant, in a tone of voice sufficiently loud to be overheard, advised her to follow her inclination.

On these circumstances being mentioned to me by my sister, we endeavoured to divine the possible meaning of these significant gestures and expressions, and after a variety of conjectures, by no means favourable to my happiness, we concluded that the letter came from a rival, whose addresses she was inclined to encourage. We accordingly resolved upon certain measures to discover who the person was that had thus presumptuously dared to dispute with me this lovely prize.

Applying to Theodora, the confidential servant of my charmer, we drew from her, by means of presents, a candid confession that her mistress was beloved by Don Martin de Trevigno, one of the richest gentlemen of Biscay, and that they frequently corresponded with each other. "And to convince you of the truth of what I say," continued the faithful girl, "I will show you her answer to the very letter she has just received from your rival; for all her despatches pass through my hands in their way to the messenger."

Theodora instantly performed her promise; and the following is a copy of the letter which Donna Innes had written to her Biscayan lover:—

"I rejoice to find that you have obtained the title of Knight of the Order of St. James, which you so ardently desired, and which has so long deprived me of the pleasure of seeing the only object of my tender affection. Doubt not that I shall be highly pleased with the speedy return with which you flatter me; but remember that I forbid you to visit Pampeluna. I have particular reasons for this prohibition. Go to

Burgos, and exert your utmost endeavours to persuade my father to send for me home, in defiance of my aunt's reluctance to part with me. I confess she makes me purchase my expectation of becoming her heiress at a high price. Adieu! and may I find, on my return, your affection equal to the tenderness and fidelity of

"D. Innes."

My sensations on reading a letter which so explicitly informed me of the perfidy of Donna Innes no language can express. I had great occasion for the wise counsel of my amiable sister to prevent the total distraction of my mind; and her prudent advice brought me so completely to my senses, that instead of abandoning myself to my fury, and overwhelming the coquette with vain reproaches, I determined to dissemble. Leonora also followed my example with so much adroitness, that Donna Innes, not suspecting we were acquainted with her perfidy, continued as usual her seeming confidence, each of us striving who should best conceal their real sentiments. I even prevailed on myself to continue my correspondence with this faithless fair one in the warmest language of love, and she continued to answer my letters in even warmer expressions than my own.

While we were living thus cordially with each

other, Don Gaspard arrived at Pampeluna, to reconduct his daughter to Burgos, to which place Don Martin had then returned. But Donna Juanna still opposed; and notwithstanding all the reasons which her brother offered to her, absolutely refused to consent to the departure of her niece. Don Gaspard, not daring to thwart the inclination of a sister who was likely to take revenge in her last will, not only quitted the contest, but consented to relinquish his residence at Burgos and to live entirely with his sister at Pampeluna. The perfidious niece would willingly have sacrificed the tender attachment of her aunt to her own tender attachment for her lover, who she foresaw would soon repair to Pampeluna, and render by his presence the further continuance of her double professions impracticable. Her mind, fruitful as it was in stratagems of deceit, was unequal to the difficulties of her situation. and she discovered a perturbation and anxiety, which nothing but a knowledge of my being acquainted with the secret of her guilt could possibly increase.

The gay rival of my former hopes did not long disappoint her expectation, but appeared at Pampeluna in a splendid equipage, accompanied by a number of domestics clothed in rich liveries, and in a style of fashion suited to the

dignity of his order and the extent of his fortune. The first time I saw him was in a church where the faithless daughter of Don Gaspard was hearing mass. I felt, without knowing why, a great agitation the moment I beheld him, or, to say more truly, I had a presentiment that he was the redoubtable rival of whom Theodora had spoken; but, if a doubt had existed, it would soon have been removed; for almost immediately addressing himself to Donna Innes, with a fond and familiar air, she received him, notwithstanding she perceived that I observed them, in a manner which wounded me with jealousy. Instead of restraining herself to spare me the mortification of seeing her bestow her attention upon another, she lavished upon him the sweetest looks, and pierced my heart by the testimonies she gave him of her love.

On quitting the church, he accompanied her to the door of her aunt's house, which he entered like a man who had obtained the permission of Don Gaspard, whilst I, filled with rage and despair, returned to my apartment, and surrendered myself to the severest torments of wounded pride.

This artful deceiver, however, having rightly conjectured that I should not bear the favourable reception she had bestowed upon the knight with perfect tranquillity, took the trouble to write me a billet in the evening, signifying that the person I had seen at church need not afford me the least alarm; that he was an intimate acquaintance of her father's; and that as such she could not well avoid returning his polite attentions to her; but that her behaviour was the effect of mere civility, and nothing more than good manners required, in which the heart had no concern. She expressly declared, in short, that there was but one man in the whole world she was capable of loving, and that that man was myself.

This deceitful letter stung me to the soul, and urged me to revenge. On the approach of evening I accordingly put on a disguise, and concealed myself in the environs of the faithless creature's house, with a determination to attack my rival whenever chance should throw him in my way. Scarcely had I approached the door before it opened, and a young page, advancing from it towards me, asked me if my name was Signor Don Martin. On my telling him in a low voice that it was, he put a paper into my hands, saying that Donna Innes his mistress desired me immediately to perform the request it contained. Assuring him I would, and giving him a double pistole, with

which the blundering youth returned as well contented as if he had discharged his commission without mistake, I hastily returned home, impatient to learn the contents of the billet; in which, on opening it, I read the following words:

"Yes, Don Martin, I will perform the promise I made to you this day. To-morrow at midnight I will be at the garden-gate."

This information increased my fury; and you will easily conceive that, with a bosom alive only to revenge, I passed a painful night. The morning sun seemed loath to rise, and the tediousness of the succeeding day almost exhausted my patience before the appointed hour arrived. The clock struck twelve as I approached the place of assignation, where I almost instantly discovered my detested rival advancing towards the garden gate; but before he entered, "Stop, Don Martin!" exclaimed I; "stop! It is Don Felix de Peralta who thus impedes your guilty pleasures. Listen to my words; and learn, that the perfidious object of your love has not only encouraged my addresses, but has avowed her passion for me in a variety of letters, which will prove, at the same time, the falsehood of her heart and the truth of my assertion. My feelings call upon

me to revenge her perfidy, and to deprive her of the joy she might receive from this expected interview with you."

My favoured rival, struck with this menacing address, replied, "This interruption, Don Felix, is as audacious as it is unjust. On what right can you attempt to prevent my visit to a lady whose affections I have for more than six years entirely possessed? The regard which she may have pretended for you, as a mere entertainment to herself, I disapprove of; for a gentleman of your rank ought not to have been treated with so much levity; but, sir, however you may have been encouraged by her behaviour, you must excuse me from believing she has written to you. The gentlemen of Navarre are celebrated for boasting of female favours which they have never received."

"This assertion, Don Martin," replied I, "is adding insult to injury. My veracity, sir, shall not be slandered with impunity. You must answer immediately this daring affront. Come on, sir, and let me teach you, that the gentlemen of Navarre are as jealous of their honour, and of as high veracity, as those of Biscay."

In uttering these words I drew my sword: my adversary immediately followed my example. We fought on both sides for some time with equal ardour and activity; but Don Martin, unfortunately for him, in endeavouring to parry a thrust, acquitted himself so badly, that the point of my sword went directly through his throat, and instantly deprived him of life.

Leaving my antagonist extended on the ground, I entered the garden, the gate of which I found half open, and met Donna Innes walking with Theodora in expectation of her lover's arrival. "Periured woman!" claimed I, addressing her in the violence of passion, "you can no longer deceive me; I am acquainted with your perfidy; and I have, this instant, gloriously revenged myself in the death of my rival. Oh, that you loved him a thousand times more than you do, that I might increase your misery while I announce his death; and punish you, through him, for deceiving me! It is true, I shall be obliged to fly from my country and my family; but I shall have the consolation of quitting for ever the presence of so detested a deceiver."

Having uttered these words with all the indignation of a man who listened only to the dictates of revenge, I rushed from the garden, and left Donna Innes, who had fainted away, reclining in the arms of her attendant.

Returning home with all possible expedition, I awakened my father from the comforts of repose, and informed him of this disastrous

event. The surprise it occasioned was great indeed; for until that moment he had not even heard of my partiality for Donna Innes; but when he reflected that the event would necessarily force me to fly from the arm of justice, his affliction was more poignant than language can express. Considering, however, that it was a misfortune which could not now be avoided, he presented me with a purse filled with gold and jewels; and mounting me upon one of his fleetest horses, bid me a sorrowful adieu, just as the sun was ushering in the day.

Crossing Navarre, and advancing by long stages through the principality of Catalonia, I proceeded without resting to Barcelona, where I sold my horse, and embarked, with all possible precipitation, on board a vessel for the port of Genoa. The safety which Italy afforded restored my mind to its former tranquillity; and as my finances enabled me to travel, I formed a design of viewing the whole of that delightful country. After visiting whatever was curious in Genoa, I purchased a horse; and, directing my course towards Lombardy, arrived at Milan, where I remained six months.

On bidding my father adieu, it was agreed that I should write to him from the several places I might reside at, under cover to one of his friends, a monk of Pampeluna, who delivered the letters as he received them with his own hands. By this means we reciprocally communicated intelligence to each other. This kind parent, in one of his letters, informed me that the daughter of Don Gaspard was so affected by the circumstances of Trevigno's death, that she had retired into a convent, and that a rumour prevailed, that the brother of Don Martin had departed from Biscay with intention to trace me from place to place, and to avenge the death of his brother. This information, although it gave me no uneasiness, induced me to take such precautions as might prevent surprise. I accordingly concealed my name, and never disclosed to any person the place of my family residence in Spain.

Tired of the pleasures which Milan afforded, I renewed my design of traversing Italy; and for that purpose directed my course, on horse-

back, towards Parma.

Towards the evening of the second day's journey while I was deep in thought, I inadvertently quitted the road, and followed a path which conducted me into a wide country covered with wood, and intersected with thickets of bramble. Perceiving the mistake, I endeavoured to return into the road I had left, by retracing the path; but instead of repairing my fault, I found myself enveloped by a deep and

dreary glen, from which the darkness of the night, which now closed fast around me, prevented my return. Compelled to remain in this situation until the break of day, I dismounted, and taking the bridle from my horse, that he might graze more conveniently, threw myself on the grass, in expectation that a sound sleep would relieve me from the fatigues of my journey and the calls of hunger, but as my wearied eyelids were about to close, I suddenly heard the distant cries of ill-omened birds, accompanied, at intervals, by the plaintive sounds of a human voice. Starting from the ground to discover, if possible, the cause of these extraordinary noises, and walking towards the place from whence the sounds seemed to proceed, I discovered, by the favour of a feeble light, which the moon occasionally cast through the dark clouds in which it was involved, the remains of an ancient edifice. It appeared like a chapel fallen into ruins, and become the melancholy abode of bats and screech-owls. Advancing to examine it, I heard more distinctly, every step I took, the noises which resounded from within it. The whole glen sometimes re-echoed to the hideous cries of birds of prev. and at others I clearly discerned something like the groans and lamentations of a female, who, by some strange outrage, had been enclosed against her will within this place of horror.

The desire I felt to develop this mystery induced me to enter the ruins; but I entered them with a degree of fear and trembling, from which the most intrepid man could not, in my situation, have been free. Curiosity, however, supported my courage, and I walked, with a naked sword in my hand, slowly and cautiously among the scattered fragments of the edifice, until I came to a kind of tomb, from whence a voice, interrupted by sighs and groans, suddenly pronounced these words: "O unhappy woman! how have I deserved to suffer such cruel treatment!" A deathlike terror struck my heart on hearing these expressions; my mind was dismayed; and my imagination represented it as a soul consigned to trouble.

Alarmed and agitated, however, as I was, I ventured to speak to the voice I heard; but my address was such as clearly marked the disordered state of my mind: "Immortal spirit!" exclaimed I, "you who, disengaged from corporeal restraints, expiate in this monument the crimes committed in your mortal state, say, what would you have? I am ready to do whatever you command."

"Ah! traitor," replied the voice, "you are not contented with having buried me alive within this horrid grave, but you must add insult to this cruel injury: the lingering and inhuman death which waits me in this horrid sepulchre might fully satisfy your mind."

On receiving this reply, which convinced me that I was in conversation with a living body,

my apprehensions vanished.

"Whoever you are," said I to the afflicted female, "know that I am not the author of your misfortunes. I am a traveller, who, having lost his way, was preparing not far from hence to await the return of morn, when I heard your complaint, and have ventured into this retreat to learn its cause; the fears which your ejaculations inspired deprived me of my senses; I fancied you a departed spirit, and under that impression exorcised you; but I am now undeceived: and if I shall be enabled to render you the least service, it will console me for having missed my way. Lose no time. Come forward from this frightful place and follow me. I have a horse not far hence, and will conduct you wherever you shall direct."

"Oh! sir," replied the voice, "I cannot, without your assistance, release myself from this horrid dungeon where I am tied with cords; my tongue, which shall ever hereafter

pour forth my gratitude to heaven for your assistance, alone is free."

I accordingly approached and entered the tomb, where I found a woman, not only fettered hands and feet, but to render the scene still more horrible, closely fastened to the dead body of a man. The shocking sight struck terror into my soul, and I retreated involuntarily from the object.

"Generous stranger!" said the lady, "separate the living from the dead: release me immediately from the murdered body to which I am bound, and defeat the vindictive fury of an unjustly jealous husband."

I concluded from these last words that the deplorable state to which this unhappy woman was reduced must be a new Italian method of punishing conjugal infidelity.

Gallantry, however, when called upon to aid a female in distress, is never impeded by a consideration of circumstances; and, advancing immediately towards the unhappy sufferer, I cut the cords with which she was tied with my sword, released her from her dead companion, and conducted her from the tomb through the surrounding ruins, to the spot where my horse was grazing.

The light of day soon afterwards appeared on the horizon; and placing the young sufferer

behind me on my horse, we followed the first track without knowing to what place it led, and arrived in a short time at Betola.

The lady, who until this time had observed profound silence, on viewing the village, joyfully exclaimed, "I know where we are; and the place to which I wish to go is not more than two miles distant. Go that road, if you please, sir," added she, pointing to a path: "go that road, and we shall in less than an hour arrive at a farmhouse, where you will be received by persons who will not be insensible of the services you have rendered me; for you will then restore me to the arms of my beloved parents, to a fond father, to a tender and affectionate mother. O Anselmo! O Dorothea!" tinued she, until interrupted by her tears, "unhappy authors of my existence, what will you feel? How will your kind hearts bleed with affliction when you learn the unjust and cruel treatment your daughter has received?"

This apostrophe was followed by such a flood of tears, that although I seriously doubted whether I had rescued from death a victim perfectly innocent, I could not avoid being deeply affected by her distress.

On our arrival at the farmhouse, an aged man and woman were standing at the door. It was Anselmo and Dorothea. Astonished and surprised at perceiving their daughter, "Just heaven," exclaimed the old man, "it is Lucretia! Why are you here without your husband? Why is he not with you?"

Lucretia could only answer with her tears, which flowed in all the abundance of real feeling and affliction. "Alas!" said the mother, "I am afraid that Aurelio, my son-in-law, has been guilty of some gross misconduct."

At these words the sobs and tears of Lucretia increased so violently, that Anselmo, perceiving there was no probability of deriving any information from her, addressed himself to me, and requested I would relate to them, if I knew it, the cause of her affliction.

I accordingly informed them of the situation and place in which I had found their daughter, but that I was entirely ignorant of the cause which had induced her husband to use so much severity.

While I was giving this detail, which they could not hear without horror, the anguish of Lucretia by degrees abated; and resuming the use of her voice she related the following story in her justification:—

"Aurelio, the person to whom I was es-

poused," said she, "is a man not only more jealous, but more capable of permitting his feelings to drive him into a violent excess than any other native of Italy. Entertaining suspicion, but upon what appearances I am totally ignorant, that the youth and beauty of one of his domestics had attracted my attention, he stabbed, in a frantic moment of unfounded jealousy, the innocent and unhappy youth; and tying our bodies together with cords, carried us, by the assistance of persons devoted to his humour, in that condition to the place from which this generous stranger has just released me."

Anselmo and Dorothea, who knew the character of Aurelio, and had frequently repented of having given him their daughter in marriage, were penetrated with the keenest anguish at this recital; and they joined their tears to those which still continued to flow from the eyes of Lucretia, who confirmed her innocence in the minds of her parents by this appeal: "If," said she, "I had the least reason to reproach myself, can you imagine that I should thus presumptuously appear before you? Oh no! so far from daring to seek an asylum in your arms, I should have flown with horror from my paternal dwelling, and have endeavoured to hide the shame of disgracing the

education you have given me in the remotest corner of the earth."

This affectionate couple gave credit to the asseverations of their lovely daughter, and, secretly reproaching themselves for having married her so imprudently, locked her alternately in their arms with every mark of parental tenderness and contrition.

These transports of fond sorrow having subsided, they bestowed on me a thousand thanks for saving their innocent and lovely child from impending death, and requested me to continue in the farm with them as long as I pleased; but, after passing a day with them, I inquired the nearest road to Parma, and proceeded on my journey to a city celebrated by its being the usual residence of the illustrious prince its sovereign.

Before I had been three days at Parma I was engaged in an adventure which had nearly cost me my life. Curious to learn whether the gallants of Parma chanted the pleasures and the pains of love under the balconies of their mistresses, I walked, one evening after supper, round the city. The clock had already struck eleven without the sound of a single guitar having reached my ear; but no sooner did the midnight hour arrive than music of all kinds resounded through every street. A concert,

seemingly in the Spanish style of music, was performing in one of the squares, and conceiving it to be some young lover of my own country who was serenading the object of his affection, I advanced toward the place.

The music, while I listened to it with pleasure, suddenly stopped; the sound of the violins was succeeded by the clashing of swords; and I soon afterwards discovered a man who was retiring in a posture of defence against three assailants who pressed upon him all together with great violence. Provoked by the inequality of the contest, I drew my sword; and ranging myself on the side of the single combatant, who must, in the event, have fallen a victim to superior numbers, gave him such useful succour that we obliged the assailants to retire, not without some wounds, which in all probability they would not have received if I had not joined the affray.

The gentleman in whose favour I had thus seasonably interposed, appeared so extremely sensible of the services I had rendered him, that he knew not how to discontinue his expressions of gratitude.

"Sir," replied I, in the Castilian language, "the services you have received do not merit such extraordinary commendation. Could I calmly observe one of my countrymen—for if

I am not mistaken, you are from Spain—in such imminent danger without affording him assistance?"

"You are not mistaken," replied he; "I am a native of Biscay, and my name is Don Gregorio de Trevigno. May I request," added he, "to be informed what province in Spain has the honour of your birth? I beg you will let me know to whom I am indebted for the service I have received."

"You must excuse me, sir," replied I, "from gratifying your curiosity, lest you should repent of having received the obligation you express from my hands."

"O heavens!" exclaimed the Biscayan, "can you be Don Felix de Peralta?"

"Yes," replied I, "I am. It was I who killed your brother at Pampeluna. I am the fugitive whom you seek, and whom chance has thrown in such a manner in your way that fortune seems to have rendered the succour my arm has just afforded you a screen of delicacy to shelter me from your vengeance. But I am not inclined to accept a favour so awkwardly bestowed, and I request that you will pay no regard to a service which I should have rendered to any other man as well as to yourself. Consult only your offended feelings, and vindicate your brother's death."

"Would you do so," interrupted Don Gregorio, "if you were in my place? Speak; your sentiments shall guide my conduct."

"You embarrass me," replied I; "if you had spilled my brother's blood, and I had owed my life to you, the voice of gratitude would, I

think, have silenced my resentment."

"Then why," replied he, "should I act in a different manner? Do you conceive that my notions upon this subject are less refined than your own? No, no, Don Felix, I know what honour requires from you in this conjuncture; but, however, consanguinity may murmur, I will no longer consider you as my enemy. You have yourself repaired the injury my family received; since the same sword which extinguished the life of Don Martin has prolonged that of Gregorio. Permit me, further, to assure you, that your generous and gallant behaviour has banished all animosity from my mind, and inclined me to seek that future friendship from you which on my part I am sincerely disposed to bestow."

We accordingly interchanged addresses; and, after mutual professions of respect and esteem, parted, under promises to visit each other early the ensuing morning; and each of us was so eager to honour the other with the first visit, that we met on the way.

The usual compliments having passed, Don Gregorio desired that he might have the pleasure of introducing me to a friend of his at court; and, in compliance with his desire, I immediately accompanied him to the house of Count Guadagni, the Duke's favourite, and first gentleman of his chamber, to whom he presented me, saying, "Permit me to introduce to you Don Felix de Peralta, the mortal enemy whom I sought with so much industry; for he is now one of my best friends."

"What miracle," exclaimed the Count, "has produced this alteration in your sentiments?"

Don Gregorio then related to him the recent adventure, candidly avowing, that without my assistance he must have lost his life. The Count, having listened to this narrative with great attention, congratulated us on an event which had thus happily terminated an affair of honour, which, in general, ends in the death of one, and sometimes of both of the parties.

Guadagni conceived this to be so singular a circumstance, that he could not avoid communicating it to the Duke his master, who, from mere curiosity, desired to see and converse with me. The interview afforded so much pleasure to my royal auditor, that he resolved to detain me at the court of Parma; and, for that purpose, requested my acceptance of a

lieutenancy in the Guards; and as I also enjoyed the patronage and friendship of his favourite, I entertained the high hope of being able, in a short time, to amass a splendid fortune.

I communicated my reconciliation with Gregorio, and my advancement at the court of Parma, to my fond and anxious father; and it is scarcely necessary for me to say, that his congratulations on both occasions were equally joyful and sincere.

My endeavours to cultivate the friendship and good opinion of the Duke of Parma were so successful, that in a period of less than two years I was promoted to the post of first chamberlain, which had become vacant by Guadagni's death.

Natives never suffer a foreigner to occupy a place of so much importance at court with any degree of quietude or security; and all the numerous individuals who conceived their merit had been overlooked or slighted by my promotion, raised an envious outcry against me, and endeavoured, by all the arts of factious calumny, to degrade me from the high confidence and esteem in which I was held by my royal benefactor. Combinations were formed amongst the leading courtiers to destroy my power, and they employed all the arts and

stratagems ingenuity could suggest to effect their purpose; but all their exertions were fruitless, and only contributed to fix me more firmly in my exalted station; for you may conceive that it was no easy task to rob me of the favour of a prince with whose virtues and vices I was equally well acquainted. The skilful Guadagni had, by means of this knowledge, constantly preserved his credit with his master: and treading with equal adroitness in the steps of my predecessor, I had, in short, discovered the secret of rendering myself so necessary to the Duke, that he no longer viewed any object except through my eyes. I am convinced that no favourite ever gained a more absolute ascendancy; so great indeed was my power, that I was called the coadjutor of the states of Parma; and the opposing courtiers, finding themselves incapable of making successful resistance, submitted to the predominating influence of my brighter fortunes. But, alas! the authority which had withstood the attacks of a powerful faction, yielded to the superior address of a lady, for whom the Duke entertained a most extravagant affection.

This dangerous rival was the wife of his principal equerry, the Marchioness of Origo; who, although she had passed the meridian of life, was still not only the most striking beauty, but the most artful intriguer of the court. From the first moment she saw the Prince within her power, she formed the resolution of removing me from his confidence, in order that she might possess the entire administration of affairs herself. Aware of her designs, I endeavoured, of course, by every means in my power, to render them abortive; and, as is frequent between the ministers and mistresses of princes, a contest commenced, in which we mutually endeavoured to ruin each other in the mind of the Duke, by every ill office in our respective powers. When I was with the Duke, I seized every occasion to degrade her in his good opinion; and when she was with him my character also suffered in its turn. Prince, whose greatest foible was an excessive good nature, listened sometimes to the Marchioness, and sometimes to me, like a ship, which, tossed about by two opposing winds, yields alternately to both.

This formidable rival, unfriendly as she was to my interests, was no enemy, it appeared, to the pleasures of the world. Fame did not give her credit for a more faithful attachment to the Prince, her lover, than to the Marquis her husband. It was against her infidelity that I directed all my batteries. Employing certain spies, whom I induced, by the liberality of

my bribes, to watch her conduct with unceasing vigilance, I was at length informed that the lady had lately fallen in love with a comedian of the name of Octavio, who generally played the principal characters at the Prince's Theatre; that not contented with admitting him almost daily to her toilette, she frequently went to his house in a hired coach, disguised as a common woman; in short, that there was no reason to doubt but that these interviews were interviews of gallantry.

Overjoyed as I was on receiving this information, I thought it prudent to ascertain its truth before I ventured to reap from it the harvest it seemed to promise; and with this view I sent to Octavio, and requested that he would do me the favour to sup with me alone in the evening, as I had something of consequence to communicate to him.

The actor of course accepted the invitation, and came to me at the appointed time. "Octavio," said I to him towards the conclusion of the evening, "I have a very unpleasant piece of news to communicate to you. The Duke has been made acquainted with the partiality which the Marchioness of Origo has lately conceived for you, and that you frequently have secret interviews with each other."

Octavio, excellent actor as he was, turned

pale, and discovered great confusion at this intelligence. Without seeming to notice his disorder, I continued my discourse: "You know, Octavio, that I am your friend; I have given you more than one testimony of it; and I think I shall not prove myself very unkind in giving you advice upon this occasion. If I were in your situation, I would throw myself at the feet of the Prince, and make a candid confession to him of all that has passed. You are not ignorant of the goodness of his disposition; a frank and sincere avowal will subdue his anger. I am sure he will forgive your inability to resist the advances of so fine a woman; and I will not only introduce you to his Highness, but will use my interest with him in your favour."

The actor had too much good sense not to reject such advice from a man whom he well knew to be the mortal enemy of the Marchioness; and concluding that my only reason for advising him to adopt so delicate a measure was to obtain proof of a fact, the existence of which only rested on suspicion, he chose to deny that he had ever been so presumptuous as to raise even a thought in favour of the Marchioness.

The fact, however, was true, and in two days I was clearly convinced of it.

Early the ensuing morning, one of my spies informed me that the Marchioness was gone, in a hired carriage and in her usual disguise, to Octavio's house; and that I might, if I pleased, see her return. Dressing myself immediately, and following my conductor, we concealed ourselves a few paces from the comedian's house, from whence the lady, whom I recognized by her gait, notwithstanding her disguise, soon issued; but to make assurance doubly sure, I approached and lifted up the veil which concealed her face. At the sight of me she uttered an involuntary scream; I apologised for the liberty I had taken, by pretending that I had mistaken her for another lady; but she ran from me without speaking a word, and jumping into the coach, which was waiting at a short distance, disappeared in a moment.

Charmed with the idea that I could testify from my own view, that she had visited Octavio, I ran to the palace, with an air of triumph, to recount what I had seen; but unfortunately the Duke was gone out, and did not return until two hours afterwards, when, observing the emotion of my countenance, "What is the matter with you?" said the Prince; "you appear agitated."

"Sir," replied I, "the character of your

Highness is too dear to me, not to be affected by the base treachery which is practised against you."

"Speak more explicitly," interrupted the Duke. "Who is it that betrays me?—What is

the perfidy?"

"The Marchioness," replied I, "is a faithless woman, whom your Highness ought to abandon. Ungratefully forgetting the love

with which you honour her"-

"Peralta," interrupted the Prince, looking at me with an angry eye, "take care what you say; for I perceive your hatred to the Marchioness discolours all her actions, and you condemn her, possibly upon false appearances. What new crime can she have committed, that you should brand her with the epithets of treacherous and ungrateful?"

"I should be justified," replied I, "if I were to apply a term still more odious; for she has this morning been with Octavio, the comedian, in a hired carriage, under the disguise of a common woman. I myself saw her issue from the actor's house, where her deprayed passion has frequently before conducted her."

"What calumny!" exclaimed the Duke. "Is it possible to impute to the Marchioness such base notions? But, happily for her, I am convinced of her innocence and of your malice. I

have this moment returned from the company of that lady, who is so unwell that she has not only been obliged to keep the house the whole morning, but to be bled; and the surgeon has taken from her three porringers of blood, which are now standing on the table in her apartment. What would you say, were I to show you this proof of her innocence?"

"I should say," replied I, "that the blood is not her own, but artfully placed there to screen her guilt."

The Duke censured my obstinacy, and, notwithstanding all I said to support my charge against the accused, seemed to impute all the blame to the accuser.

The three porringers of blood presented a mystery which I resolved immediately to unravel; and, ordering my spies to find out the Marchioness's surgeon and bring him instantly before me, a service which they soon performed, I told him, by way of intimidation, "The Duke commands you, on pain of perpetual imprisonment, to inform me whether you have this morning bled the Marchioness of Origo."

The surgeon turned pale at these words, and replied with a terrified aspect, "There is no occasion for menaces to induce obedience to the commands of my sovereign. In answer to your question, I was this morning sent for to the

Marchioness's house, to bleed one of her female attendants; from whose arm I took three porringers of blood, and came away."

"Then it was not the Marchioness that you bled?" said I.

"No, sir," replied the surgeon; "I did not even see her ladyship."

Upon the surgeon's report, I ventured to assure the Duke that the blood was not drawn from the vein of his mistress, and that she had artfully affected indisposition the better to conceal the fact of her having been that morning with Octavio. The Duke, blinded by the violence of his passion, warmly maintained that she was incapable of such gross duplicity. "I am convinced," said he, "that the Marchioness would disdain to resort to so mean a subterfuge; but, to satisfy myself more fully upon this subject, I am determined immediately to inspect her arm, and if I do not find a recent incision on it with the lancet, I will give entire credit to all you have told me, and abandon the perfidious coquette for ever; but, Peralta," continued he with a stern and menacing aspect. "if there be the appearance of a recent puncture, you may be assured that I will revenge the malicious injuries which you have inflicted, by your rash aspersion on her innocent character."

Being persuaded that the whole of her story to the Duke was a mere fabrication, without any support except her own assertion, I submitted cheerfully to the penalty he imposed. The Prince accordingly visited the Marchioness early in the evening, under pretence of inquiring the state of her health. Of the conversation which passed between them during this important interview I am totally ignorant; but on the ensuing day, when I presented myself before him, he received me with an air of coldness and disdain. "The Marchioness," said he abruptly, "was bled yesterday morning; it is a fact which I can attest; for I removed the bandage from her arm, and saw, with my own eyes, the incision which the lancet had made. Trouble my repose no longer by such unfounded accusations. I had rather be deceived by a mistress than owe her fidelity merely to a vigilance on her conduct."

Confounded and struck dumb by this peremptory declaration, I could only contemplate with astonishment the falsehood of the surgeon or the artifice of the Marchioness, who, I concluded, had procured a puncture to be made by some other operator. My silence, however, was interpreted by the Duke as unerring evidence of my guilt; and, considering me in the character of a lying informer, abashed by unexpected detection, turned his back upon me, and ordered the captain of his guards to tell me not to appear again at court.

The disgrace to which this sentence of exile at once consigned me, afflicted me for some time with excruciating severity; and my torments were not alleviated by the reflection that I had fallen a victim to the superior artifices of a woman, whose influence it was my settled purpose to destroy; but, at length, philosophy came kindly to my aid, and enabled me to view the high and comfortless stations of ambition with very different sentiments; and religion also interposing its assistance, I adopted notions which, by degrees, detached my mind completely from the world and its concerns. I accordingly quitted the court of Parma, and retired to Genoa; from whence I seized the earliest opportunity of returning to Spain; and. embarking on board a vessel for that purpose, reached Alicant, where I purchased a horse and proceeded towards Pampeluna; but, like you, missing my road, I arrived, towards evening, at this hermitage, the door of which was opened at my request, and I was received by a venerable old man, who, though eighty years of age, was still able to walk without a stick, and enjoyed the most perfect health. This hospitable inhabitant treated me in the same

manner as I have treated you; and the conversations which he held with me perfected my resolution to renounce all future conversation with the world. To conclude my story in a few words, I implored the old man to permit me to continue with him in the enjoyment of this solitary retreat: he granted my request; and I have resided from that moment in this hermitage, occupied only by the hopes of heaven. I did not even visit Pampeluna: the pleasure of seeing my father and my sister was the first sacrifice I made to God. I passed ten years with the virtuous hermit in this humble cell, and ten more have now elapsed since his decease.

# THE CEMETERY OF THE CHATEAU D'IF

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

Ι

N the bed, at full length, and faintly lighted by the pale ray that penetrated the window, was visible a sack of coarse cloth, under the large folds of which were stretched a long and stiffened form; it was Faria's last winding-sheet,—that windingsheet which, as the turnkey said, cost so little. All, then, was completed. A material separation had taken place between Dantès and his old friend; he could no longer see those eyes which had remained open as if to look even beyond death; he could no longer clasp that hand of industry which had lifted for him the veil that had concealed hidden and obscure things. Faria, the useful and the good companion with whom he was accustomed to live so intimately, no longer breathed. He seated himself on the edge of that terrible bed, and fell into a melancholy and gloomy revery.

Alone! he was alone again!—fallen back into

silence! He found himself once again in the presence of nothingness! Alone, -no longer to see, no longer to hear the voice of the only human being who attached him to life! Was it not better, like Faria, to go and ask of God the meaning of life's enigma at the risk of passing through the mournful gate of suffering? The idea of suicide, driven away by his friend and forgotten in his presence while living, arose like a phantom before him in presence of his dead body. "If I could die," he said, "I should go where he goes, and should assuredly find him again. But how to die? It is very easy," he continued with a smile of bitterness; "I will remain here; I will rush on the first person who opens the door; I will strangle him, and then they will guillotine me."

But as it happens that in excessive griefs, as in great tempests, the abyss is found between the tops of the loftiest waves, Dantès recoiled from the idea of this infamous death and passed suddenly from despair to an ardent desire for life and liberty.

"Die! oh, no!" he exclaimed; "not die now, after having lived so long, and suffered so much! It might have been good to die when I formed the purpose to do so, years ago; but now it would be indeed to give way to my bitter destiny. No, I will live; I will struggle to the

very last; I will reconquer the happiness of which I have been deprived. Before I die I must not forget that I have my executioners to punish, and perhaps too, who knows, some friends to reward. But here I am, forgotten; and I shall go out from my dungeon only as Faria goes." As he said this he remained motionless, his eyes fixed like a man struck with a sudden idea, but whom this idea fills with amazement. Suddenly he rose, lifted his hand to his brow as if his brain were giddy, paced twice or thrice round his chamber, and then paused abruptly at the bed. "Ah! ah!" he muttered, "who inspires me with this thought? Is it thou, gracious God? Since none but the dead pass freely from this dungeon, let me assume the place of the dead!"

Without giving himself time to reconsider his decision, and indeed that he might allow his thoughts to be distracted from his desperate resolution, he bent over the appalling sack, opened it with the knife which Faria had made, drew the corpse from the sack, and carried it to his cell, laid it on his couch, passed round its head the strip of cloth he wore at night round his own, covered it with his counterpane, once again kissed the ice-cold brow and tried vainly to close the resisting eyes, which remained open, turned the head towards the wall, so that

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the jailer might, when he brought his evening meal, believe that he was asleep, as was his frequent custom, returned along the gallery, drew the bed against the wall, returned to the other cell, took from the hiding-place the needle and thread, flung off his rags, that they might feel naked flesh only beneath the coarse sackcloth, and getting inside the sack, placed himself in the posture in which the dead body had been laid, and sewed up the mouth of the sack on the inside.

The beating of his heart might have been heard if by any mischance the jailers had entered at that moment. He might have waited until the evening visit was over, but he was afraid the governor might change his resolution and order the dead body to be removed earlier; in that case his last hope would have been destroyed. Now his project was settled under any circumstances, and he hoped thus to carry it into effect. If on the way out the grave-diggers should discover that they were conveying a live instead of a dead body, Dantès did not intend to give them time to recognize him, but with a sudden cut of the knife he meant to open the sack from top to bottom and profiting by their alarm, escape; if they tried to catch him, he would use his knife. If they conducted him to the cemetery and laid him in the grave, he would allow himself to be covered with earth; and then, as it was night, the grave-diggers could scarcely have turned their backs ere he would work his way through the soft soil and escape. He hoped that the weight would not be too heavy for him to support. If he was deceived in this, and the earth proved too heavy, he would be stifled, and then so much the better; all would be over. Dantès had not eaten since the previous evening, but he had not thought of hunger or thirst, nor did he now think of it. His position was too precarious to allow him time to think of anything else.

The first risk that Dantès ran was that the jailer, when he brought his supper at seven o'clock, might perceive the substitution he had effected; fortunately, twenty times at least, from misanthropy or fatigue, Dantès had received his jailer in bed; and then the man placed his bread and soup on the table, and went away without saying a word. This time the jailer might not be silent as usual, but speak to Dantès, and seeing that he received no reply, go to the bed and thus discover all.

When seven o'clock came, Dantès's agony really commenced. His hand placed upon his heart was unable to repress its throbbings, while with the other he wiped the perspiration

from his temples. From time to time shudderings ran through his whole frame and oppressed his heart as if it were seized in an icy grasp. Then he thought he was going to die. Yet the hours passed on without any stir in the château, and Dantès perceived that he had escaped this first danger; it was a good augury. At length, about the hour the governor had appointed, footsteps were heard on the stairs. Edmond understood that the moment had arrived, and summoning up all his courage, held his breath; he would have been glad to repress at the same time the rapid pulsations of his arteries.

The footsteps paused at the door; there were steps of two persons, and Dantès guessed it was the two grave-diggers who came to seek him. This idea was soon converted into certainty when he heard the noise they made in putting down the hand-bier. The door opened, and a dim light reached Dantès's eyes through the coarse sack that covered him; he saw two shadows approach his bed, a third remaining at the door with a torch in his hand. Each of these two men, approaching the ends of the bed, took the sack by its extremities.

"He's heavy, though, for an old and thin man," said one, as he raised the head.

"They say every year adds half a pound to the weight of the bones," said another, lifting the feet.

"Have you tied the knot?" inquired the

first speaker.

"What would be the use of carrying so much more weight?" was the reply; "I can do that when we get there."

"Yes, you're right," replied the companion. "What's the knot for?" thought Dantès.

They deposited the supposed corpse on the bier. Edmond stiffened himself in order to play his part of a dead man, and then the party, lighted by the man with the torch, who went first, ascended the stairs. Suddenly Dantès felt the fresh and sharp night air, and he recognized the mistral. It was a sudden sensation, at the same time replete with delight and agony. The bearers advanced twenty paces, then stopped, putting their bier down on the ground. One of them went away, and Dantès heard his shoes on the pavement.

"Where am I, then?" he asked himself.

"Really, he is by no means a light load!" said the other bearer, sitting on the edge of the hand-barrow. Dantès's first impulse was to escape, but fortunately he did not attempt it.

"Light me, stupid," said the other bearer, "or I shall not find what I am looking for."

The man with the torch complied, although not asked in the most polite terms.

"What can he be looking for?" thought Ed-

mond. "The spade, perhaps."

An exclamation of satisfaction indicated that the grave-digger had found the object of his search. "Here it is at last," he said, "not without some trouble, though."

"Yes," was the answer; "but it has lost

nothing by waiting."

As he said this, the man came towards Edmond, who heard a heavy and sounding substance laid down beside him, and at the same moment a cord was fastened round his feet with sudden and painful violence.

"Well, have you tied the knot?" inquired the

grave-digger who was looking on.

"Yes, and pretty tight too, I can tell you," was the answer.

"Move on, then." And the bier was lifted once more, and they proceeded. They advanced fifty paces farther, and then stopped to open a door, then went forward again. The noise of the waves dashing against the rocks on which the château is built, reached Dantès's ear distinctly as they proceeded.

"Bad weather!" observed one of the bearers; "not a pleasant night for a dip in the sea."

"Why, yes, the abbé runs a chance of being

wet," said the other; and then there was a burst of laughter. Dantès did not comprehend the jest, but his hair stood erect on his head.

"Well, here we are at last," said one of them.

"A little farther! a little farther!" said the other. "You know very well that the last was stopped on his way, dashed on the rocks, and the governor told us next day that we were careless fellows."

They ascended five or six more steps, and then Dantès felt that they took him, one by the head and the other by the heels, and swung him to and fro. "One!" said the gravediggers, "two! three, and away!" And at the same instant Dantès felt himself flung into the vast void, passing through the air like a wounded bird,—falling, falling with a rapidity that made his blood curdle. Although drawn downwards by some heavy weight which hastened his rapid descent, it seemed to him that the fall continued through a hundred years. At last, with a terrific dash he entered the ice-cold water; and as he did so he uttered a shrill cry. stifled in a moment by his immersion beneath the waves.

Dantès had been flung into the sea, into whose depths he was dragged by a thirty-six

pound shot tied to his feet. The sea is the cemetery of Château d'If.

#### TT

Dantes, although giddy and almost suffocated, had yet sufficient presence of mind to hold his breath; and as his right hand (prepared as he was for every chance) held his knife open, he rapidly ripped up the sack and extricated his arm and then his body; but in spite of all his efforts to free himself from the ball, he continued to sink. He then bent his body and by a desperate effort severed the cord that bound his legs, at the moment he was suffocating. With a vigorous spring he rose to the surface of the sea, while the bullet bore to its depths the sack that had so nearly become his shroud.

Dantès merely paused to breathe, and then dived again, in order to avoid being seen. When he rose a second time, he was fifty paces from where he had first sunk. He saw overhead a black and tempestuous sky, over which the wind was driving the fleeting vapors that occasionally suffered a twinkling star to appear; before him was the vast expanse of waters, sombre and terrible, whose waves

foamed and roared as if before the approach of a storm. Behind him, blacker than the sea, blacker than the sky, rose like a phantom the giant of granite, whose projecting crags seemed like arms extended to seize their prey; and on the highest rock was a torch that lighted two figures. He fancied these two forms were looking at the sea; doubtless these strange gravediggers had heard his cry. Dantès dived again, and remained a long time beneath the water. This manœuvre was already familiar to him, and usually attracted a crowd of spectators in the bay before the lighthouse at Marseilles when he swam there, who with one accord pronounced him the best swimmer in the port. When he reappeared the light had disappeared.

It was necessary to strike out to sea. Ratonneau and Pomègue are the nearest isles of all those that surround the Château d'If; but Ratonneau and Pomègue are inhabited, and so is the little island of Daume. Tiboulen or Lemaire were the most secure. These islands are a league from the Château d'If; Dantès nevertheless determined to make for them. But how could he find his way in the darkness of the night? At this moment he saw before him, like a brilliant star, the lighthouse of Planier. By leaving this light on the right, he

kept the Isle of Tiboulen a little on the left; by turning to the left, therefore, he would find it. But as we have said, it was at least a league from the Château d'If to this island. Often in prison Faria had said to him when he saw him idle and inactive, "Dantès, you must not give way to this listlessness; you will be drowned if you seek to escape and your strength has not been properly exercised and prepared for exertion." These words sounded in Dantès's ears, even beneath the waves; he hastened to cleave his way through them to see if he had not lost his strength. He found with pleasure that his captivity had taken away nothing of his power, and that he was still master of that element on whose bosom he had so often sported as a boy.

Fear, that relentless pursuer, doubled Dantès's efforts. He listened to ascertain if any noise was audible; each time that he rose over the waves his looks scanned the horizon and strove to penetrate the darkness. Every wave a little higher than others seemed a boat in his pursuit, and then he redoubled exertions that increased his distance from the château, but the repetition of which reduced his strength. He swam on still, and already the terrible château had disappeared in the darkness. He could not see it, but he felt its presence.

An hour passed, during which Dantès, excited by the feeling of freedom, continued to cleave the waves. "Let us see," said he, "I have swum above an hour, but as the wind is against me that has retarded my speed; however, if I am not mistaken, I must be close to the Isle of Tiboulen. But what if I were mistaken?" A shudder passed over him. He sought to float on the water, in order to rest himself; but the sea was too violent, and he saw that he could not make use of this means of repose.

"Well," said he, "I will swim on until I am worn out, or the cramp seizes me, and then I shall sink." And he struck out with the en-

ergy of despair.

Suddenly the sky seemed to him to become still darker and more dense, and compact clouds lowered towards him; at the same time he felt a violent pain in his knee. His imagination told him a ball had struck him, and that in a moment he would hear the report; but he heard nothing. He put out his hand and felt resistance; he then extended his leg and felt the land; he saw then what the object was which he had taken for a cloud.

Before him rose a mass of strangely-formed rocks that resembled nothing so much as a vast fire petrified at the moment of its most fervent combustion. It was the Isle of Tiboulen. Dantès rose, advanced a few steps, and with a fervent prayer of gratitude stretched himself on the granite, which seemed to him softer than down. Then, in spite of the wind and rain, he fell into the deep, sweet sleep of those worn out by fatigue. At the expiration of an hour Edmond was awakened by the roar of the thunder. The tempest was unchained and let loose in all its fury; from time to time a flash of lightning ran across the heavens like a fiery serpent, lighting up the clouds that rolled on like the waves of an immense chaos.

Dantès had not been deceived; he had reached the first of the two isles, which is in fact Tiboulen. He knew that it was barren and without shelter; but when the sea should become more calm, he would plunge into its waves again and swim to Lemaire, equally arid, but larger and consequently better adapted for concealment.

An overhanging rock offered him a temporary shelter, and scarcely had he availed himself of it when the tempest burst in all its fury. Edmond felt the rock beneath which he lay tremble; the waves, dashing themselves against the granite rock, wet him with their spray. In safety as he was, he felt himself become giddy in the midst of this war of the

elements and the dazzling brightness of the lightning. It seemed to him that the island trembled to its base, and that it would like a vessel at anchor break its moorings and bear him off into the centre of the storm. He then recollected that he had not eaten or drunk for four and twenty hours. He extended his hands and drank greedily of the rainwater that had lodged in a hollow of the rock.

As he rose, a flash of lightning, that seemed to open the sky even to the foot of the dazzling throne of God, illumined the darkness. By its light, between the island of Lemaire and Cape Croiselle, a quarter of a league distant, Dantès saw, like a spectre, a fishing-boat driven rapidly on by the force of the winds and waves. A second after, he saw it again, approaching nearer. Dantès cried at the top of his voice to warn them of their danger, but they saw it themselves. Another flash showed him four men clinging to the shattered mast and the rigging, while a fifth clung to the broken rudder.

The men he beheld saw him doubtless, for their cries were carried to his ears by the wind. Above the splintered mast a sail rent to tatters was waving; suddenly the ropes that still held it gave way, and it disappeared in the darkness of the night like a great sea-bird. At the same moment a violent crash was heard, and cries of distress reached his ears. Perched on the summit of the rock, Dantès saw, by the lightning, the vessel in pieces; and among the fragments were visible heads with despairing faces, and arms stretched towards the sky. Then all became dark again; the terrible spectacle had been brief as the lightning.

Dantès ran down the rocks at the risk of being himself dashed to pieces. He listened, he strove to examine; but he heard and saw nothing. All human cries had ceased, and the tempest alone continued to rage. By degrees the wind abated, vast gray clouds rolled towards the west, and the blue firmament appeared, studded with bright stars. Soon a red streak became visible in the horizon; the waves whitened, a light played over them and gilded their foaming crests with gold. It was day.

Dantès stood silent and motionless before this grand spectacle, for since his captivity he had forgotten it. He turned towards the fortress and looked both at the sea and the land. The gloomy building rose from the bosom of the ocean with that imposing majesty of things immovable, which seem at once to watch and to command. It was about five o'clock. The sea continued to grow calmer.

"In two or three hours," thought Dantès,

"the turnkey will enter my chamber, find the body of my poor friend, recognize it, seek for me in vain, and give the alarm. Then the passage will be discovered; the men who cast me into the sea, and who must have heard the cry I uttered, will be questioned. Then boats filled with armed soldiers will pursue the wretched fugitive. The cannon will warn every one to refuse shelter to a man wandering about naked and famished. The police of Marseilles will be on the alert by land while the governor pursues me by sea. I am cold, I am hungry; I have lost even the knife that saved me. Oh, my God, I have suffered enough surely! Have pity on me, and do for me what I am unable to do for myself!"

#### III

As Dantès (his eyes turned in the direction of the Château d'If) uttered this prayer in a sort of delirium brought on by exhaustion, he saw appear at the extremity of the Isle of Pomègue, like a bird skimming over the sea, a small vessel that the eye of a sailor alone could recognize as a Genoese tartan. She was coming out of Marseilles harbor, and was standing out to sea rapidly, her sharp prow cleaving

through the waves. "Oh!" cried Edmond. "to think that in half an hour I could join her, did I not fear being questioned, detected, and conveyed back to Marseilles! What can I do? What story can I invent? Under pretext of trading along the coast, these men, who are in reality smugglers, will prefer selling me to doing a good action. I must wait. But I cannot; I am starving. In a few hours my strength will be utterly exhausted; besides, perhaps I have not been missed at the fortress. I can pass as one of the sailors wrecked last night. This story will pass current, for there is no one left to contradict me."

As he spoke Dantès looked towards the spot where the fishing-vessel had been wrecked, and started. The red cap of one of the sailors hung to a point of the rock, and some fragments of the vessel's keel floated at the foot of the crags. In an instant Dantès's plan was formed. He swam to the cap, placed it on his head, seized one of the fragments of the keel, and struck out so as to cross the line the vessel was taking. "I am saved!" murmured he. And this conviction restored his strength.

Edmond soon perceived the vessel, which having the wind right ahead was tacking between the Château d'If and the tower of Planier. For an instant he feared that instead

of keeping in shore she would stand out to sea; but he soon saw by her manœuvres that she wished to pass, like most vessels bound for Italy, between the islands of Jaros and Calaseraigne. However, the vessel and the swimmer insensibly neared one another, and in one of its tacks the vessel approached within a quarter of a mile of him. He rose on the waves, making signs of distress; but no one on board perceived him and the vessel stood on another tack. Dantès would have cried out, but he reflected that the wind would drown his voice. Then he rejoiced at his precaution in taking the beam, for without it he would have been unable perhaps to reach the vessel, certainly to return to shore, should he be unsuccessful in attracting attention.

Dantès, although almost sure as to what course the bark would take, had yet watched it anxiously until it tacked and stood towards him. Then he advanced; but before they had met, the vessel again changed her direction. By a violent effort he rose half out of the water, waving his cap and uttering a loud shout peculiar to sailors. This time he was both seen and heard, and the tartan instantly steered towards him. At the same time he saw they were about to lower the boat. An instant after the boat, rowed by two men, advanced rapidly to-

wards him. Dantès abandoned the beam, which he thought now useless, and swam vigorously to meet them. But he had reckoned too much upon his strength, and then he felt how serviceable the beam had been to him. His arms grew stiff, his legs had lost their flexibility, and he was almost breathless.

He uttered a second cry. The two sailors redoubled their efforts, and one of them cried in Italian, "Courage!"

The word reached his ear as a wave which he no longer had the strength to surmount passed over his head. He rose again to the surface, supporting himself by one of those desperate efforts a drowning man makes, uttered a third cry, and felt himself sink again, as if the fatal bullet were again tied to his feet. The water passed over his head, and through the water he saw a pale sky and black clouds. A violent effort again brought him to the surface. He felt as if something seized him by the hair; but he saw and heard nothing. He had fainted.

When he opened his eyes Dantès found himself on the deck of the tartan. His first care was to see what direction they were pursuing. They were rapidly leaving the Château d'If behind. Dantès was so exhausted that the exclamation of joy he uttered was mistaken for a sigh of pain.

As we have said, he was lying on the deck. A sailor was rubbing his limbs with a woollen cloth; another, whom he recognized as the one who had cried out "Courage!" held a gourd full of rum to his mouth; while the third, an old sailor, at once the pilot and captain, looked on with that egotistical pity men feel for a misfortune that they have escaped yesterday and which may overtake them to-morrow. A few drops of the rum reanimated the young man's failing heart, while the friction applied to his limbs restored their elasticity.

"Who are you?" said the captain, in bad

"I am," replied Dantès, in bad Italian, "a Maltese sailor. We were coming from Syracuse laden with grain. The storm of last night overtook us at Cape Morgion, and we were wrecked on these rocks."

"Where do you come from?"

"From these rocks that I had the good luck to cling to while our captain and the rest of the crew were all lost. I saw your ship, and fearful of being left to perish on the desolate island, I swam off on a fragment of the vessel, trying to reach you. You have saved my life, and I thank you," continued Dantès; "I was lost when one of your sailors caught hold of my hair."

"It was I," said a sailor of a frank and manly appearance; "and it was time, for you were sinking."

"Yes," returned Dantès, holding out his

hand, "I thank you again."

"I almost hesitated, though," replied the sailor; "you looked more like a brigand than an honest man, with your beard of six inches and your hair a foot long." Dantès recollected that his hair and beard had not been cut all the time he was at the Château d'If.

"Yes," said he, "I made a vow to our Lady of the Grotto not to cut my hair or beard for ten years if I were saved in a moment of dan-

ger; but to-day the vow expires."

"Now what are we to do with you?" said

the captain.

"Alas! anything you please. My captain is dead. I have barely escaped; but I am a good sailor. Leave me at the first port you make; I shall be sure to find employment on some merchant-vessel."

"Do you know the Mediterranean?"

"I have sailed over it since my childhood."

"You know the best harbors?"

"There are few ports that I could not enter or leave with my eyes shut."

"I say, Captain," said the sailor who had cried "Courage!" to Dantès, "if what he says

is true, what hinders his staying with us?"
"If he says true," said the captain, doubtingly. "But in the condition of this poor devil, one promises much and does what he can."

"I will do more than I promise," said Dantès.

"We shall see," returned the other, smiling.

"Where are you going?" asked Dantès.

"To Leghorn."

"Then why, instead of tacking so frequently, do you not sail nearer the wind?"

"Because we should run straight onto the island of Rion."

"You will pass it more than twenty fathoms from the shore."

"Take the helm, and let us see what you know."

The young man took the helm, ascertained by a slight pressure that the vessel answered the rudder, and seeing that without being a firstrate sailer, she yet was tolerably manageable, he cried out, "To the braces!"

The four seamen who composed the crew obeyed, while the captain looked on.

"Haul taut!" Dantès continued.

The sailors promptly obeyed.

"Belay!"

This order was also executed; and the vessel

passed, as Dantès had predicted, twenty fathoms to the right.

"Bravo!" said the captain.

"Bravo!" repeated the sailors. And they all regarded with astonishment this man, whose eye had recovered an intelligence and his body a vigor they were far from suspecting.

"You see," said Dantès, quitting the helm, "I shall be of some use to you, at least during the voyage. If you do not want me at Leghorn, you can leave me there; and I will pay you out of the first wages I get for my food and the clothes you lend me."

"Ah," said the captain, "we can agree very well, if you are reasonable."

"Give me what you give the others, and all will be arranged," returned Dantès.

"That's not fair," said the seaman who had saved Dantès; "for you know more than we do."

"What in the devil is that to you, Jacopo?" returned the captain. "Every one is free to ask what he pleases."

"That's true," replied Jacopo; "I only made a remark."

"Well, you would do much better to lend him a jacket and a pair of trousers, if you have them to spare." "No," said Jacopo; "but I have a shirt and a pair of trousers."

"That is all I want," interrupted Dantès.

"Thank you, my friend."

Jacopo dived into the hold and soon returned with the two garments, which Dantès assumed with unspeakable pleasure.

"Now, then, do you wish for anything else?"

said the captain.

"A piece of bread and another glass of the capital rum I tasted; for I have not eaten or drunk for a long time." He had not tasted food for forty hours. A piece of bread was brought, and Jacopo offered him the gourd.

"Larboard your helm!" cried the captain to the steersman. Dantès glanced to the same side as he lifted the gourd to his mouth; but his

hand stopped.

"Holloa! what's the matter at the Château d'If?" said the captain.

A small white cloud, which had attracted Dantès's attention, crowned the summit of the bastion of the Château d'If. At the same moment the faint report of a gun was heard. The sailors looked at one another.

"What does that mean?" asked the captain.

"A prisoner has escaped from the Château d'If, and they are firing the alarm gun," replied Dantès. The captain glanced at him;

but he had lifted the rum to his lips and was drinking it with so much composure that his suspicions, if he had any, died away.

"This rum is devilish strong," said Dantès, wiping the perspiration from his brow with

his shirt-sleeve.

"At any rate," murmured the captain, watching him, "if it is he, so much the better, for I have made a rare acquisition."

Under pretence of being fatigued, Dantès asked that he might take the helm; the steersman, enchanted to be relieved, looked at the captain, and the latter by a sign indicated that he might abandon it to his new comrade. Dantès could thus keep his eyes on Marseilles.

"What is the day of the month?" asked he of Jacopo, who sat down beside him.

"The 28th of February."

"In what year?"

"In what year! you ask me in what year?"

"Yes," replied the young man; "I ask you in what year."

"You have forgotten it, then?"

"I was so frightened last night," replied Dantès, smiling, "that I have almost lost my memory. I ask you what year is it?"

"The year 1829," returned Jacopo. It was fourteen years day for day since Dantès's arrest. He was nineteen when he entered the Château d'If; he was thirty-three when he escaped. A sorrowful smile passed over his face; he asked himself what had become of Mercédès, who must believe him dead. Then his eyes lighted up with hatred as he thought of the three men who had caused him so long and wretched a captivity. He renewed against Danglars, Fernand, and Villefort the oath of implacable vengeance he had made in his dungeon. This oath was no longer a vain menace; for the fastest sailer in the Mediterranean would have been unable to overtake the little tartan, that with every stitch of canvas set was flying before the wind to Leghorn.

# FROM THE STAKE

### A BORDER TALE

## JOHN GLOVER

OHN GLOVER, whom we will leave to tell his story, was kidnapped from his home on the New River, Virginia, at the age of eight, by an Indian tribe called the Miamees, or Picts, and lived with them for six years. He was then sold to a Delaware, and again transferred to a trader, of whom he was purchased by the Shawnees. With them he lived until his twentieth year when on the treaty of Fort Pitt he made himself known to some friends and was induced with difficulty to give up his savage life. It was nine years after this that the following adventure, the most thrilling in his varied life, befel him.

"Having been a prisoner among the Indians many years, and so being well acquainted with the country west of the Ohio, I was employed as a guide in the expedition under Colonel William Crawford against the Indian towns on or near the river Sandusky, in the year 1782. On Tuesday, the 4th of June, we fought the

enemy near Sandusky, and lay that night in our camp. The next day we fired on each other at a distance of three hundred yards, doing little or no execution.

"In the evening of that day it was proposed by Colonel Crawford, as I have been since informed, to draw off with order; but at the moment of our retreat, the Indians-who had probably perceived that we were about to retire-firing alarm-guns, our men broke and rode off in confusion, treading down those who were on foot, and leaving the wounded men, who supplicated to be taken with them. I was with some others in the rear of our troops, feeding our horses in the glade, when our men began to break. The main body of our people had passed by me a considerable distance before I was ready to set out. I overtook them before I crossed the glade, and was advanced almost in front. The company of five or six men with whom I had been immediately connected, and who were at some distance to the right of the main body, had separated from me, and endeavoured to pass a morass. Coming up, I found their horses had stuck fast in it, and in endeavouring to pass, mine also, like theirs, became a captive.

"I tried a long time to disengage my horse, until I could hear the enemy just behind me and

on each side, but in vain. Here, then, I was obliged to leave him. The morass was so unstable that I was up to the middle in it, and it was with the greatest difficulty I got across it. However, at length I came up with the six men, who had left their horses in the same manner as I. Two of them had lost their guns.

"We travelled that night, making our course towards Detroit, with a view to shun the enemy, whom we conceived to have taken the paths by which the main body of our people had retreated. Just before day we got into a second deep morass, and were under the necessity of stopping until it was light to see our way through it. The whole of this day we travelled towards the Shawnees' towns, with a view of throwing ourselves still farther out of the reach of the enemy.

"About ten o'clock we sat down to eat a liftle, having tasted nothing from Tuesday, the day of our engagement, until this time, which was on Thursday; and now the only thing we had to eat was a scrap of pork for each.

"We had sat down by a warrior's path, which we had not suspected, when eight or nine Indians appeared. Running off hastily, we left our luggage and provisions, but were not discovered by the party; for, after skulking some time in the grass and bushes, we

returned to the place and recovered our baggage. The warriors had hallooed as they passed, and were answered by others on our flank.

"We set off at break of day. About nine o'clock on the third day, we fell in with a party of the enemy, about 135 miles from Fort Pitt. They had come upon our track, or had been on our flank and discovered us; and then, having got before, had waylaid us, and fired before we perceived them.

"At the first fire, one of my companions fell before me, and another just behind me. These two had guns. There were six men in company, and four guns: two of these had been rendered useless by the wet when coming through the swamp the first night; we had tried to discharge them, but could not.

"When the Indians fired, I ran to a tree; but an Indian presenting himself fifteen yards before me, desired me to deliver myself up, adding that I should not be hurt. My gun was in good order; but, apprehending the enemy might discharge their pieces at me, I did not risk firing. This I had afterwards reason to regret, when I found what was to be my fate, and that the Indian who was before me was one of those who had just fired. Two of my companions were taken with me in the same

manner, the Indians assuring us we should not be hurt. One of these Indians knew me, and was of the party by whom I was taken in the last war. He came up and spoke to me, calling me by my Indian name—Mannucothee, and upbraiding me for coming to war against them.

"The party by whom we were made prisoners had taken some horses, but left them at the glades we had passed the day before. From these glades they had followed on our track. On our return, we found the horses, and each of us rode. We were carried to a town of the Mingoes and Shawnees.

"I think it was the third day that we reached the town. As we approached it, the Indians, in whose custody we were, began to look sour, having been kind to us before, and having given us a little meat and flour to eat, which they had found or taken from some of our men on their retreat. The town was small and, we were told, stood about two miles distant from the main town, to which they meant to carry us. The inhabitants of this town came out with clubs and tomahawks, and struck, beat, and abused us greatly. One of my companions they seized, and having stripped him naked, blacked him with coal and water. This was a sign that he must be burnt. The man seemed to surmise it, and shed tears. He asked me

the meaning of being blacked, but I was forbid by the enemy, in their own language, to tell him what was intended. In English, which they spoke very easily, having been often at Fort Pitt, they assured him he was not to be hurt. I knew of no reason for making him the first object of their cruelty, unless it were that he was the oldest.

"A warrior must have gone on before to the larger town to acquaint them with our coming and prepare them for the frolic; for, on our coming to it, the inhabitants came out with guns, clubs, and tomahawks. We were told we had to run to the council-house, about three hundred yards. The man that was black was about twenty yards before us in running the gauntlet. Him they made their principal object; men, women, and children beating him, and those who had guns firing loads of powder on him, as he ran naked, putting the muzzles of the guns to his body, shouting, hallooing, and beating their drums in the meantime. The unhappy man had reached the door of the councilhouse, beaten and wounded in a manner shocking to the sight; for having arrived before him. we had it in our power to view the spectacle. It was the most horrid that can be conceived. They had cut him with their tomahawks, shot his body black, burnt it into holes with loads of powder blown into him; a large wadding had made a hole in his shoulder, from whence the blood gushed.

"Agreeably to the declaration of the enemy when he first set out, he had reason to think himself secure when he had reached the door of the council-house. This seemed to be his hope: for coming up with great struggling and endeavour, he laid hold on the door, but was pulled back and drawn away by them. ing they intended no mercy but putting him to death, he attempted several times to snatch or lay hold of some of their tomahawks; but being very weak he could not effect it. We saw him borne off, and they were a long time beating, wounding, pursuing, and killing him. That same evening I saw the dead body of the man close by the council-house. It was mangled cruelly, and the blood, mingled with the powder, was rendered black. Later, I saw the body cut to pieces, and his limbs and head, about two hundred yards on the outside of the town, put on poles.

"That evening, also, I saw the bodies of three others, in the same black and mangled condition; these, I was told, had been put to death the same day, and just before we reached the town. Their bodies as they lay were black, bloody, and burnt with powder. Two of these were Harrison and Young Crawford. I knew the visage of Colonel Harrison, and I saw his clothing and that of young Crawford at the town. They brought horses to me, and asked me if I knew them. I said they were Harrison's and Crawford's. They said they were. The third of these men I did not know, but believe to have been Colonel M'Clelland, the third in command on the expedition.

"The next day, the bodies of these men were dragged to the outside of the town, and their carcases being given to the dogs, their limbs and heads were stuck on poles. My surviving companion, shortly after we had reached the council-house, was sent to another town, and I presume he was burnt and executed in the same manner.

"In the evening the men assembled in the council-house. This is a large building about fifty yards in length, and about twenty-five yards wide. Its height was about sixteen feet, the whole building being constructed of split poles covered with bark. Their first object was to examine me, which they could do in their own language, inasmuch as I could speak the Miamee, Shawnee, and Delaware tongues, which I had learned during my early captivity in the last war. I found I had not forgotten these tongues, especially the two former, being

able to speak them as well as my native language.

"They began by interrogating me concerning the situation of our country: what were our provisions; our numbers; the state of the war between us and Britain. I informed them that Cornwallis had been taken, which next day, when Matthew Elliot, with George Girty, came, he affirmed to be a lie, and the Indians seemed to give full credit to his declaration. Hitherto I had been treated with some appearance of kindness, but now the enemy began to alter their behaviour towards me. However, I was not tied, and could have escaped; but having nothing to put on my feet, I waited some time to provide for this. In the meantime, I was invited to the war-dances, which they usually continued till almost day; but I could not comply with their desire, believing these things to be the service of the devil.

"The council lasted fifteen days, from fifty to one hundred warriors being usually in council, and sometimes more. Every warrior is admitted to these councils, but only the chiefs, or head warriors, have the privilege of speaking. The head warriors are accounted as such from the number of scalps they have taken. There was one council at which I was not present. The warriors had sent for me as usual, but the

squaw with whom I lived would not suffer me to go, but hid me under a large quantity of skins. It may have been from an unwillingness that I should hear in council the determination respecting myself, that I should be burnt.

"About this time, twelve men were brought in from Kentucky, three of whom were burnt on this day, the remainder distributed to other towns, and all, as the Indians informed me, were burnt. On this day also I saw an Indian who had just come into town, and he said that the prisoner he was bringing to be burnt, and who was a doctor, had made his escape from him. I knew this must have been Dr. Knight, who went out as surgeon to the expedition. The Indian had a wound four inches long in his head that the doctor had given him. He was cut to the skull.

"At this time I was told that Colonel Crawford was burnt, and they greatly exulted over it. The day after the council I have mentioned, about forty warriors, accompanied by George Girty, came early in the morning round the house where I was. The squaw gave me up. I was sitting before the door of the house; they put a rope round my neck, tied my arms behind, stripped me naked, and then blackened me in the usual manner. George Girty, as soon as I

was tied, cursed me, saying that now I should get what I had deserved many years. I was led away to a town distant about five miles, to which a messenger had been despatched, to desire them to prepare to receive me. Arriving at this town I was beaten with clubs and the pipe ends of their tomahawks, and was kept some time tied to a tree before a house-door. In the meanwhile, the inhabitants set out to another town about two miles distant, where I was to be burnt, and where I arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon.

"Here was also a council-house, part of it covered, and part of it without roof. In the part of it where no cover was, but only sides built up, there stood a post about sixteen feet in height, and in the middle of the house, around the post, there were three piles of wood built about three feet from the post.

"Being brought to the post, I had my arms tied behind me anew, and the thong or cord with which they were bound was fastened to the post. A fresh rope was put about my neck and also tied to the post about four feet above my head. During the time they were tying me, the piles were kindled and began to flame. Death by burning, which now appeared to be my certain fate, I had resolved to sustain with patience. The grace of God had made it less

alarming to me; for on my way this day, I had been greatly exercised in regard to my latter end.

"I was tied to the post as I have already said, and the flame was now kindled. The day was clear, and not a cloud to be seen: if there were clouds low in the horizon, the sides of the house prevented me from seeing them, but I heard no thunder, nor observed any sign of approaching rain. Just as the fire of one pile began to blaze, the wind rose. From the time when they began to kindle the fire and to tie me to the post, until the wind began to blow, about fifteen minutes had elapsed. The wind blew a hurricane, and the rain followed in less than three minutes. The rain fell violently, and the fire, though it began to blaze considerably, was instantly extinguished. The rain lasted about a quarter of an hour.

"When the storm was over, the savages stood amazed, and were a long time silent. At last one said, 'We will let him alone till morning, and take a whole day's frolic in burning him.' The sun at this time was about three hours high. The rope about my neck was now untied, and, making me sit down, they began to dance around me. They continued dancing in this manner until eleven o'clock at night, in

the meantime beating, kicking, and wounding me with their tomahawks and clubs.

"At last one of the warriors asked me if I was sleepy; I answered 'Yes.' The warrior then chose out three men to take care of me. I was taken to a block-house: my arms were tied, round my wrist and above my elbows, so tightly that the cord was hid in the flesh. A rope was fastened about my neck and tied to the beam of the house, but permitting me to lie down on a board. The three warriors were constantly harassing and troubling me, saying, 'How will you like to eat fire to-morrow? You kill no more Indians now.'

"I was in expectation of their going to sleep. When, at length, an hour before daybreak, two of them lay down, the third smoked a pipe, talked to me, and asked the same painful questions. About half an hour after, he also lay down, and I heard him begin to snore.

"Instantly I went to work; and as my hands were perfectly dead with the cord, I laid myself down upon my right arm, and, keeping it fast with my fingers, I stripped the cord from my left arm over my elbow and wrist.

"One of the warriors now got up and stirred the fire. I was apprehensive that I should be examined, and thought it was over with me, But my hopes revived when he lay down again. I then attempted to unloose the rope about my neck, and tried to gnaw it, but in vain, as it was as thick as my thumb and as hard as iron, being made of buffalo-hide. I wrought with it a long time but finally gave it up, and could see no relief.

"At this time I saw daybreak. I made a second attempt, almost without hope, pulling the rope by putting my fingers between my neck and it, and to my great surprise it came easily untied. It was a noose with two or three knots tied over it.

"I stepped over the warriors as they lay, and having got out of the house, looked back to see if there was any disturbance. I then ran through the town into a cornfield. In my way I saw a squaw with four or five children lying asleep under a tree. Going a different way into a field I untied my arm, which was greatly swelled and burnt black. Having observed a number of horses in the glade as I ran through it, I went back to catch one, and on my way found a piece of an old rug or quilt hanging on a fence. This I took with me.

"Having caught the horse, the rope with which I had been tied serving for a halter, I rode off. The horse was strong and swift; and the woods being open and the country level, about ten o'clock that day I crossed the Sciota River at a place about fifty miles from the town. I had ridden about twenty miles on this side Sciota by three o'clock in the afternoon, when the horse began to fail and could no longer go on a trot. I instantly left him and ran on foot about twenty miles further that day, making in the whole the distance of near one hundred miles. In the evening I heard hallooing behind me, and for this reason did not halt till about ten o'clock at night, when I sat down, was extremely sick, and vomited. But when the moon rose, which might have been about two hours after, I then went on my way, and travelled till daylight.

"During the night I had a path, but in the morning I judged it prudent to forsake the path and to take a ridge for the distance of fifteen miles, in a line at right angles to my course, putting back with a stick as I went along the weeds which I had bent, lest I should be tracked by the enemy. I lay the next night on the waters of the Muskingum. The nettles had been troublesome to me after my crossing the Sciota, as I had nothing to defend myself but the piece of rug which I had found, and which while I rode I used under me by way of a saddle. The briars and thorns were now painful too, and prevented me from travelling

in the night until the moon appeared. In the meantime, I was hindered from sleeping by the mosquitoes: even in the day I was under the necessity of travelling with a handful of bushes to brush them from my body.

"The second night I reached Cushakim. Next day I came to Newcomer's Town, where I got about seven raspberries, which were the first thing I ate from the morning in which the Indians had taken me to burn until this time, which was now about three o'clock on the fourth day. I felt hunger very little, but was extremely weak. I swam Muskingum River at Old Cromer's Town, the river being about two miles wide. Having reached the bank I sat down, and, looking back, thought I had a good start of the Indians, should any pursue.

"That evening I travelled about five miles, and the next day came to Stillwater, a small river, in a branch of which I got two small cray-fish to eat. Next night I lay down within five miles of Wheeling, but had not a wink during the whole time, it being rendered impossible by the mosquitoes, which it was my constant employment to brush away. Next day I came to Wheeling, and saw a man on the island in the Ohio, opposite to that post, and, calling to him, inquired for particular persons who had

been in the expedition, and told him I was Glover. At length, with great difficulty, he was persuaded to come over and bring me across in his canoe. Then was I safe."

## COLONEL ROSE'S TUNNEL

LIBBY PRISON. 1864

JAMES M. WELLS

ROM the village of Calhoun, on the Hiawassee River, the morning of the 26th of September, 1863, our little troop of cavalry began the retreat northward, hotly pursued throughout the day by the enemy under General Forrest, until just at daylight of the following morning, when near a small station called Mouse Creek, a number of our soldiers riding in the rear were cut off and captured, myself and two other officers being among the number. But the Confederates soon after halted, for they were now in the vicinity of Loudon, where a large force of Federal infantry was stationed, a territory upon which it was unpleasant, if not dangerous, for any small or detached command of Confederates to venture at that time.

At this point, by an officer who with a couple of men seemed to be exercising special jurisdiction over me, I was taken into a house which was known to me in raids made through that

<sup>\*</sup> Courtesy of McClure's Magazine.

country previously as a house occupied by Union people. The male members of the family had retreated with our troops during the night, two ladies being its only occupants.

While my escort was preoccupied in looking the place over, it occurred to me to give my money and watch (which I had previously taken the precaution to secrete in the leg of my boot) to one of these ladies, believing they were in sympathy with me, and much preferring them to the Confederates as heirs to my little personal effects.

Accordingly when an opportunity presented, I quietly removed my watch and money—some thirty odd dollars—from the place of their temporary concealment, and, without saying a word, or even giving her a look, handed them both to the lady who chanced to stand nearest and a little behind me.

She took them in silence, as they were offered, and without being observed by my captors, as I have always believed. Shortly after, we were taken up the road a mile or two, where the Confederate troops had halted in a wood. Stretching myself out on the ground for a little rest, I was presently accosted by a Confederate soldier who seemed to take a fancy to my boots, they being of an excellent quality. with high tops. I was finally persuaded to

take them off, when my curious friend gave me his shoes in return—"just as a keepsake," he said. They were so ragged that, in order to keep them on, I was compelled to tie them together with cotton strings. More soldiers gathered round, and, in compliance with oftrepeated demands, article after article of my wardrobe disappeared in exchange for others misshapen and curious enough. After this transformation, the picture I presented must have been amusing; with a pair of trousers made out of green baize (the material generally in use for covering billiard tables), six inches short in the leg, and large enough in the seat for Barnum's Fat Boy. Sharp search was made for money about my person, and they seemed to think it strange that an officer in the "Yankee" army carried no watch or other valuables

That afternoon all the prisoners, about one hundred and twenty-five in number, were started south, destined we knew not whither, nor into what fate the fortunes of war would eventually plunge us. All the remainder of that day and the following night we were hurried, on foot, with mounted guards on either side, over the same ground that marked the course of our retreat the day and night before, reaching Calhoun and the Hiawassee

River (the scene of our first conflict with the enemy forty-eight hours before) some time the next day. Having ourselves burned the bridge at this point, we could not well complain at being compelled to ford the stream, in water reaching above our waists.

The march on foot extended to Dalton, Georgia, a distance of about one hundred miles.

Reaching that place, footsore and weary, we were shipped in open cars to Atlanta, and there turned into a pen, or stockade, in company with twelve or fifteen hundred other prisoners, mostly captured at Chickamauga, and many of them wounded. After remaining in Atlanta two weeks, all who were able to be removed some ten hundred, I suppose—were shipped by way of Augusta, Columbia, and Salisbury to Richmond, Virginia. This trip, generally in box or open freight cars, occupied fourteen days more. On this journey promises were made (as we afterward found, for the purpose of keeping our men quiet and in order) to the effect that an exchange of prisoners would take place as soon as we reached Richmond.

Coming up from Petersburg, we crossed the long bridge just below Belle Isle, and were disembarked on the Richmond side of the James River, and in a body marched down Cary Street, to what most of us then believed was

some convenient place where an exchange of prisoners would soon be made. Visions of faraway homes, which we hoped soon to see in reality, were uppermost in our minds; but alas! these hopes proved a chimera, and all too many of our poor fellows never saw their homes again. For my own part, I remember to have read all the signs along the way, but of the great number thus observed only one fixed itself indelibly upon my memory. Halting under the shadow of a dark and frowning wall of brick and mortar, on casting my eye upward, there, over a broad entrance, in large black letters painted on a board, I read the words: "A. Libby & Son, Ship Chandlers and Grocers," and then, for the first time, it flashed upon my mind that we had reached our destination, and that the building in front of us was Libby Prison, and instinctively the familiar quotation from Dante came to my mind: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." At the windows, which were heavily barred, and standing a little back, could be seen the wan faces of our friends who had preceded us.

The officers of our number (I was at the time a second lieutenant in the Eighth Michigan Cavalry) were singled out and shown the way to the office, situated on the first floor of the "Hotel de Libby," while the enlisted men were sent to the Smith Building, Castle Thunder, Belle Isle, and other places.

At the office, after registering our names, rank, and regiment, we were relieved of the few valuables we chanced to have left. We were then conducted to the floor above, and put through a door which was immediately closed and bolted on the outside.

Our group, on entering, was quickly surrounded by the old prisoners, all anxious to learn something of the progress of the war and of their friends in the various commands to which they belonged, as the information the Confederates furnished was always meager and exceedingly unreliable.

For the first three months many of the prisoners lay on the bare floor without a thing in the world either over or under them, with nothing but their boots on which to lay their heads at night. Among the twelve hundred men confined there at the time, all officers in our service, of greater or less rank, were represented almost every trade and profession. Many were masters of science, art, and literature whose names were not unknown to fame. There were preachers, painters, sculptors, orators, and poets. Many were the curious and beautiful designs wrought from beef bones saved up for the purpose, after the bones had

first been picked to the very marrow by our hungry men.

The pencil and pen sketches, drawn on whatever even surface might be found, often showed evidences of genius and a cultivated hand. Among those more or less famous in music I remember one of the Lumbard family of Chicago, at that time celebrated singers of the Northwest. General Neal Dow, the father and founder of the Maine Liquor Law, treated us now and then to temperance lectures, which, in a practical view, seemed to be guite unnecessary, as food was very scarce and intoxicating drinks absolutely out of the question. Religious services were held quite frequently, but in an evil hour a minstrel troupe was organized. which came near swamping religion and all else for the time being.

We were constantly hungry, and our dreams by night were filled with visions of home and loved ones, and tables spread with every conceivable luxury known to the culinary art, and on waking in the morning the old sensation of hunger came back with renewed force. In my more contrite and submissive moments I remember to have agreed with myself that, if spared to get out of that place, I would never ask nor require anything more or better to eat than bread and butter. Many a time I have

wakened in the night, gone down to the kitchen, and scraped the burned rice from the bottom of the kettles left soaking in water that they might readily be cleaned for the next meal.

Libby Prison, at the time of which I write, was situated between Cary and Canal Streets, in the city of Richmond, Virginia, the width of the building extending one hundred and ten feet from one street to the other, its sides running along either street one hundred and forty feet east and west. It was three stories high on Cary Street, with a basement cellar under the center of the building, making it four stories high on Canal Street. Across the width of the building, extending from the basement to the roof, were two partition-walls, dividing each floor into three rooms, or apartments, of equal size. Our prisoners at this time occupied the two upper floors, or the six upper rooms. The rooms were designated as the upper and lower east rooms, the upper and lower middle rooms, and the upper and lower west rooms. The middle room on the first floor below was used for cooking purposes, and was known as the "kitchen." It had three fireplaces in its east partition-wall. This kitchen was the only place in the building the prisoners had free access to, save the six rooms spoken of above. The fireplaces were not utilized, but

in front of each one of them were three stoves, the pipes of which went into the chimney-flues running upward above the fireplaces. The flues did not extend below this floor, so the partition-wall from here down was solid. The east room on the first floor was used for hospital purposes; the west room was the office where the prison officials were quartered, and the basement beneath was divided up into dungeons for the confinement and punishment of unruly prisoners. The doors and windows of the prison were barred like those of a jail.

Aside from the effects of hunger, there was a feeling of unrest among many of the prisoners, which, if yielded to, often led to serious despondency and even insanity. Plan after plan was devised for escape, only to be proved impracticable. In the dead hours of the night, men could be seen prowling around the prison, in the hope that some means of escape might offer. Often, on dark, stormy nights, the guards would come up for temporary shelter, under cover of the prison walls, where, unobserved by any one from the outside, they would enter into conversation with the prisoners, often giving expressions of sympathy. Among them frequently was found a man of Northern birth who had been conscripted into the Confederate army and was at heart a Unionist. Bribes were sometimes offered by the prisoners, and taken by the guards; but attempts to escape by that means generally resulted in the prisoner being handed over to the authorities, after he had gotten outside and given up his valuables.

At one time a plan was laid for a general escape of all the prisoners then in Richmond. There were then fifteen or twenty thousand confined in the various prisons in different parts of the city. At a preconcerted signal these were to break out, overpower the guards, take their arms, seize the Tredagar Iron Works, where, it had been learned from the daily papers which reached the prison occasionally, there were enough small arms and ammunition stored to put a loaded gun into the hands of every prisoner. Successful thus far, the design was to take possession of the city and the Confederate Congress, then in session (including President Davis), and hold them until aid could come from our forces in Virginia. The signal for the outbreak was fixed; every prison had its special duty assigned, and the day of the night on which the attempt was to be made came, when lo! the secret had been revealed by some traitor in the prison.

After this misadventure it was then resolved that any new plan should include only men whose sagacity and fidelity could be implicitly relied upon. By their continued movements at night the prisoners most desirous of escape gradually came to know each other, and to take counsel together, and in this way a compact association, consisting of only fifteen men, was formed in Libby, and tunneling was decided upon. An effort to go out through a large sewer was abandoned as impracticable, after considerable time and labor had been lost.

It was finally determined to begin in the basement under the east end of the building, a place familiarly known among the prisoners as "rat hell," and tunnel eastward, coming out under a carriage-shed attached to a large building on the opposite side of the street, where the escaping prisoners could lie screened from the observation of the guards around the prison behind a high board fence, extending from the ground to the roof of the shed, until they found it safe to emerge. The tunnel was to run under a short cross street reaching from Canal to Cary Street, at the east end of the prison.

But how was this cellar, which was to form the base of all operations, to be reached? The prisoners could not go into the hospital room and thence through the floor into the cellar, for in this room were nurses and guards who would at once discover the plan. They could not go into the basement, under the cook-room, and then through the partition-wall into the east basement, for fhere were guards on duty there all the time. Every step taken had to be kept a profound secret, not only from the Confederate authorities, but from the majority of the prisoners also; and until secure access to the cellar could be obtained nothing could be done.

It was finally determined to go behind the stoves in one of the fireplaces just described, and, taking out the bricks in the center, follow the partition-wall down below the floor on which the cook and hospital rooms were located. a distance of three or four feet, and then go through the wall into the cellar, thus escaping observation from every quarter. This was successfully accomplished. Major A. J. Hamilton, of the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, was the author of this plan, while Thomas E. Rose, later of the Sixteenth U.S. Infantry, then colonel of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, was the chief engineer of all tunneling operations and the leading spirit of the entire enterprise.

Beginning in the fireplace, then, the bricks were removed from the center of the wall, so as to make an opening wide enough to admit a man's body. From fifty to seventy five bricks were taken out. The work was all accom-

plished secretly and at night. After "lights out," or nine o'clock, at which time everybody in the prison was supposed to be lying down, two men, having first quietly removed the bricks, would go down, and take turns with each other in digging throughout the night. In the meantime, two or three others, detailed for that purpose, would remain on watch in different parts of the prison, and be ready to give the signal and help the two workmen up on the first approach of day. The night's work done, the bricks were carefully replaced, covered over with soot and dirt, which was always plentiful behind the stoves, and in this condition the place was left secure from observation until night came on again. This operation was repeated nearly every night for about seven weeks.

The authorities made regular tours of inspection through the prison every day, while hundreds of prisoners were in this room and about these stoves, engaged in cooking from early morning till nine o'clock at night, and yet not more than twenty or twenty-five men ever knew of the work until it was nearly all accomplished. From the bottom of the cellar an opening was first made through the stone wall, some four or five feet thick, and then the work

of excavating began. Clam shells and caseknives were the principal tools used, and with these simple instruments a tunnel sixteen inches in diameter, eight or nine feet below the surface of the ground and about sixty feet long, was dug.

As the work progressed, difficulty in removing the dirt from the tunnel was experienced. To overcome this, a spittoon from one of the rooms above—a box about eight inches square and five inches deep—was taken down into the cellar; and the man digging inside would pull the box in by means of a cord attached to one side, and, after filling it with dirt, give a signal, when the man in the cellar, by another string, would pull it out and empty it. By this slow and wearisome process the whole mass of dirt was removed.

The back end of the cellar, or basement, was not used by the authorities, and was seldom invaded by any person or thing except rats; but it was filled several feet deep with straw, which had been placed there for hospital purposes, though not in use at that time. As the dirt from the tunnel came out, it was spread evenly over the bottom of the cellar and covered with this straw, thus concealing it from observation through the day. The front part of the cellar

was used as a store-room, and attachés of the prison were in and out by day, but seldom, if ever, at night.

When the tunnel had reached a distance of twenty feet, the air became so foul that one man had to fan at the open mouth while the other man dug. So foul was it at times, that a candle would not burn; yet, to dig successfully, light was found to be a necessity as well as air. Lights were obtained by stealthily taking a portion of the candles furnished the various rooms each night.

Those who had been let into the secret of the tunnel now began to put themselves in readiness for the exodus, which they foresaw would mark the beginning of their greatest trials. To harden our limbs and muscles, persistent and continued walking and other physical exercises were resorted to. My comrade and myself once walked a distance of twenty-two miles around the room in a single day. I was nearly barefooted, and for a long time had had my eye on a pair of boots belonging to one Lieutenant Mead, of a Union Kentucky regiment. I had received a box from home and had offered Mead many of my choicest things for his boots, for boots I must have before making the escape. But Mead, who knew nothing of the tunnel, or the special purpose for which the boots were

wanted, was inexorable. I had often tried them on to show how well they fitted meeven better, I thought, than they fitted Meadbut to no effect; it was no go. When the night came for the escape, I lay down by Mead's side, according to my custom, and as if for the usual night's rest. An hour had not passed before Mead was wrapped in profound slumber, when I pulled on his boots, and, like the Arab, folded my tent, and silently stole away. I still lacked a hat; but, in passing out among my sleeping comrades, I stumbled upon one belonging to Lieutenant Thomas McKee, of the First West Virginia Regiment, who nightly shared the luxuries of the floor with me in that immediate neighborhood, and, without compunction or further ceremony, I hurriedly placed it where, in my own judgment at least, it would do the most good.

There was no way of judging of the distance across the street under which the tunnel ran, save as it was measured by the eye from the windows above. So, when the tunnel had been carried far enough, as was believed, to reach the carriage-shed, it was thought best by those in charge of the digging to prospect by means of a small hole dug upward for the purpose. The men engaged below that night commenced running up at an angle of forty-

five degrees. A short time before this, some workmen had been employed in the prison, making repairs and strengthening the doors and windows. It was their custom to leave their tools in the prison overnight, and these, used by them for fastening our chains, were now made use of by the tunneling party in cutting them loose; for, one night, from the carpenter's outfit, our fellows stole an auger and chisel, and carried them down into the cellar for use in that quarter, and they were forever lost to the Confederacy, though they did good service in forwarding our escape. I believe the chisel was the principal tool in use the night the prospecting hole was made. The man engaged in digging was reaching ahead into the small opening, letting the dirt rattle back down the inclined plane, when suddenly the chisel went through the surface at a point full in the glare of a street lamp, and not more than ten or twelve paces from where a sentinel walked. The noise made by the chisel as it went through was heard by a guard, who asked another near by if he had heard the noise. He replied, "Yes," but that it was "nothing but rats." and both walked on. Their conversation was plainly overheard by the real "rat" under the ground. The hole was at once stopped up with little stones and whatever material could be utilized for the purpose, and the main tunnel went on some ten or fifteen feet further.

The plan was, when the tunnel should be completed, to let as many prisoners into the secret as could well get out in a single night, and then, leaving it to some one behind to cover up the excavations in the wall and so preventing the discovery of the tunnel by the Confederates, let as many more escape at another time.

On the night of the 9th of February, 1864, everything being in readiness, about two hundred men, who at this time had been let into the secret, were assembled in the cook-room, after nine o'clock, ready to take the desperate chances of escape. It was a trying moment. The digging of the tunnel had been a gigantic undertaking, accompanied with the greatest anxiety, hardship, and privation; and now, completed at last, it only opened the way to dangers no man of us could forecast.

About a dozen or fifteen men had gone down through the hole in the wall into the cellar, and my turn had just come, when a noise at the outside door caused a report to be circulated that those who had gone out had been captured, and that the guards were coming in to take us all under arrest. This was made the signal

for a general stampede across the room, a distance of one hundred and ten feet, to the stairway in the corner leading up to the rooms where the prisoners belonged. My partner, who was equipped with a haversack containing a scant supply of rations saved for the occasion and a map of the country which we had drawn up with a pencil, ran back with the crowd. I remained behind the stoves and reflected a minute. Listening at the door, I could hear no one coming in. "And if they do," said I to myself, "they know nothing of this hole and nothing of the tunnel, and, anyhow, I may just as well go down and out; it can be no worse for me." Accordingly down through the hole in the wall I went.

On reaching the tunnel, I found a young man by the name of White, a lieutenant from Erie, Pennsylvania, just going in. He said, "Wells, I will wait for you at the shed." I waited until he had made his way through, for, on account of the foul air, it was dangerous for more than one to enter the tunnel at once. I was soon through, dragging my overcoat on my legs, behind me. I found, on emerging, that White had gone, and that I was alone. I stretched myself up at full length and breathed the fresh air for the first time in six long

months. I felt the soft ground under my feet, and looked over and about me, as if to assure myself that it was not all a dream. I never felt a greater determination to accomplish a purpose in my life, and resolved to push on, and by continued efforts realize the benefits of the labors already performed, or perish in the attempt. My nerves were strung to the highest tension. All fear had vanished, and my senses were as alert and quick as those of a wild animal.

From the shed we had to pass through a gate which opened on Canal Street. Along this street, to within twenty steps of the gate, a sentinel walked, who, on reaching a certain point, would face about and go a distance of forty or sixty paces the other way. Taking advantage of the time when his back was turned, the prisoners opened the gate, and, stepping out on Canal Street, passed out of sight. In this manner all emerged from the gate, and one by one, or sometimes in parties of two or three. The alarm causing the prisoners to stampede from the cook-room proved to be a false one, and that night one hundred and nine men got out. Among the number was my partner, but after five days he was recaptured. Of the whole number who

went through the tunnel, only forty-eight got entirely away.

Watching my opportunity, I slipped out in the manner just described, and walked two squares down Canal Street. I had no fixed plan for getting out of the city, but was guided wholly by impulse, and by circumstances as they were presented, though my general purpose was, by some means, if possible, to place the Chickahominy River, which to the northward was not more than six miles distant, between myself and Richmond that night. My especial object in this was to baffle any pursuit that might be made with dogs.

The Federal uniform which I wore was rather an advantage to me than otherwise, for the Confederate soldiers had appropriated clothing sent by our Government, and were then commonly wearing our uniforms on the streets. After reaching the borders of the city, out of reach of the street lamps, I took the center of the road and made my way as quietly and rapidly as possible. But soon I discovered a light immediately in front. I dropped upon the ground, and, watching closely, saw a sentinel pass the light with a musket at right shoulder. The place I took to be a guard-house or perhaps a hospital. I then crept on my hands and knees some distance around, thus

flanking the light and the sentinel, and, soon after, came to the fortifications around the city, where I apprehended great danger and difficulty in eluding detection and arrest. On these fortifications were large siege guns in position, and sentinels mounted on the parapets. For more than an hour I felt my way along, never standing up at full height, and most of the time on my hands and knees. My caution and perseverance finally brought me safe out upon an open plain, far beyond the city's limits and defenses.

Presently I came into a dense thicket on low bottom-land, covered here and there with water. I believed myself near the Chickahominy. Coming to some flood wood on the edge of a considerable body of water as black as midnight, I broke off a large piece of the light-colored bark and threw it into the water, deeming that if it floated off, the water was that of the river. It did float off, and immediately I proceeded to place the stream between myself and Richmond. In doing this, however, I had to wade in water and mud waist deep.

I had barely reached the uplands on the north side, when daylight came on, and I at once sought a hiding-place for the day. This I found a little further on, by crawling inside an old inclosure which had grown up to a dense

thicket of laurel and other brush. As the day approached, I could hear the voices of the Confederate soldiers encamped near the river a half-mile away. About nine or ten o'clock I heard a body of cavalry coming up the road from the direction of Richmond and, standing up, could just see their heads as they passed on the gallop, not more than two hundred yards distant.

These men, as I readily divined, were in pursuit of escaped prisoners, for that morning at the accustomed roll-call, one hundred and nine men had failed to put in their appearance, and Confederate cavalry, infantry, and trained dogs were at once brought into requisition to hunt down the fugitives. A rigorous search was also instituted to discover, if possible, the means of our escape; but some of our men, by previous arrangement, took the precaution to stop up the places of egress, at the same time prying off a bar from the window and hanging out a rope made by tying together strips of blankets. This ruse led the authorities to suppose we had escaped through the window, having first bribed the guards. This deceived them for a while, and the guards and officers on duty were arrested and sent to the guardhouse, all the while protesting their innocence. Search was then made throughout the day, and

it was not until nearly nightfall that a colored boy, chancing to go into the shed, discovered the hole where we had emerged; but for many days thereafter they did not learn how we went into the cellar from the cook-room.

My hiding-place was on a gentle slope of land at the lower end of which was a spring, where some colored women came that day to do their washing. I could hear their conversation, and about the time the cavalry passed up the road I heard them say something about "de Yankee prisoners." Chickens and hogs came about me through the day, all seeming to view me suspiciously, the hogs especially; these would dash away with a boo-a-boo, after looking at me intently for a moment. This, I feared, greatly increased the chances of my discovery and capture.

When night came, after first taking an observation, I moved on, and presently came into a road which I ventured to follow for a short distance before turning into the brush again. In passing, I noticed some saw logs, and it occurred to me that there must be a mill not far off. Soon, at a point where the road forked, I saw a man coming toward me, and, believing that the country must now be all up in arms about our escape, this gave me great anxiety. But I decided that it would not do for me to

show signs of fear or hesitation, and I accosted the unwelcome stranger with: "Good evening, sir; can you tell me which of these roads will take me to the mill?" He said, "To Gaines's mill?" and I said, "Yes"; and then told him I had an uncle living down there somewhere by the name of Jackson, and asked if he knew of any of the Jackson family. He said he thought there was a man, not far from the mill, by the name of Henry Jackson, and I assured him that Henry Jackson was the very man I was looking for, and told him that I belonged to the First Virginia and had just obtained a furlough for a few days, for the purpose of paying my relatives a visit. I then hurried on my way.

Toward morning I came to a cross-roads where there was a mile-post and finger-board. I climbed the post, and, holding on by one hand, with the other struck a match which I had carried in my pocket for a long time. On the board was an index finger, pointing nearly in the direction I had been traveling for the past two hours, and beneath it the words, "Twelve miles to Richmond." I had then traveled the greater part of two nights and made but twelve miles. By this time hunger and fatigue and loss of sleep were closing in upon me with a deathlike grip. I pushed on, however, though

from sheer exhaustion often stumbling and falling to the ground. In going through an open woodland, I suddenly came upon an encampment of Confederate teamsters, doubtless a quartermaster's train carrying provisions to the army about Richmond. Some of the men were up knocking about among the mules and wagons. It was very dark. Assuming the rôle of a driver, and bursting out in the vernacular common to the class, I walked up to a mule and gave him a kick in the ribs, and in a gruff voice commanded him to "stand around." Repeating this and similar operations two or three times, I soon, and without interruption, made my way through the encampment.

When morning came, I again sought a hiding-place. Shivering and hungry throughout that day, and unable to move for fear of detection, I had a good opportunity to reflect upon the mutability of human affairs and the vicissitudes of a soldier's life. Night coming on, I again took my bearings, and was about to start out, when I overheard footsteps in the brush not far distant, and, crouching down like a frightened rabbit, awaited developments. Nearer and nearer the steps came. I thought I had been discovered, and that my time had come, for now I could distinguish the steps of two persons. Soon into plain sight, almost on

tiptoe, walked two escaped prisoners, McCain, of the Twenty-first Illinois, and Randall, of the Second Ohio Regiment. I recognized them at once, and I hailed them in a whisper. They shared with me from their scant rations of corn bread, and then, for the first time in thirty-six hours, I tasted food. We here traveled on together; and once or twice during the remainder of the week we obtained provisions of colored men, who were true to the escaped prisoners in every instance.

We had been traveling four nights, all the time in the woods, and Sunday morning found us well-nigh exhausted. We came to the conclusion that it would be impossible to travel in that way any longer, and so, after lying down for an hour or more for a little rest, we started out for the first time by daylight. Following up a ravine, we soon came out into an open field inside of which was a school-house or church, and people, evidently attending service, had already begun to assemble. Beyond ran a road which forked near the school-house, and not more than one hundred and fifty yards from our hiding-place in the brush. Two or three little dogs came uncomfortably near, and, while we were debating what course to pursue, about seventy-five cavalrymen rode by and halted at the fork of the road. Randall volun-

teered to crawl around to the road below the school, to see if it were possible for us to cross in that direction unobserved. He disappeared in the brush, and we never saw him again, but the report of three or four guns fired down the road in the direction he had taken led us to suppose he had been shot and killed. One of the dogs now discovered McCain and myself, and commenced barking furiously. We started back down the ravine, keeping, as far as possible, under cover of the brush. The firing below and the barking of the dog had set the soldiers and everybody else on the qui vive. We were discovered in our flight and pursued by cavalrymen, but finally eluded them. Through the rest of the day we remained in the swamp, closely secreted, being fully satisfied with our experience in trying to travel by daylight. When night came on, the weary march was resumed.

Coming to an opening, we discovered, some distance off, a man standing in the door-way of a cabin. Believing him to be colored, we had little hesitancy in approaching him; but on coming to within a few paces, we found him to be a white man. It was then too late to back out, and putting on a bold front, we walked up and asked him for something to eat, telling him at the same time that we were Yankee prisoners

recently escaped from Libby Prison, and that we were likely to perish for want of food. He told us that he had already heard of the escape, that he had been a Confederate soldier, and that he knew something of the life of a soldier. "But," said he, "I never turned a hungry man away from my door yet, and do not propose to do so now." Whereupon, by his invitation, we followed him into the house. He gave us three or four dry biscuits, stating that they constituted his whole store of provisions. He appeared friendly and kind from the start, but we followed him into the house, fearing he might possibly bring out a musket instead of meat. He even directed us which way to go to avoid detection and capture, and told us that we were only a short distance from the York River, where a gunboat flying the American flag had passed down not more than an hour before.

Our objective point now was Yorktown, or Williamsburg, the nearest point where our troops were stationed. We had gone a long distance out of the way, and must now travel south. I had lost my hat, our clothing hung about us in rags, and all the time we were getting weaker and weaker. On the night of the seventh day out, there came a terrible storm of sleet and rain, and, raking up a quantity of dry leaves by the side of a large log, and cover-

ing them with boughs, we crawled under, lying closely together for shelter and warmth and rest. How long we had lain there I do not know, but presently I was awakened by McCain, who said we must get up and go on or we would surely perish. I agreed with him, but neither of us made an effort to rise. While lying in this state of half-stupor, I found my memory was failing me, and that I could not recall my only brother's name. Suddenly, as by a concert of thought as well as action, we sprang to our feet, and soon found ourselves in an open field near a road which proved to be the Williamsburg Pike, though at the time we were in doubt as to the fact. We concluded to follow it in the direction of Williamsburg, as we believed; but, for safety, we kept back a little distance in the field. Presently we heard cavalry coming ahead of us. We had already had a little experience with Confederate cavalry and were not anxious to repeat it. But these might be our friends. We were on neutral ground, at least, and very near our own lines. It was a great risk to hail them, and a great risk to let them pass by unchallenged, for it was becoming apparent that we could not stand the pressure much longer. Approaching within a few paces of the road, we secreted ourselves in the weeds and brush. By the clatter

of the iron scabbards I knew the cavalrymen were armed with sabers (it was too dark to see), and I told McCain this was to me an evidence that they belonged to our side, for the Confederate cavalry as a rule were not armed with sabers. They came up and passed on, but nothing occurred and no word was spoken to give us any clew to their identity. The situation was terrible. The cold, freezing rain was now coming down in sheets, and our bones were chilled to the very marrow. The main column had got by and the rear guard, about twenty in number, were in front of us. We could endure it no longer, and resolved to hail them. Accordingly, we both stood up, and I cried out, "What regiment is that?"

As quick as thought, wheeling their horses into line along the fence, and at the same time drawing their pistols, they demanded our immediate and unconditional surrender. The click of the hammers, which we could plainly hear as they came into position, added to the horror of the moment. My hair actually stood on end. I said to McCain: "We are gone up." With this he seemed to agree, and replied that we had better surrender, as our lives depended upon it, and that no time was to be lost. Accordingly, we threw up our hands and together cried out, "We will surrender." On

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going to the fence we discovered that we were in the hands of a detachment of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, which had been sent out as a rescuing party, and had made every provision for our further comfort and safety.

## THE FORTRESS OF GLATZ

BARON TRENCK \*

READ much during my confinement at Glatz, where books were allowed me; time was therefore less tedious; but when the love of liberty awoke, when fame and affection called me to Berlin, and my balked hopes painted the wretchedness of my situation; when I remembered that my loved country, judging by appearances, could not but pronounce me a traitor; then was I hourly impelled to rush on the naked bayonets of my guards, by whom, to me, the road of freedom was barred.

Big with such-like thoughts, eight days had not elapsed, since my last fruitless attempt to escape, when an event happened which would appear incredible, were I, the principal actor in the scene, not alive to attest its truth, and might not all Glatz, and the Prussian garrison, be produced as eye and ear-witnesses. This accident will prove that adventurous, and even rash, daring will render the most improbable undertakings possible, and that desperate attempts may often make a General more for-

<sup>\*</sup> From his Memoirs.

tunate, and famous, than the wisest and best concerted plans.

Major Doo came to visit me, accompanied by an officer of the guard, and an adjutant. After examining every corner of my chamber, he addressed me, taxing me with a second crime in endeavoring to obtain my liberty; adding, this must certainly increase the anger of the King.

My blood boiled at the word crime; he talked of patience; I asked him how long the King had condemned me to imprisonment? He answered—"A traitor to his country, who has corresponded with the enemy, cannot be condemned for a certain time; but must depend, for grace and pardon, on the King."

At that instant I snatched his sword from his side, on which my eyes had some time been fixed, sprang out of the door, tumbled the sentinel from the top to the bottom of the stairs, passed the men who happened to be drawn up before the prison-door to relieve guard, attacked them, sword in hand, threw them suddenly into surprise by the manner in which I laid about me, wounded four of them, made through the rest, sprang over the breastwork of the ramparts, and, with my sword drawn in my hand, immediately leaped this astonishing height, without receiving the least injury. I leaped the second wall with equal

safety and good fortune. None of their pieces were loaded; no one durst leap after me, and, in order to pursue, they must go round through the town and the gate of the citadel; so that I had the start full half an hour.

A sentinel, however, in a narrow passage endeavoured to oppose my flight, but I parried his fixed bayonet, and wounded him in the face. A second sentinel, meantime, ran from the outworks, to seize me behind, and I, to avoid him, made a spring at the palisadoes; there I was unluckily caught by the foot, and received a bayonet wound in my upper lip; thus entangled, they beat me with the butt-end of their muskets, and dragged me back to prison, while I struggled and defended myself like a man grown desperate.

Certain it is, had I more carefully jumped the palisadoes, and dispatched the sentinel who opposed me, I might have escaped, and gained the mountains. Thus might I have fled to Bohemia, after having, at noonday, broken from the fortress of Glatz, sprung past all its sentinels, over all its walls, and passed with impunity, in despite of the guard, who were under arms, ready to oppose me. I should not, having a sword, have feared any single opponent, and was able to contend with the swiftest runners.

That good fortune which had so far attended me, forsook me at the palisadoes, where hope was at an end. The severities of imprisonment were increased; two sentinels and an under-officer were locked in with me, and were themselves guarded by sentinels without: I was beaten and wounded by the butt-ends of their muskets, my right foot was sprained, I spit blood, and my wounds were not cured in less than a month.

I was now first informed the King had only condemned me to a year's imprisonment, in order to learn whether his suspicions were well founded. My mother had petitioned for me, and was answered—"Your son must remain a year imprisoned, as a punishment for his rash correspondence."

Of this I was ignorant, and it was reported in Glatz, that my imprisonment was for life. I had only three weeks longer to repine for the loss of liberty, when I made this rash attempt. What must the King think? Was he not obliged to act with this severity? How could prudence excuse my impatience, thus to risk a confiscation, when I was certain of receiving freedom, justification, and honour, in three weeks? But, such was my adverse fate, circumstances all tended to injure and persecute me, till at length I gave reason to suppose

I was a traitor, notwithstanding the purity of my intentions.

Once more, then, was I in a dungeon; and no sooner was I there than I formed new projects of flight. I first gained the intimacy of my guards. I had money, and this, with the compassion I had inspired, might effect any thing among discontented Prussian soldiers. Soon had I gained thirty-two men, who were ready to execute, on the first signal, whatever I should command. Two or three excepted, they were unacquainted with each other; they consequently could not all be betrayed at a time; and I had chosen the sub-officer, Nicholai, to head them.

The garrison consisted only of one hundred and twenty men from the garrison regiment, the rest being dispersed in the country of Glatz, and four officers their commanders, three of whom were in my interest. Every thing was prepared; swords and pistols were concealed in an oven, which was in my prison. We intended to give liberty to all the prisoners, and retire with drums beating into Bohemia.

Unfortunately an Austrian deserter, to whom Nicholai had imparted our design, went and discovered our conspiracy. The governor instantly sent his adjutant to the citadel, with orders that the officer on guard should arrest

Nicholai, and, with his men, take possession of the casemate.

Nicholai was one of the guard, and the lieutenant was my friend, and, being in the secret, gave the signal that all was discovered. Nicholai only knew all the conspirators, several of whom were that day on guard. He instantly formed his resolution, leaped into the casemates, crying—"Comrades, to arms, we are betrayed!" All followed to the guard-house, where they seized on the cartridges, the officer having only eight men, and, threatening to fire on whoever should offer resistance, came to deliver me from prison; but the iron door was too strong, and the time too short, for that to be demolished. Nicholai, calling to me, bid me aid them, but in vain; and perceiving nothing more could be done for me, this brave man, headed nineteen others, marched to the gate of the citadel, where there was a sub-officer and ten soldiers, obliged these to accompany him, and thus arrived safely at Braunau, in Bohemia; for before the news was spread through the city, and men were collected for the pursuit, they were nearly half way on their journey.

Two years after, I met this extraordinary man at Ofenbourg, where he was a writer; he entered immediately into my service, and became my friend; but died some months after of a burning fever, at my quarters in Hungary, at which I was deeply grieved, for his memory will ever be dear to me.

Now I was exposed to all the storms of ill fortune; a prosecution was entered against me as a conspirator, who wanted to corrupt the officers and soldiers of the king. They commanded me to name the remaining conspirators; but to these questions I made no answer, except by steadfastly declaring I was an innocent prisoner, an officer unjustly broken; unjustly, because I had never been brought to trial; that consequently I was released from all my engagements; nor could it be thought extraordinary that I should avail myself of that law of nature which gives every man a right to defend his honour defamed, and seek by every possible means to regain his liberty; that such had been my sole purpose in every enterprise I had formed, and such should still continue to be; for I was determined to persist, till I should either be crowned with success, or lose my life in the attempt.

Things thus remained; every precaution was taken, except that I was not put in irons; it being a law in Prussia that no gentleman, or officer, can be loaded with chains, unless he has first for some crime been delivered over to the

executioner; and certainly this had not been my case.

The soldiers were withdrawn from my chamber; but the greatest ill was, I had expended all my money, and my kind mistress, at Berlin, with whom I had always corresponded, which my persecutors could not prevent, at last wrote—

"My tears flow with yours; the evil is without remedy—I dare no more—escape if you can. My fidelity will ever be the same, when it shall be possible for me to serve you.—Adieu, unhappy friend! you merit a better fate."

This letter was a thunderbolt:—my comfort however still was, that the officers were not suspected, and that it was their duty to visit my chamber several times a day and examine what passed; from which circumstances I felt my hopes somewhat revive. Hence an adventure happened, which is almost unexampled in tales of knight-errantry.

A lieutenant, whose name was Bach, a Dane by nation, mounted guard every fourth day, and was the terror of the whole garrison; for, being a perfect master of arms, he was incessantly involved in quarrels, and generally left his marks behind him. He had served in two regiments, neither of which would associate with him for this reason, and he had been sent to the garrison regiment at Glatz as a punishment.

Bach, one day, sitting beside me, related how the evening before he had wounded a lieutenant, of the name of Schell, in the arm. I replied, laughing—"Had I my liberty, I believe you would find some trouble in wounding me, for I have some skill in the sword." The blood instantly flew in his face; we split off a kind of a pair of foils from an old door, which had served me as a table, and at first lunge I hit him on the breast.

His rage became ungovernable, and he left the prison. What was my astonishment when, a moment after, I saw him return with two soldiers' swords, which he had concealed under his coat—"Now then, boaster, prove," said he, giving me one of them, "what thou art able to do!" I endeavoured to pacify him, by representing the danger, but ineffectually. He attacked me with the utmost fury, and I wounded him in the arm.

Throwing his sword down, he fell upon my neck, kissed me, and wept. At length, after some convulsive emotions of pleasure, he said—"Friend, thou art my master; and thou must, thou shalt, by my aid, obtain thy liberty, as certainly as my name is Bach." We bound up his

arm as well as we could. He left me, and secretly went to a surgeon, to have it properly dressed, and at night returned.

He now remarked that it was humanly impossible I should escape, unless the officer on guard should desert with me; that he wished nothing more ardently than to sacrifice his life in my behalf, but that he could not resolve so far to forget his honour and duty as to desert himself, while on guard; he notwithstanding gave me his word of honour he would find me such a person in a few days, and that, in the mean time, he would prepare every thing for my flight.

He returned the same evening, bringing with him Lieutenant Schell, and as he entered said—"Here is your man." Schell embraced me, gave his word of honour, and thus was the affair settled, and, as it proved, my liberty ascertained.

We soon began to deliberate on the means necessary to obtain our purpose. Schell was just come from garrison at Habelchwert to the citadel of Glatz, and in two days was to mount guard over me, till when our attempt was suspended. I have before said, I received no more supplies from my beloved mistress, and my purse at that time only contained some six

pistoles. It was therefore resolved that Bach should go to Schweidnitz, and obtain money of a sure friend of mine in that city.

Here I must inform the reader that, at this period, the officers and I all understood each other, Captain Roder alone excepted, who was exact, rigid, and gave trouble on all occasions.

Major Quaadt was my kinsman, by my mother's side; a good friendly man, and ardently desirous I should escape, seeing my calamities were so much increased. The four lieutenants, who successively mounted guard over me, were Bach, Schroeder, Lunitz, and Schell. The first was the grand projector, and made all the preparations; Schell was to desert with me; and Schroeder and Lunitz, three days after, were to follow.

No one ought to be surprised that officers of garrison regiments should be so ready to desert. They are, in general, either men of violent passions, quarrelsome, overwhelmed with debts, or unfit for service. They are usually sent to the garrison as a punishment, and are called the refuse of the army. Dissatisfied with their situation, their pay much reduced, and despised by the troops, such men, expecting advantage, may be brought to engage in the most desperate undertaking. None of them can hope for their discharge, and they live in the

utmost poverty. They all hoped, by my means, to better their fortune, I always having had money enough; and with money nothing is more easy than to find friends, in places where each individual is desirous of escaping from slavery. The talents of Schell were of a superior order: he spoke and wrote six languages, and was well acquainted with all the fine arts. He had served in the regiment of Fouquet, had been injured by his colonel, who was a Pomeranian; and Fouquet, who was no friend to well-informed officers, had sent him to a garrison regiment. He had twice demanded his dismission, but the king sent him then to this species of imprisonment; he then determined to avenge himself by deserting, and was ready to aid me in recovering my freedom, that he might by that means spite Fouquet.

I shall speak more hereafter of this extraordinary man, that I may not in this place interrupt my story. We determined every thing should be prepared against the first time Schell mounted guard, and that our project should be executed on the next. Thus, as he mounted guard every four days, the eighth was to be that of our flight.

The governor meantime had been informed how familiar I was become with the officers; at which, taking offence, he sent orders that my

door should no more be opened, but that I should receive my food through a small window that had been made for that purpose. The care of the prison was committed to the major, and he was forbidden to eat with me, under pain of being broken.

His precautions were ineffectual; the officers procured a false key, and remained with me half the day and night.

Captain Damnitz was imprisoned in an apartment by the side of mine. This man had deserted from the Prussian service, with the money belonging to his company, to Austria, where he obtained a commission in his cousin's regiment, who having prevailed on him to serve as a spy during the campaign of 1744, he was taken in the Prussian territories, known, and condemned to be hanged.

Some Swedish volunteers, who were then in the army, interested themselves in his behalf, and his sentence was changed to perpetual imprisonment, with a sentence of infamy.

This wretch, who, two years after, by the aid of his protectors, not only obtained his liberty, but a lieutenant-colonel's commission, was the secret spy of the major over the prisoners; and he remarked that, notwithstanding the express prohibition laid on the officers, they still passed the greater part of their time in my company.

The 24th of December came, and Schell mounted guard. He entered my prison immediately, where he continued a long time; and we made our arrangements for flight when he next should mount guard.

Lieutenant Schroeder that day dined with the governor, and heard orders given to the adjutant that Schell should be taken from the guard, and put under arrest.

Schroeder, who was in the secret, had no doubt but that we were betrayed, not knowing that the spy Damnitz had informed the governor that Schell was then in my chamber.

Schroeder, full of terror, came running to the citadel, and said to Schell—"Save thyself, friend; all is discovered, and thou wilt instantly be put under arrest."

Schell might easily have provided for his own safety, by flying singly, Schroeder having prepared horses, on one of which he himself offered to accompany him into Bohemia.

How did this worthy man, in a moment so dangerous, act toward his friend?

Running suddenly into my prison, he drew a corporal's sabre from under his coat, and said—"Friend, we are betrayed; follow me, only do not suffer me to fall alive into the hands of my enemies."

I would have spoken; but interrupting me,

and taking me by the hand, he added—"Follow me—we have not a moment to lose." I therefore slipt on my coat and boots, without having time to take the little money I had left; and, as we went out of the prison, Schell said to the sentinel—"I am taking the prisoner into the officer's apartment; stand where you are."

Into this room we really went, but passed out at the other door. The design of Schell was to go under the arsenal, which was not far off, to gain the covered way, leap the palisadoes, and afterward escape after the best manner we might. We had scarcely gone a hundred paces before we met te adjutant and Major Quaadt.

Schell started back, sprang upon the rampart, and leaped from the wall, which was there not very high. I followed, and alighted unhurt, except having grazed my shoulder. My poor friend was not so fortunate, having put out his ankle. He immediately drew his sword, presented it to me, and begged me to dispatch him, and fly. He was a small weak man; but, far from complying with his request, I took him in my arms, threw him over the palisadoes, afterwards got him on my back, and began to run, without very well knowing which way I went.

It may not be unnecessary to remark those

fortunate circumstances that favoured our enterprise.

The sun had just set as we took to flight; the hoar frost fell. No one would run the risk that we had done, by making so dangerous a leap. We heard a terrible noise behind us. Every body knew us; but before they could go round the citadel, and through the town, in order to pursue us, we had got a full half-league.

The alarm guns were fired before we were a hundred paces distant; at which my friend was very much terrified, knowing that, in such cases, it was generally impossible to escape from Glatz, unless the fugitives had got the start full two hours before the alarm guns were heard, the passes being immediately all stopped by the peasants and hussars, who are exceedingly vigilant. No sooner is a prisoner missed than the gunner runs from the guard-house and fires the cannon on the three sides of the fortress, which are kept loaded day and night for that purpose.

We were not five hundred paces from the walls when all, before us and behind us, were in motion. It was daylight when we leaped, yet was our attempt as fortunate as it was wonderful. This I attribute to my presence of mind, and the reputation I had already acquired, which made it thought a service of

danger for two or three men to attack me. It was, beside, imagined we were well provided with arms for our defence: and it was little suspected that Schell had only his sword, and I an old corporal's sabre.

## FROM A GERMAN PRISON

THE GREAT WAR

## JEAN MARTIN

HAD been transferred in April from a camp 150 kilometres from the frontier to another much nearer to it. I had scarcely arrived at my new abode when the idea of escaping took firm hold of me, and from that moment I was careful to neglect nothing that might be useful to me later on. I soon got to know some of the men who had been at the camp from its start, and made them tell me about the escapes that had been attempted, whether successful or otherwise. In all the stories I heard I found matter for reflection, and I gained from them hints and details of information that helped to swell the stock that I possessed, and should be able to use when need arose.

I heard about the famous attempts of some ingenious fellows who, under the noses of their keepers, dug in closets they had condemned as insanitary on their own authority a tunnel about forty metres long. This tunnel passed

under the protecting network, and beneath the very feet of the sentinels, to a place outside the camp. Everything failed at the last moment. I learned of the happy success of some, of the lamentable death or weary imprisonment of most of those who had endeavoured to escape. These stories tended to keep my impatience within bounds, and caused me to make up my mind not to attempt anything until I had the best possible chance of success.

I spent long hours, by day and night, studying the camp enclosure, the coming and going of the men on fatigue duty, the manner and uniform of the sentinels, and the change of guard. I thought over a hundred ways to escape, each more ingenious than the others; but finally, in spite of the few cases I had heard of, I came to the conclusion that it was practically impossible to get away from the camp, and that it would be unwise to be waiting there in culpable idleness for a chance of flight that would perhaps not come for months.

The gate of the camp was, in fact, strictly guarded during the day by a group of sentinels. At night it was closed, and was charged by an electric current. Sentries were always on the watch. Even supposing that, by some fortunate stratagem, a fugitive succeeded in deceiving for an instant the vigilance of the

soldiers, he would still have to pass in front of huts occupied by German infantry. These would not fail to arrest on suspicion any man not in a German uniform. It was best not to cherish false hopes, but to give up all idea of getting out through the gate.

As for getting over the barricades, it would have been mad to think of it. Only rats and birds could have done it. The camp was surrounded not only by a trellis of barbed wire two metres high, but also by an electric current of 5000 volts, and again was guarded by a network of barbed wire. Behind this wicked arrangement sentries were placed fifty metres apart. They kept strict watch. Beyond the line of sentinels a deep ditch, four metres deep and five wide, encircled the camp, and beyond that again, running parallel with it, was a mound five metres high and six wide at its base. It was consequently useless to dream of crossing this organisation of defence.

There remained the fatigue duty!

Every day some hundreds of men were taken into neighboring districts to work either in the fields or in industrial enterprises of various kinds. I went several times instead of one of the others, and that gave me the opportunity of getting familiar with the neighborhood and the habits of the civil and military population.

I discovered that there were no able-bodied men under about fifty years of age left in the district. The railway lines and the bridges were guarded by the military. Several plans came into my mind. I thought of disguising myself as an old woman, then as a Boche soldier, after having relieved one of my keepers of his uniform by a process that still remained to be discovered.

But all was idle fancy! The men on fatigue duty were carefully watched, and remained absent from the camp too short a time for a fugitive to get far enough away before his disappearance was noticed.

Still, as I had no choice, I resolved to turn my efforts in that direction, and I tried to obtain civilian clothes.

Those were not easily to be found in the camp. The clothes received from France were rigorously kept back by the Germans, and were only given to their owners when they had been adorned across the back by a wide, coloured stripe, sewn in the place of a band of cloth which as a precautionary measure had been cut away. The trousers were trimmed with yellow braid. In spite of my active search I could not find a coat that had not been cut.

One day notices were posted on the walls of the Kommandantur asking for voluntary workers for different duties outside the camp. That seemed to me an excellent chance for getting away, and I set myself to watch the notices until I discovered a duty that would take me into the country in the direction of the frontier. An opportunity occurred. I gave in my name, and one morning, carrying on my back all my earthly possessions, I took my place among forty men who were starting off to a neighboring forest to cut down trees.

At that time officers were not accepted for these duties, so I took care to get rid of my stripes.

I could scarcely control my excitement when, as a simple private, I left the camp which contained many of my friends, and to which I hoped I should never return. I felt like a criminal. I imagined that all eyes were fixed on me, and that the sentinels were watching me with special attention. I tried to look as insignificant as possible.

I should have liked, before setting off, to have in my possession a watch and a compass, but I did not succeed in getting them. Maps and compasses had been carefully confiscated by the Germans in the course of the numerous searches and examinations to which they had subjected us.

My first attempts at wood-cutting were not

fortunate, and attracted the attention of the sentinels and the contractor. I had to put a brave face on things, and after a few days, when my letters had revealed my rank, I made no secret of the fact that I was "Unteroffizier," and that wood-cutting was not my usual occupation. Then I set myself to win the confidence of my jailers by talking to them in German. They understood the motives that had made me take up the work, for I told them that the camp was unhealthy on account of the proximity of the Russians, and that it would become still more so in the heat of summer; that I was deadly sick of the monotonous idleness in which we were forced to stagnate; that work would be a healthy occupation for a man inclined to gloomy thoughts; that fresh air and the contemplation of nature would do me good, and that, finally, in my opinion work was liberty. These reasons seemed to them sufficient, and from then on we got along very well together.

All agreed that the present fatigue duty was a good one. The work demanded from us was not excessive. We were satisfactorily lodged in a loft, and we slept in hammocks. The food was about as good as we had in camp. Our keepers did not consider it a matter of duty to

make themselves disagreeable, and discipline was not severe.

Our pay was three pfennigs a day more, and we were allowed to arrange for articles of food and other wares to be bought for us in the village. Moreover, as the result of claims we made on the strength of conscientious and organised work, we succeeded in obtaining a daily allowance of a litre of milk for our midday meal. All these considerations brought it about that after some time my comrades considered me a dangerous being, whose escape would certainly lead to a change in the way they were treated, the withdrawal of certain privileges, and the inauguration of a more rigorous régime. As a matter of fact, the rumour got abroad that the "sous-off." intended to escape, and the French seemed to fear this event even more than the Germans.

I realised that I had to set to work in absolute secrecy, and so I did my best to calm these fears in order to be able one day to get away unnoticed. My comrades soon regained their confidence, and as time went by without anything occurring to spoil my reputation, I succeeded in withdrawing myself from notice among the crowd of workers.

In spite of the extreme prudence that I ob-

served with every one, I never missed a single opportunity of getting information as to the direction of the frontier. I tried to get details about the lie of the land separating me from the country of my dreams, about the population and its distribution, and the names of the towns and neighboring villages. It was our keepers especially who, unconsciously in the course of their conversation, furnished me with these facts.

After a week spent in working in the forest, to which we went every morning, I was set to work with five others to do some haymaking in connection with an important agricultural enterprise. We found it hard work, and I discovered what it was to get hay into barns. At midday we used to have our meal in the shade of a haystack in the meadows beside a stream. I succeeded in persuading our sentinel that a bath would be an excellent thing for us, and each day I disported myself under the complacent gaze of the German. I knew that a river separated me from the land of liberty, and I wanted to make sure that my wound would not prevent me from swimming.

This lasted for about a fortnight.

I had for a while thought of the possibility of getting away by the river, swimming by night and hiding by day in the tall grass on the

banks. But considering the distance to be covered I realised the difficulty I should have in bringing off successfully such a plan. How should I be able to escape the vigilance of the mounted patrols who kept passing along both sides of the river? How could I pass without being noticed through the one or two fairly important towns? I had to abandon the plan.

Then I thought of getting on board one of the barges that used to make their way along the river, but I learned that at the frontier the examination by the customs officials was so thorough that that way of escape offered not

the least chance of success.

My only way, decidedly, was to get away by land. I realised this, and turned my attention in that direction.

At the farm where I was employed labour was scarce, so most of the workmen came from the neutral country near by. I talked with them, and got them to tell me things that I wanted to know. For a little while I even thought that one of them, a young fellow who was actively engaged in smuggling (not to call it horse-stealing) would consent, for a pecuniary consideration, to guide me at night across the frontier by roads that he knew were safe. I should no doubt have managed to persuade him, but we were unfortunately recalled to the forest, and replaced in the agricultural work by others who had recently arrived from the camp. These were mere common farm-labourers who could not claim the title of wood-cutters. My plans fell through, and I felt furious.

From that time forward I had to rely on myself alone. Time passed, and our keepers had recovered from their mistrust. Little by little I got them used to not seeing me at the woodyard, first of all for a few minutes at a time, then for nearly an hour. When, after a long absence, they found me sitting in the shade of a heap of brushwood with a book in my hand, they merely came and talked to me about something or other, and then made me get back to work. They understood guite well that I was not accustomed to continuous hard labour. At times I thought how cruelly they would be undeceived when they knew of my departure, and discovered that I had tricked them. But how could I act otherwise? I had to lull their suspicions, calm their fears and abuse their confidence if I wished to succeed.

Days passed. I often said to myself: "It will be to-morrow." But I still needed a civilian coat. I could not dream of escaping in uniform.

Finally Fortune smiled on me. I managed one day to get hold of a thin cotton coat. I al-

ready had a waistcoat, and a cap made at the camp out of worn-out clothes, so that my ward-robe was sufficient. I resolved to set off the very next day if an occasion that was at all propitious presented itself.

I cannot attempt to describe in detail my last day of captivity. To make matters worse it was a Sunday, a day of rest. As a consequence my thoughts, not being distracted by any manual labour, would persist, in spite of all my efforts, in returning to the very subjects I should have liked to avoid, to the journey I had resolved to undertake. Now that I had made up my mind, my escape seemed to be fraught with infinite danger and peril. I tried to shake off my thoughts in the company of my comrades and the amusement of their games; but I could not succeed. I had continually before my eyes a picture, remarkable in its clearness, of my home people, who at times smiled and encouraged me in my adventure, at others reproached me with sad looks for being too rash. Painful moments! My will proved firm, and yet I was oppressed by fear, anguish and apprehension. Had I the right to risk my life? Was I not yielding to the impulse of the moment? Was I the victim of hallucinations, of my daily "auto-suggestion"? A moment of silent communion with those dearest to me made me realise clearly that the hour of action had at last come, that I must not let it pass, that it was a question of a strong effort of will, and that I was as ready then as I should ever be. I firmly decided not to put it off any longer, but to try my fortune the next day.

My heart was beating with unusual emotion when I wrote to my people a letter that should be given to them in case I lost my life in the attempt. Then I began my preparations, and stuffed some things into my bag. When that was done I went down, and in order not to awaken the suspicions of my companions I spent the remainder of the day in playing and chatting and joking with them. But it seemed to me that my smile was somewhat forced and my laugh unnatural. Night came, and soon in our loft I was the only one awake, thinking over my project.

Only a few hours more! I examined myself to see if I really had the courage and energy necessary for the enterprise. I found myself more doggedly determined than ever, and I pictured, far away, the joy and delight of those who were holding out their arms to strengthen and welcome me.

Sleep surprised me in the act of weaving fantastic plans.

I woke on Monday morning long before the others, long before the sentinel came at five o'clock to call out in his muffled voice, "Auf stehen." As a precaution against the coldness of the nights that were to come. I put two shirts on, one over the other, with a woollen coat in between. I got into two pairs of pants and wore two pairs of socks. At six o'clock we started. That day I was told off to go and take part in clearing some land. I considered it providential, for the new work would take me two or three kilometres nearer the frontier. I realised, however, that on account of the bareness of the land I should find it more difficult to get away than I should have done in the forest, where the trees would have sheltered me from observation.

I marched among my comrades, with my thoughts elsewhere and apprehension at my heart.

With seven other Frenchmen, under the strict guard of a sentinel, I started work with an ardour unknown before. The sentry was at our heels, and took care to count us frequently. He was a newcomer who, imbued with a feeling of his own importance and of the responsibility that had devolved upon him, took his work very seriously. I kept my eye on him, and watched his slightest movements in the

hope of discovering an instant's inattention which would favour my flight. No occasion presented itself during the morning. At about eleven o'clock a countryman came to ask for our help in turning his hay while the sun was shining. We floundered about in a swampy meadow, and I felt the water coming through my worn-out shoes. I fumed at the idea that my feet would soften, and that I should be less able to bear fatigue. Should I succeed in getting off? There seemed to be no sign of it. At length noon arrived, and abandoning our tools, we went to the place chosen for our meal.

Our sentinels went off half at a time to have their déjeuner in a neighbouring farm. The prisoners were now all together, so that it became more difficult to see at a glance whether the number was complete. My time was approaching. I decided to wait for the return of the first sentinels before leaving. In the meantime I forced myself to swallow some food, though I had difficulty in getting it down. I felt no appetite, and it was only by persuading and reasoning with myself that I could manage to swallow an egg and a few sardines.

The first group of sentries came back. They went and stretched themselves at full length in the sunshine to digest their food. I strapped my bag over my shoulder and then lay

down on my coat, quite close to the keepers. Under the caressing rays of the sun, yielding to the influence of the beer they had absorbed, and made drowsy by their meal, the German soldiers, with heads nodding, closed their eyes in spite of themselves and gave themselves up to a state of semi-consciousness. I determined to take advantage of this relaxed vigilance and get off at once. I gradually edged farther away, and managed to crawl to a little hollow in the ground.

My heart was beating as if it would burst. I wanted to go, and yet I felt as if an invisible chain was holding me back. I was running no risk so far, for even if it had been noticed that I was farther away than the others, this would not yet have caused suspicion. I reached a little bush that hid me from the sight of our sentinels. The next minute I made a complete change in my appearance. I had now broken the laws and was really an escaped prisoner. In a moment I got into my coat, put on the civilian's cap that I had brought, and with rapid movement I tore off the braid that was fastened by a few stitches only to the seams of my trousers. My toilette was complete. I was no longer a prisoner. I had passed the Rubicon, and was on my way towards prison and death-or liberty.

Hastily through the foliage I looked to make sure the Germans were not disturbing themselves. Then I drew myself up, and with the steady ordinary walk of a workman returning from his work, set off quickly. The chains were broken. I went off without casting a glance behind. A minute's walking brought me behind a ridge, and soon I could no longer be seen by our keepers, though it seemed to me as if they must pursue and arrest me. . . . Feeling myself free, I was tempted to rush along madly and joyfully, so as to put kilometres between me and my pursuers. But for a long time past I had been preparing for this moment, and I knew I must not yield to the impulse; I forced myself to walk more slowly than I wished, for it was prudent not to awaken the suspicions of the workers in the fields.

I soon reached a little village, which I crossed at a slow pace, limping as I went along. I thought thus to baffle pursuit, for a young able-bodied civilian could not fail to arouse suspicion. My wisest plan was to avoid towns and villages, so I made my way to a wood that I saw a little to the north. But there again I met women and children gathering whortleberries, so I abandoned the paths and made my way through the undergrowth.

After an hour's walking, directed so far as

possible towards the west, I had the impression of being followed by dogs, whose barking was certainly coming nearer. I crawled into a close thicket, and crouched down in the darkest part of it under the bracken. I heard a dog bark close to me, and I clenched my teeth at the thought that I was tracked. But it must have been simply the dog belonging to a ranger who lived a little way off, for I could soon distinguish the noise of the animal's chain and the crowing of a cock in the poultry yard. I should have to wait now till nightfall, and I spent long hours there listening anxiously for the least sound.

I was an escaped prisoner. I had succeeded in deceiving the vigilance of my keepers. That was a great deal, but I did not fail to realise that the most painful and difficult part was before me.

For some weeks past I had managed to get our sentinels to talk, and even the non-commissioned officers who were guarding us. They had confided to me the following details: the frontier was a dozen kilometres away as the crow flies; news of a prisoner who had escaped would be transmitted all over the neighbourhood by one hundred and fifty telegrams and three battalions of Landsturm stationed at X——; and in another town a search-party

would be organized, with police dogs to help. Civilians themselves, on the demand of the military authorities, would have to give up to them their own bloodhounds. A certain sum of money was promised to any one who should bring about the capture of the fugitive. More often than not it had been women or old men who had prevented our escaped comrades from getting successfully away. The punishment, always carefully announced in camp, was, in case of capture, forty-two days' solitary confinement, during which the prisoner only received one platter of food (and that a prisoner's portion) every two days. Often an "accident" happened and a man was killed. An adjutant who had escaped was one day fired at pointblank and was killed as he was peacefully returning, surrounded by the sentinels who had caught him.

I had neither map nor watch nor compass. Geographically my position was as follows: to the north-west a railroad, to the west a river to cross, then a railroad; X——, the last German town, was a little way this side of the frontier. The river Z—— was a little beyond the frontier. Once, then, I had crossed this river I should be safe.

I had hoped to get over the ground straight away in twenty-four hours at most, taking ad-

vantage of the surprise of the Germans, and so I had not troubled to bring much in the way of food. My estimate was at fault, as I discovered later to my cost.

As provisions for my journey, my pockets contained a pound of chocolate, a box of kola pastilles, some meat lozenges and some lumps of sugar.

I had started work in the forest wearing a long beard, the cut and colour of which were described on my description-slip. I shaved off this beard a little while after, and the day before my escape I sacrificed my moustache. Through motives of prudence, not of vanity, I had slipped into my pocket a glass and a comb, with which to perform my toilette.

My absence must apparently have passed unnoticed until an hour and a half after my disappearance, at the time when work began afresh.

My life as a hunted beast began.

Even for those who have no taste for violent emotion, this life presents a certain charm. It allows you to enjoy the majestic calm of the forest, to observe at close range the birds who, mistaking you perhaps for the trunk of an old tree, come flying round without fear and twitter and sing before going to sleep.

As night fell gently in the quiet forest I

allowed my thoughts to wander towards the dear land of France that perhaps I should never reach, towards the loved ones I might never see again. They were sad thoughts, it is true, but my will gained from them new strength and energy. Homeland, parents and friends seemed doubly dear, and I hoped with all my heart that no one over there would have any suspicion of the risks I was running, to which I had voluntarily exposed myself.

Night had now come; the sky was starry, all was silent in the sleeping villages. There was no sound except that made now and then by a half-awakened bird fluttering his wings. I made up my mind to start; the thick undergrowth of young firs was not favourable for walking, and the displaced foliage made a noise as I made my way through it, so I had to creep along under the lowest branches. I went on for about a hundred metres, and then found myself at the edge of the wood. The coldness of the wind made me shiver. The Great Bear was shining brightly, and the Pole Star showed me which way I had to go for the west. I went cautiously on, feeling a little uneasy at the noise of my steps over the fields of beetroot or potatoes. I often stopped to listen; a sound would startle me; I would discover that it was

a crackling branch, or a frightened hare scuttling off; then I would continue my way across fields and pasture-land, climbing over fences and crawling under hedges. I carefully avoided habitations where the barking of dogs would draw attention to me as I passed, and so I had to go rather slowly. At one time I had to cross another wood, which soon became very dense. It was a thorny thicket that was almost impossible to get through. Suddenly a sound similar to that which my own feet were making on the dead leaves attracted my attention. I stood motionless for a few minutes and listened. The sound stopped. Feeling assured, I started off again, but immediately from the same spot I heard the same crackling noise. I peered into the darkness and then saw, a few metres away behind a thick bush, two phosphorescent eyes fixed on me. It is a dog that is watching me, thought I, and his master cannot be far off. All is up. Then, as all was still again, I decided to go on, and left the wood without being pursued.

Day was beginning to dawn, and I could already hear men in the farmyards harnessing their horses. It would be dangerous to continue, so I stopped in a wood about two kilometres farther on. During the day I received

a visit from a wild cat. It was he, no doubt, who had given me my little fright the night before.

The place I had chosen was near the edge of the wood, so that during the whole day I could hear the peasants working in the fields. I was even afraid sometimes, when the sound of their voices came nearer, that they were coming into my wood, where there was scarcely anything to hide me. I was lying in the bed of a dried-up stream.

The day seemed long, and towards evening I was continually annoyed by mosquitoes, which took a malicious pleasure in alighting on my hands and face and biting them. Later on there was a heavy storm that lasted about two hours. The rain began to drench me. From that time I felt as if I had not a dry thread on me. It was Tuesday evening.

At nightfall I should have liked to go on, but I was troubled by the sound of people talking near me. Were they on my track? At last there was absolute silence. I came out from my hiding-place and continued my way to the west. In the meadows the long grass wetted me to my knees, inquisitive cows came to look at me as I passed by. All at once I heard the iron wire of a fence creak. I stopped uneasily in the middle of a field of pasture-land and saw

a man getting slowly over the fence. I thought that perhaps a signal had been sent and that some one was waiting for me there. I did not feel much more easy in my mind when I heard the man jump on a bicycle and go off at a great speed. I wanted, nevertheless, to continue on my way, for I met nobody; still, as I heard noises in the distance, I thought it more prudent to hide in a potato field. I remained there some time, flat on the ground, feeling very anxious. Then, getting on to the high road, I walked along it without meeting a living soul.

Towards morning I left the road and entered pasture-land again, in the middle of which there was a small thicket which offered shelter until the evening; it was terribly wet there, and I often regretted having stopped in that place, near which some shepherd boys kept constantly passing.

The day seemed interminable. I suffered from time to time from cramp in my legs. Then for the first time I could hear the German soldiers who, sent out in pursuit of me, were firing blank cartridges into the undergrowth. Several times I heard them a little way off in different directions talking. I waited motionless, weighing the chances I had of remaining undiscovered.

It rained again, frequently and heavily. I had had nothing to drink, since I started, and I was beginning to feel thirsty. In the evening a few birds came and sang over my head, and their warbling helped to pass the long hours that still separated me from night.

On Wednesday evening, when it was quite dark, and when all sounds of voices were stilled, I came out from my retreat and crawled to the edge of the little wood.

There again I heard a wire fence creak. I went cautiously forward and discovered that the noise was made this time by a poor cow, who, frightened by my appearance, had started rushing madly off. I made my way once more over meadows, cornfields and beetroot fields, with pauses more or less prolonged at each disturbing noise. I succeeded in getting past the farms without making any noise, without even waking the watchdogs; but in the fields it was different; suddenly some pheasants, disturbed in their sleep, rose from under my feet, flying heavily away and uttering loud cries. Would they betray me?

I had the impression of walking towards my death in the darkness. Each rick of oats seemed to me to be hiding a soldier whose cold bayonet would nail me to the earth without a sound. The night was cold, and I kept shiver-

ing as I lay with my ear to the ground, anxiously listening till all sound of rustling had ceased. I walked on slowly, peering into the darkness as I went, for the few stars there were did not shed much light. Going at right angles to the Great Bear, which I left on my right hand, I kept on my way towards the west. I thus reached the edge of a stream. As it was not deep I took off my shoes and stockings and crossed it easily. There at last, for the first time for two days, I was able to quench my thirst. Then followed meadows upon meadows. A light mist covered the ground, which looked like silver. It was getting light. Where should I find a hiding-place in the flat fields without trees or bushes? Having got through a hedge, I found myself on a high road. I was going to cross it when I heard, quite close to me, about fifty metres away, sounding mournfully in the grey morning light, the melancholy notes of the German réveillé. These sounds, made by lips that were only half-awake, caused my knees to give way under me. I had thought never again to hear the German bugle. An indescribable terror took possession of me, and I felt that I was going to be caught. To avoid the barracks I bore to the right. A hundred metres farther on a stream barred my way; there was no possibility of hesitating, and so, at four o'clock in the morning, without taking time to remove any of my clothes, I plunged in. I was out of my depth almost immediately, and swam to the opposite bank, a distance of about forty metres.

Had I been noticed by the sentinels on duty along the banks or by some one in the neighbourhood who liked early rising? Out of breath through swimming and with my clothes weighed down with water, I tried to hurry along in quest of shelter. I should have liked to continue walking so as to warm my chilled body, but I soon had to stop. I was in open country. I heard the voices of peasants going to their work, and I could not risk meeting even a civilian, for my soaked clothing would have betrayed me. Carefully moving aside the ears of corn, I got right into a cornfield and lay down in the middle of it. It was sunrise on Thursday.

I was wet to the skin, and I shivered in the cool morning air. My first care was to empty my pockets; blades of grass and leaves were sticking to the packets of chocolate; water had penetrated to the meat lozenges; instead of sugar I found nothing but sweet water. My stock of sugar was gone.

In my inner pockets I had some little photographs, the only things that I had brought with

me in my flight. I drew them out in a pitiful state. I spread out the chocolate, the photographs and my handkerchief in the warm rays of the rising sun. All around me men, women and children were busy reaping. I hoped they would not have the unfortunate idea of cutting the corn in the field where I lay hidden. Then the Boche soldiers came out from their barracks and went off singing. As on the previous day, they organised a search, and I felt as if their nets were closing in around me. A few men on patrol came to speak to the harvesters. At one time I heard one of them whistle to a dog in the next field. I trembled every instant at the thought of being discovered.

It was a good thing that I had crossed a river, for it was thanks to that that the police dogs had lost my track. There is no doubt but for that blessed circumstance I should certainly have been discovered. I lived through agonised moments, imagining every minute that I heard steps in the cornfield or saw the head of a hound rise above the yellow grain. Then noon came, and in its heavy heat I slept, unconscious of all around me.

Towards evening the search was renewed; shots were frequently fired. The sun, warm when it succeeded in piercing the clouds, dried my clothes; but suddenly a fresh shower soaked me once more. I began to feel weary. I had cramp in my legs, and I reckoned that my provisions could not last longer than till Sunday evening. I should have to reach the frontier some time during Monday at latest. Until then I had to content myself with two tablets of chocolate, ten meat lozenges and a few kola pastilles each day. I became feverish with thirst, the approach of night made me shiver with cold, and I waited impatiently for darkness and silence so that I could start off again. I was just going to get up when some German soldiers left the barracks singing. I could not think of starting until I knew which way they were going. One party went towards the west in a direction where I could hear the rumble of trains; the others went southwards. They fired for a long while and the noise echoed through the quiet fields. I heard in the distance the church clock strike the hours. Midnight, one o'clock, and still the Boches did not return. Finally, towards morning, after having been cold all night, I dozed and did not hear them come back. A night had passed and I had not advanced a step. Moreover, the cold and my wet clothes had cramped me and I could not manage to get warm.

Friday passed much as Thursday had done.

Towards evening there was a heavy storm which again drenched me, but I was thankful it came; my thirst was such that I was glad to open my now empty sugar-box to catch the big drops that were falling. I succeeded in getting in this way a little water that refreshed me; I sucked, too, the wet ears of corn. But I began to feel ill, my teeth were chattering violently; I was trembling all over and my head was aching.

I felt then that I could not stand another night out of doors; I had to get free the next day or else give up the hope of leaving Germany.

I waited impatiently for night. It came at last, but the soldiers who had set out in the evening had not returned and were still scouring the country. To move would be dangerous. Long hours passed. Should I have to keep still until the next day, as I had done the night before? At last, towards midnight, the patrol returned, shouting hoarsely into the night; but the moon was up and I had to wait until it had set. It went down with provoking slowness. When it had disappeared below the horizon I resolved to continue on my way. It was about two o'clock. My limbs refused to obey me; I kept saying, "Now I must get up," but I did nothing. I was a prey to fear greater than any

I had ever before experienced. My imagination was so excited that I seemed to feel Prussian bullets piercing my skull at the very thought of raising my head above the quivering corn. But at last, feeling ashamed of my cowardice, I drew myself up to my full height, making my joints crack, started off across the fields, and soon reached the high road leading to the last German town. Just as I was getting into it I heard steps behind me. I did not dare to turn round, but I gradually slackened my speed so as not to seem to be running away, and also, I might say, so as to be taken up as soon as possible if it really had to be. It was too unnerving to feel oneself followed. The heavy step came closer; soon the man and I were on the level. I saluted him with a rather husky "Guten Morgen"; he replied and went on. It was not he who would arrest me.

I continued on my way for several kilometres. I saw a bicycle left in a ditch. I had a great mind to jump on it and set off, but judging that it might belong to some one stationed to look out for me who had gone off to get help, I went on without yielding to the temptation.

Later, I crossed a railroad, which luckily was not guarded just there. Farther on, in the moving mist, rose the houses and church towers of a fairly large town. It was X——. I had

to avoid the town, and started going round it, some distance away, by lanes and paths.

At a corner by a hedge I turned and saw two men some way behind me; half a kilometre farther on they were still following me. Was I caught? I tried to walk in a natural manner, not hesitating when I had to choose between two paths. I went through sleepy villages where I saw very few people. Then I had to get into a more frequented path, and already I kept meeting cyclists, mostly young men who were going to their work at X-......... I even met some of the customs officers and a forest ranger. I spoke to them as I passed as if they were old acquaintances. To give myself a more jaunty look I had between my lips a piece of honeysuckle, gathered from a hedge as I came along. It hid the lines furrowed by fatigue and made me look more confident.

I can't think why I was not arrested. My clothes were drenched and covered with mud from my having had to sleep in the fields. My face was that of a man absolutely worn out, as I could see from my glass. My feet, that had been wet for five days and were cut by nails in my shoes, were swollen and hurt me, particularly at the ankles; my gait could not look natural. Anyhow, it seems as if the Germans are not very keen as detectives.

My road led me through a little village whose doors were only just beginning to open. A peasant woman was walking along a few steps in front of me. On leaving the houses we came both at the same time to a kind of turnstile. It creaked mournfully as the woman passed through. I was following directly behind her when I saw coming towards me an armed sentinel of the frontier guard. I had the feeling that there my journey would end, that this man was the one destined to put an end to my wanderings. I had been seen, so that it was useless to hide myself, and dangerous to run away. I could have overcome the man with a blow, no doubt, but others would hear his cries, the alarm would be given and I should not be able to escape. I did not know how far I was from the frontier, and, to tell the truth, I was so tired that I had not the strength for a violent physical effort. If my legs had had their strength of former days the Germans would not have caught me, but as it was, it would have been impossible for me to go far. The woman passed without seeming disturbed. The sentinel was about ten metres away. All the plans that came into my mind seemed useless and had to be rejected one after the other, so I just behaved quite calmly. Arriving level with the sentry, I looked him coolly straight in the face and said "Guten Morgen" to him in my best German. He replied and stopped, thinking I was going to do the same. I continued on my way, however. He did not speak, but walked along close behind me. I thought he was there simply to cut off my retreat and that later on I should fall into the trap. For about fifty metres he followed me; then my regular and leisurely walk inspired him no doubt with confidence, and he turned and let me go on.

The description had probably been given of a Frenchman with a brown beard, and the poor sentry, meeting a polite young man in civilian clothes and close-shaven, walking along, as innocently as possible, was completely deceived and did not even think of following his instructions.

It is not a pleasant thing, when one's conscience is not quite clear and free from reproach, to feel oneself being eyed by an enormous soldier armed to the teeth. It is scarcely more pleasant to be followed by this same individual without daring to turn round. It is a test of strength that I should be incapable of undergoing a second time. I feel sure that the very appearance of a sentinel in similar circumstances would result in my complete demoralisation. My determination to succeed

must have been great for it to have given me the strength to walk on, and to walk on without trembling.

It was about six o'clock in the morning, and this last German village was, as I discovered afterwards, about three kilometres from the frontier. Continuing my journey, I came, at a cross roads, to a sentry-box, whose occupant ought to have been guarding the roads, but it was empty. Another sentry at fault; fortune was favouring me.

Next I had to pass by footpaths through a wood. In order not to wander in the wrong direction, now that I could not see the stars, I had to keep turning round to guide myself by the light of the rising sun.

I passed a woodman's hut, then a gipsy caravan. From that time meadows took the place of woods and I hoped I was out of danger. I saw in the distance windmills on the summits of little hills. I found a piece of a newspaper printed in a language that was not German, but I did not yet dare to take that for a sure sign.

I had come to the end of my strength. I could scarcely breathe, and I felt a sharp pain in my chest and back. An iron band seemed to be pressing on my brain. I stopped and lay down, completely dazed, under a hedge. I remained there a little while, and then, coming

to myself, I realised that it would be too stupid to let myself be captured there, for the frontier could not be far off. I must be certain that I was safe, and for that I had to reach the river. I rose, but when I came to the end of the meadow I did not have the strength to get over the hedge, and lay down again in the grass, enjoying the genial warmth of the sun. But suddenly, at the other end of the meadow I had just crossed, beyond the hedge, I saw shining the helmets of horsemen. Were they Germans, and was I to be retaken so near my goal? No, not while I had any strength left.

So, stimulated by what I had seen, I made a last effort, and succeeded in hoisting myself over the hedge. Once on the other side I hurried forward for a few hundred metres over beautiful green meadow-land. Then suddenly I saw floating peacefully before my delighted eyes the sign of my liberty—the river bordered with posts bearing neutral colours.

It was difficult for me to understand that at last I was free, and that all danger was past. Free! I was free!

On the other side of the river was the ferryman's house. I hailed him and made signs that I wanted to cross. Soon a boat came alongside, and with a few strokes of the oar I was on the other bank in perfect security. The

German patrols could not get as far as that. I told the ferryman who I was. With a kindly smile lighting up his tanned face he joyfully took my hand in a hearty clasp. When I wished, in payment for crossing over, to give him a few small coins, he refused them, muttering hatred for his neighbours across the water and a blessing on me. Dear old fellow! I shall never forget his kind, smooth, smiling face.

The village was ten minutes' walk farther on. From the banks I could see the church tower and the houses in a nest of green. The Mayor, to whom I went, did not seem quite to know what to do with me. He sent me to the police station. There I again nearly fainted and asked for a doctor. The corporal's wife, while I was waiting, gave me a cup of warm milk. The doctor was not long in arriving. He was a charming man, who congratulated me; and after he had sounded me he expressed his sympathy for France. He found my lungs in excellent condition, and said that the pains I felt were due entirely to fatigue. He offered to keep me for a few days in a hospital; but I thanked him and refused, preferring to set off the next day, at any rate if I was better.

I went to the hotel, where I was made very welcome. Some refugees came to visit me. The kindly doctor who had greeted me so warmly thought, no doubt, that my dirty and untidy clothes would attract undue attention to me, for he was good enough to send me one of his suits. I no longer looked like a tramp. I got a new pair of shoes to replace those worn out that hurt my feet. A collar and a tie enabled me to take a decent place among civilised people. I was free!

A telegram carried the good news to parents and friends. I sent, out of politeness, a card to the German General in charge of the camp telling him that, to my great regret, he could not count on me in the future. I hoped that he would have an apoplectic fit on reading my missive, and that my comrades would thus be relieved of this tyrannical individual.

He received it, but survived.

The next day I took the train to go and report myself at the Consulate as having returned. Everything seemed strange, and life in civilised regions astonished me immensely. It was with great difficulty that I managed to persuade myself that I was not dreaming. How delightful it was to be free after long months of captivity! Oh, if only my friends could also be breathing the air of liberty!

In a few days I should see my family. In a few days I should set foot in my own land.

The nightmare was over.









